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February 23, 1929

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Today's Trust Busters - By William G

FEB. 23, 1929

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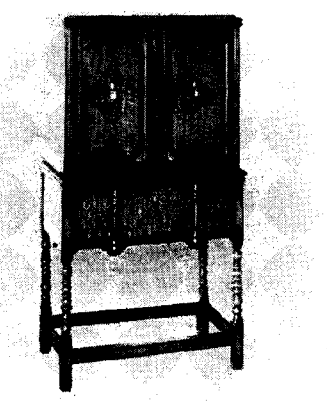

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$2 a year United States and Canada

Collier's
The National Weekly

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$4 a year foreign countries

VOLUME 83 FEBRUARY 23, 1929 NUMBER 8

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY KANSAS

Trick Stuff

By Samuel Merwin

■

There are numerous roads to wealth and fame. George Wilbur tried a short cut

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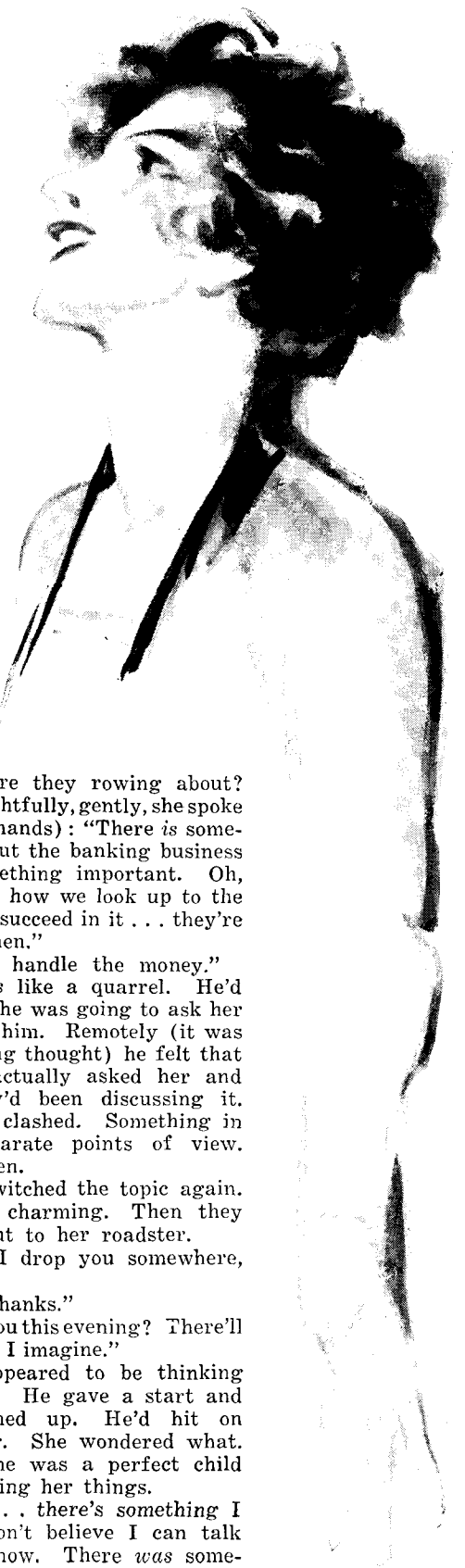
Barbara opened the door and chuckled as she pressed back against the wall to let him into the crowded room



MILDRED'S cheeks made him think of rose petals. Creamy white surfaces. For a cent he'd reach out and stroke them. Right across the restaurant table.

It wouldn't do, of course. Even had they been alone somewhere. She wasn't that sort, thank God! Didn't pet or drink or play carelessly around. Didn't even paint herself up like a courtesan. All those other clamorous girls made him sick. They'd do anything, most of 'em. Came right after you. On his nerves. Queer times, these. World gone crazy. Probably that war. Older people said it would be that.

The cool curve of her shoulders, within the nearly transparent frock, stirred him to a sort of uncomfortable ecstasy. But the aloofness of the cobalt eyes, darkly fringed eyes, back in there under the curving brim of her hat, was disheartening.

Did she suspect the state he was in?

Girls were said to be smart about those things. But she didn't give a sign. Quite at her ease, she was. Always that way. He'd never be able to put his turbulent feelings into words. And he couldn't talk about anything else.

That was what made him so gloomy, of course. Rotten poor company. It was a wonder she could stand him at all. They were supposed to be pretty thick. Together almost every day lately. People coupled their names. She couldn't help knowing that. Now she was daintily eating her raspberry ice. Her hands fascinated him. Made him think of light and lovely things.

For all her feminine softness, she was strong. It baffled him, that strength. Couldn't figure out the seat of it to save him. He could easily have picked her up and crushed her in his two hands. Yet she was too much for him.

"You're going on with that short-story course?" she asked.

He nodded grimly.

She smiled. "It seems odd."

"Odd?" He did say that much.

"I mean with all you've done."

"What have I done?"

"Oh, come, George! Don't pose."

"Well. . . ?"

"You're pretty famous. People still point you out. 'There goes George Wilbur.' They're staring over at this table right now. Don't pretend you don't know."

"That football stuff!" He almost snorted it.

"Really, George . . . after all, it's something to make the All-America. With simply all the newspapers raving about you."

"Maybe. But I'm" . . . his racing pulse almost stopped; he was staring at a half-revealed shoulder . . . "I'm thinking of something a lot more important than that."

There, he'd almost said it! Surely she'd catch it now.

But she didn't. "Oh, well," said she in her serene way, "we won't be so silly as to quarrel about nothing." Then, with a quick fresh turn of interest, "Oh, I meant to tell you. There's a newspaper girl helping us on the press work. (This would be for that damnably absorbing Junior League show.) You must have heard of her. Barbara Betts."

He shifted his big frame in the chair. The name was familiar. But what of it? She had the darnedest way of switching topics.

"She's a sob sister, you know. Quite well-known. Does murders and all. Airplanes. Prize fights. Oh, everything. . . . George, she's a person! Frail, delicate. Quite fascinating. A quaint, bubbling kind of mind, and no end of energy."

CRUDENESS came over him. He'd almost got it out. Couldn't stop now. "You don't think much of this writing idea. Of my fighting it out, I mean."

Was she clouding just a little? No, she appeared unruffled. "Oh, I didn't mean that. Writing must be awfully interesting."

"But?"

"Oh, where people have time for it. But with all your vigor I should think you'd want to go in for something important."

"Selling bonds?"

"George!" Her father was president of Pierce-Pettijohn, the biggest investment bankers in town. Her brothers and all her imposing friends. . . . But he'd broken loose. Couldn't stop. "I swore, when I left college, I wouldn't do that."

"Of course, if a person could be a John Galsworthy . . . collected editions and receptions in your honor and a big following. . . ."

"Yes, money!" Curious he should blurt that out so roughly. What was all this, anyway? What were they rowing about?

Thoughtfully, gently, she spoke (chin on hands): "There *is* something about the banking business . . . something important. Oh, you know how we look up to the men that succeed in it . . . they're the big men."

"They handle the money."

It *was* like a quarrel. He'd supposed he was going to ask her to marry him. Remotely (it was a flickering thought) he felt that he had actually asked her and that they'd been discussing it. And had clashed. Something in their separate points of view. Ideals even.

She switched the topic again. She was charming. Then they walked out to her roadster.

"Can I drop you somewhere, George?"

"No, thanks."

"See you this evening? There'll be bridge, I imagine."

He appeared to be thinking painfully. He gave a start and straightened up. He'd hit on something. She wondered what. Usually he was a perfect child about telling her things.

"No . . . there's something I . . . I don't believe I can talk about it now. There *was* some-

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thing I meant to. . . . I may not be . . . may not be around for a while. . . . Work something out."

What on earth was he trying to say? Standing there, a big handsome thing, convulsively swallowing?

"It's a phony country!" This was an outburst. Alarming, in a way, but rather fascinating. "Trick stuff! Sell your personality! Airplanes! Movies! Press agents! Swim the Channel! Chewing gum! . . . Oh, I know what's important! I'll show you!"

He rushed away. She stood, the pretily chiseled lips parted a little, gazing after him. Then stepped into the roadster and started up the motor; but sat musing. . . . Probably, in time, this bolshevik mood could be twisted into something a little nearer sense. It would have to be, of course. Or she'd simply have to drop him. . . . He was fighting life. You couldn't do that.

She drove home.

BECAUSE Terrible Tim Burke was booked for the star bout at the Arena, the Planet people sent Barbara Betts to occupy a ringside seat and write one of her spirited stories. The promoter (and his press agent) was delighted. Squire Bassett that would be, the "Old Squire" of local sporting tradition. A gambler. He'd had all that promotion business under his hat for a couple of decades. That is, around Boston.

The papers hadn't been kind to professional wrestling. For years the business had exhaled an unattractive odor. But this Burke was a new note. Down in New York and out West he'd won something like forty consecutive bouts, nearly all of them in startlingly quick time. He carried nobody along to make a show. Just took them on as they came, and dropped them.

Cynical, old-time observers of the most primitive and thrilling of sports even admitted that he might be straight. The champion, Rough Red Cahoon, was openly dodging a meeting. And so Barbara Betts, with a bored reporter at her elbow, limped down a long aisle and sat in a kitchen chair directly against the 24-foot platform that smelled of sweaty canvas and almost under the three ropes of red plush.

The news trickled down into the dressing- and rubbing-rooms beneath the first-tier seats. This while the preliminary matches were on.

"Hell of a lot she'll know about wrestling," said Gus Gotch, the scissors-hold expert from Canton, Ohio.

"Great for business, though, boys," remarked Sweeney Todt, the press agent. He'd been standing at the door.

A fellow named or called Bud Ryerson—skinny, with a glass eye, worked on a tabloid daily—came along the corridor and paused at Todt's elbow. "Where's Burke dressing, Sweeney?"

"Right over there. Number one."

Ryerson knocked there. Was admitted. Todt wondered what he was up to. Maybe the gamblers were beginning to take wrestling seriously at last. They couldn't very well, of course, until the public did. The customers had to believe. They were beginning to believe in this Burke, though. Curious. But you couldn't talk to Burke. Everybody'd tried.

SURE enough. Ryerson came backing out fast. Burke after him, wearing the blue robe he always appeared in. The big fellow expressed himself with vigor: "You tell the Lion of Lithuania that I won't give him the first fall or" (this with contempt) "any fall. He can have all the falls he can take. You tell him, from me, he'd better go in there and wrestle."

Ryerson sidled away like a scavenging crab. Todt grinned. "Buying you off, Tim?" He'd met Burke only once or twice, but first names come easily in these circles.

Burke looked the press agent over. He'd seemed a pleasant fellow enough, but here in the Arena you felt that he meant business. Pretty uncommunicative. A big strong boy, no doubt about that. The blue bathrobe, swinging open, gave glimpses of a magnificent body. Not over-muscled. Just two hundred and ten or twelve pounds of speed and strength. Lad Waniscek, the Lithuanian person, weighed two hundred and thirty-seven. And he was the most experienced of the two. Yet he'd sent that Bud Ryerson to try and buy the first fall. Or, come to think of it, had he?

"Maybe it lies a little deeper, Tim." Todt was thinking aloud. "Bud's likely to be working for the gamblers. Maybe Lad doesn't even know about it."

Burke thought that over. Then marched straight to the Lion's room. Todt followed. And some of the others, who'd been edging near. Burke knocked. Ryerson opened cautiously. "I see," said Burke, "it's true then."

"What's true?" The Lion, an immense bristling person with black hair on his chest, crowded the skinny one aside. He stood over Burke, ugly chin thrust forward, beetling like a cliff. But Burke had no fear of him. You got that.

"You sent this man to me, eh?" Burke. "Wanted to buy a fall. Well, well! Licked before you went in there, eh?"

"You say zis to me!" The Lion leaped forward. Instantly all the others leaped too. Crowded in between. Shoved them apart.

"Aw, save it for the customers," said Todt wearily.

Burke, out there in the ring, wore (thought Sweeney Todt) a quiet but mad look. The Lion'd better look out. Speed and strength, that was Terrible Tim. He beat 'em to it. Not so much of this slow milling around, pawing for holds. Didn't waste much time on arm locks or toe holds, either—the slowly punishing stuff. So the New York boys said. Just dove into 'em. Crumpled 'em up.

Up there in the ring they were ballyhooing now. Announcement stuff. There he stood, Burke, the blue bathrobe swinging open, leaning quietly back in his corner with his big hands on the top ropes. Over across from him the Lion, stripped to the buff, towered and beetled. Like a mad gorilla. His regular stuff. Scaring 'em to death. But it didn't go with Burke. He wasn't even looking. Once his clear gaze strayed down to where that slender, bright-eyed girl sat among the coatless reporters. Little Betts of the Planet. Funny game, sending her. But manna from heaven.

NOW the blue robe was off. Wonderful body, Burke's. The sleek, symmetrical kind. Big enough, at that, if anybody'd been in there with him but the Lion. The referee had 'em in the middle of the ring, feeling 'em over for oil and such.

Pat MacMann was referee. A wrestler himself. And he'd trained with the Lion. They'd done a brother act around the smaller cities for years. Burke was sure taking an awful chance. Pat wouldn't give him a thing. He'd have to murder the Lion a couple of times to get the decision. If he did it, though—if he was really as good as that—then Rough Red Cahoon would have to come through. If he ducked Burke again, he might as well gather up his crop of razzberries and go live in Iloilo.

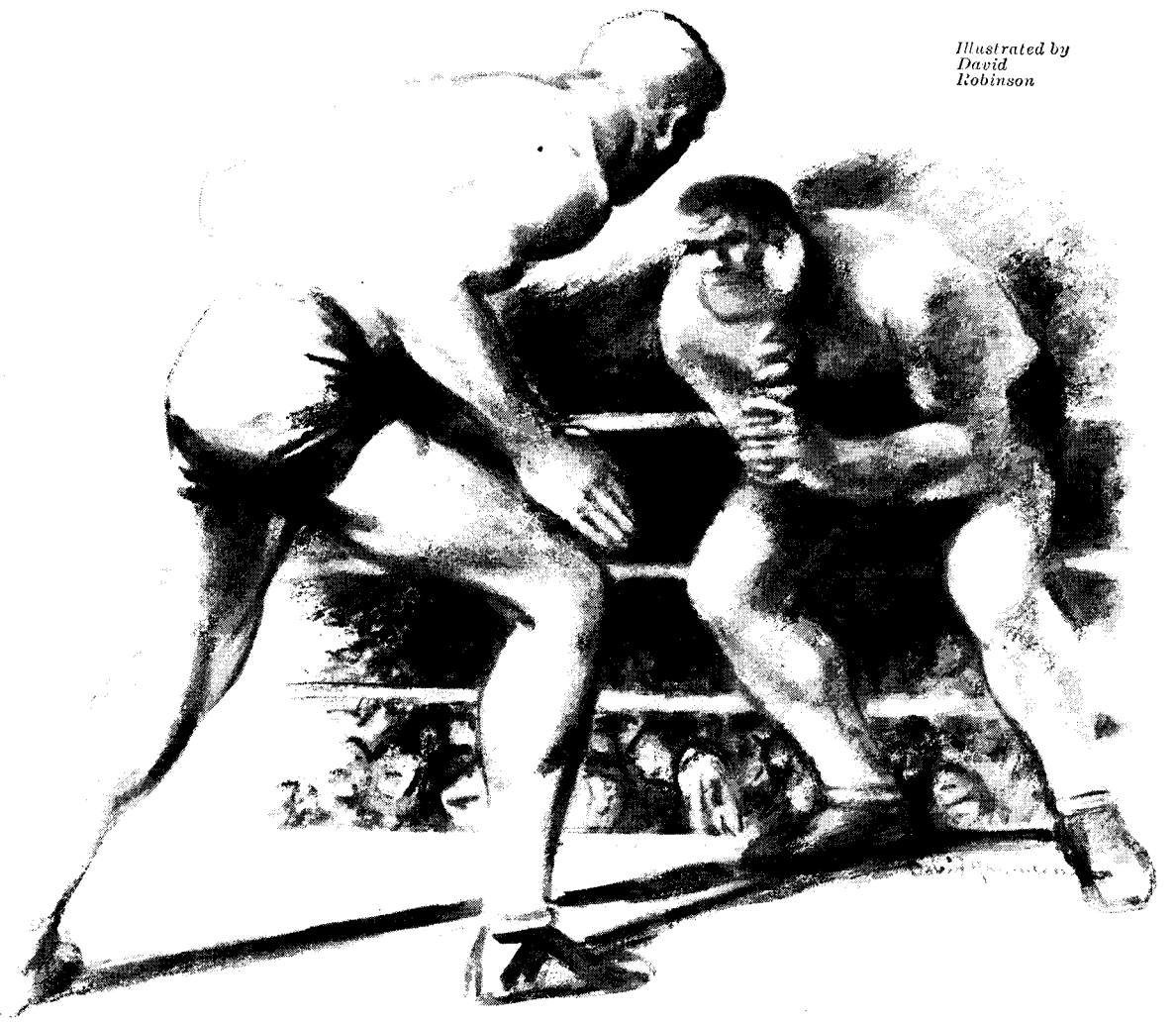
You see, everybody'd know. All the insiders. And the newspaper boys. And what a match—Rough himself and Terrible Tim! It would have to be straight. *Have* to be. All Rough could do would be to put his price up. Twelve or fifteen thousand, likely, as a guarantee. And then take his chances. Well, he should worry. The championship's been worth a quarter of a million a year to him. These seven years. Or close to it.

The bell. There was the Lion, pulling his fright stuff. No good. As they were reaching he tried a sudden blow with the heel of his hand. Ah-h-h! No. Burke beat him to it. Knocked his face up, then cuffed him half round the ring. Say, the boy was good! The Lion looked indignant in a confused way. Shook his head and deliberately stepped half through the ropes. Trying to clear that cuffed head. The crowd was yelling with delight. You didn't so often see the Lion crawling out. Right at the start of the match too.

Pat was ordering him back in, but not hurrying him. But Burke, it began to appear, knew all about Pat. He leaped . . . the quickest thing! . . . caught the surprised Lion by the head and yanked him in himself. Just with his hands. The big fellow didn't even seem able to catch at the ropes. Didn't seem to know what it was about. Burke actually gave him a whirl, sort of waved him around, by the head. What hands! Wow! Tossed him to the floor with a thump. But he didn't jump on him. Funny! Just backed to the ropes and waited in that quiet way. Gosh, what a racket! Making a monkey of him, Burke was. Right straight off. And he wasn't even breathing hard.

SLOWLY, warily, the Lion got himself up. They were jeering and booing him now. Jeering the Lion of Lithuania! Gosh! He'd have to think it over, that one. If Burke'd give him time. And he seemed to be giving it, too. . . . No, he dove! Straight for that rock-ribbed stomach. The Lion had just wit enough, at the moment, for a stumbling side slip. If Burke'd hit him full he'd 'a' knocked him into the ticket office.

Burke was out. Through the ropes. Some chairs banged down. Quite a mix-up. Excited people untangling themselves. Everybody yelling their heads off. Now he was up. His turn to shake



Illustrated by David Robinson

George was beautiful; a lithe young giant. But the champion was a monster, outweighing George by at least fifty pounds

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his head. Wonder he hadn't cracked his skull on a typewriter or something. But he was climbing slowly back. He looked groggy. Ducked right in there though.

The Lion rushed, of course. Reached for a head hold. But Burke dodged. Ran across. Another rush and another dodge. A third rush. This time. . . . Gosh! Wow! A bang. A hundred and eighty hats sailing through the tobacco smoke. You couldn't hear yourself talk. Fat men dropped their cigars and hugged each other. It wasn't like yelling or cheering, it was just a steady roar. Like standing under Niagara Falls.

This time Burke, turning like a panther, had caught him full and hurled him flat on his back. If he saw anything that next five minutes (some said six minutes, full) it must have looked like the roots of the buttercups. Pat had to slap Burke's shoulder. Had to. Or they'd have maimed him.

Well, that was the first fall. Two out of three, you know. They were still milling round there at the press table where Burke had fallen. Something not right. Mr. Sweeney Todt wormed in there. The little girl from the Planet had passed out—cold. Tough. She'd never get that story in, now. And maybe it wouldn't 'a' helped! A cop carried her to Squire Bassett's office.

They had to help that poor Lion back for the second fall. He was through for the evening. A pretty mangy lion.

Burke laid him like a piece of linoleum. Sixteen seconds. Pretty gentle with him, at that. What price Rough Red Cahoon now? And how about that little old diamond belt? Rough better get it out and dust it off.

One other unexpected incident was to stand out in Mr. Todt's memory of the evening. Burke, when he was dressed, looked him up. A handsome fellow. Some dresser, too. A new sort in this weird racket. Yes, he'd brought something new into the game. They were all saying it now. Simply no end of color. It was all to the good. And maybe those gamblers wouldn't step.

He said in his quiet way, "Was that girl hurt?"

"Oh, she came round pretty well. The doc couldn't find anything broken. The Squire sent her home in his own car."

"Do you know who she is?"

"Do I know? Sure! Barbara Betts of the Planet."

An odd expression flitted for an instant across the uncommunicative face. But Burke only said, "Oh!" And then, after a minute, "Where does she live?"

"Haven't an idea. Call up the Planet."

"I see. Thanks." And the big fellow walked quietly out into the night.

Sweeney Todt stared after him. What was he going to do, this new sort of bird? Send her flowers? Well, it might help, at that.

YOU couldn't term it an apartment. Not quite. Not when you'd walked up four flights of dim stairs, and then into a crowded, very small living-room. Hardly even a flat. The local term was suite. But that was highfaluting.

There was a thin little older woman. Apparently a mother. The querulous type. The girl herself lay propped up on a sofa, with an old-fashioned afghan over her knees. There were books on the sofa and on the floor. A typewriter on a sort of tabouret at her elbow. And sheets of paper that had fallen here and there to lie unheeded.

The funny thing was the way they stared at each other. When he'd taken her hand, that was. Meaning just to say, "How do you do?" The face surprised him. A delicate oval. Framed in bobbed hair, rather dark brown, that seemed to fly out around on its own. A cheerful face. Almost merry. The hazel eyes were wide and open and humorously alert. A personality. You got that right away. During this odd little space of time in which nothing whatever was said, he failed to observe that she was staring too. Taking him in, bewildered.

She was the first to catch it. She colored. The hazel eyes sparkled. Plenty of imagination there. You felt it. She looked like an excited little bird.

"How wonderful of you to look me up! Do sit down. That morris chair will hold you, I think." She chuckled in her quick way.

"I can't tell you how very sorry I am." . . . Coming out in the taxi, he'd put those words together as a decent introductory remark.

But she interrupted with another chuckle. "Heavens, you mustn't be! I've seen these things before. I've seen plenty of men go through the ropes. Took my chances."

He slowly turned his hat between his big hands. She fingered the typewriter. At the same instant they looked up, their eyes met full, and they spoke as one:

"Who on earth . . ."

"How on earth . . ."

Naturally they laughed; and then felt less constraint.

"What was yours?" said he.

"No, yours first."

"Well, I think I was just going to ask how on earth you ever came to be doing this sort of thing."

"Perfectly simple. I was trying to write fiction when my father died and something had to be done. I pestered every newspaper in town until finally the Planet took me on.

"I jumped at every chance they gave me and one day I awoke to the fact that I'd classified myself as a sob sister with a side line in sports. The sob part came naturally enough. I'm sentimental. And I love queer people. . . . The sports thing. . . . Well, if they psyched me they'd probably find that it's just because I'm such a frail little thing and naturally turn to . . . Oh, and I'm determined to write a great novel some day. And there you have Barbara Betts. Not much in very little. . . . Now for mine! . . . Remember, I'm inquisitive."

SHE had a way of wriggling about as she talked. Used her graceful little hands a good deal and kept shifting her position. She wouldn't be long on that sofa. You got that. Abruptly she leaned out on the typewriter. Spread her slim arms on it and rested her chin on them. Looked straight at him. "This was it— Who on earth are you?"

He took his time about thinking out what he'd say. Meantime she added, with an amused, puzzled little chirp of a laugh. "Terrible Tim! Hump! It's extraordinary! Perfectly extraordinary!"

"You may have noticed that last night was my first appearance here in Boston." He hesitated. . . . "Well, I arranged that on purpose. I seemed to feel that the time had come when . . . oh, there's no need of going too deeply into the story, but . . . I took it for granted somebody or other'd recognize me. Here. Looked for it in the papers this morning. But there wasn't a word. Just Burke. The 'Terrible Tim' stuff. I'll confess I was puzzled."

"Then you came up here expecting your story—whatever it is—to break last night?"

"Yes. In a way. Well—yes. I had a sort of private purpose in mind."

"Who are you?"

"The name is Wilbur. George Wilbur."

"Not—not—" The hazel eyes blazed up. "You're a college man! You played football!"

He nodded.

"How perfectly amazing!"

"I'm afraid I'm tiring you."

"Heavens, no! The doctor made me promise to spend one day lying down. I'll be out tomorrow. Tell me more. I'm fascinated. 'Terrible Tim' is George Wilbur! The next heavyweight wrestling champion! My word!"

"Perhaps."

"Everybody says so. And you've brought wrestling back to life. That's the talk. Even among the newspaper boys. And they're so hard-boiled they bounce. . . . Mr. Wilbur, will you give me this story?"

"If you want it."

"If I want it! . . . Tell me, you spoke of a private purpose. A reason for coming up here."

"If you don't mind, I won't go into that. It concerns only myself. I went into this thing . . . well, please leave all that out."

"The money would explain a good deal."

"Well . . . yes. In a way that's part of it." He paused, for a moment of sober consideration. "And it's pretty surprising. I've made about forty thousand dollars in a little over six months. If I can throw Cahoon and hold the championship for, say, a year, I'll be able to do what I really want. In my own way."

"What do you really want to do?"

"Write."

"Write?" She laughed out loud. "Forgive me, but it's perfectly bewildering. I'm afraid I'll wake up. What a story! . . . Tell me, do you like this professional wrestling?"

HE HESITATED. "The wrestling, yes. Of course, that sort of thing is rather up my alley. But the business, the atmosphere . . . still, as I'm talking for publication I won't go into that."

"I'll be careful," said she.

Mrs. Betts (*Continued on page 57*)

That was what made him so gloomy, of course. Rotten poor company. It was a wonder she could stand him

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Today's Trust Busters

By William G. Shepherd

With Big Business combining in every direction, why is it you no longer hear fiery denunciations of "predatory trusts"?

The federal government has made an about-face in its attitude toward mergers.

Here is the story of how illegal combinations are nipped before they bud; how legitimate mergers are given advice instead of threats; how the business of the country in which we all have a stake is being policed, and why big business is growing bigger

"We can't help you; if you fall in you'll be arrested!" was the attitude of early Federal Trade Commissions

PERHAPS the stoniest-hearted officials that ever sat in Washington were certain members of the Federal Trade Commission, back in 1916 and 1917, when the commission was new.

It isn't good for a government, republican or monarchical, to have any public official appear as unsympathetic to any of its citizens as these members of the Federal Trade Commission appeared for a time to such Americans as were forced to confer with them. For instance:

A business man from New York, whose growing business had reached a point where it was necessary either to merge with several rivals or see his concern drop backward, went to Washington, back in 1916, and sought advice from the Federal Trade Commission. He was turned over to one of the commissioners who heard the story of his plans.

Fixing him with a cold, fishy eye the commissioner said:

"We never tell business men what they can do or what they can't do. That's none of our affair."

"Do you mean that I can go ahead?"

"Not at all," answered the official. "All I mean is that if you do go ahead, and if your act means a violation of the law, we'll prosecute you."

"But can't you tell me whether I shall be violating the law if I do go ahead?" pleaded the business man.

"Can't tell you anything," said the commissioner, "only if you do go wrong you'll be punished."

"You remind me," said the business man, "of the old story about the Rescue Mission. A country girl, penniless in a big city, went to the mission and asked for a night's lodging. The mission keeper asked her whether she had been ruined. The girl hastily answered 'No.'

" 'Well, this place is for ruined girls only,' came the response. The girl went out," continued the business man, "and came back to the mission within half an hour. 'I'm entitled to a bed now,' she said simply. And the mission keeper took her word for it."

I have not mentioned the name of the stony-hearted Federal Trade Commissioner who talked with this business man, for the outcome of the incident was a ghastly tragedy. The bewildered business man, seeing himself blocked in the business world and shut off from further growth, got off the train at Baltimore, went to a hotel and killed himself.

For many months the Federal Trade Commissioner involved in this incident declined to take upon his shoulders any decision not shared by other commissioners.

To be coldly noncommunicative to business men who sought advice about trade practices was the pose of the Federal Trade Commissioners a dozen years ago.

Not a Helpful Attitude

"We're not a court," the late William B. Colver, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission at that time, once told me. "It's our sole duty to prosecute those who have violated the law by resorting to unfair practices."

Of course this attitude on the part of the Federal Trade Commission left American business in the air.

Business couldn't grow on the "Rescue Mission principle." The Federal Trade Commission today operates along entirely different lines.

Today the Federal Trade Commission confers with business men. Friendly glances instead of cold, fishy eyes meet the gaze of those who go (or are summoned) to confer with Federal Trade Commission members.

It's true that the Federal Trade Commission can seem pretty rough on occasion; just now the public utility corporations which are being examined by the commission may entertain the sentiment that commission members are none too meek. But, in the main, business trade organizations of all sorts are finding help at Washington which has taken the place of the heartless interference of times past.

There's another organization, too, in Washington that used to be ruthlessly rough with business men. It has a grim name, suggesting clever detectives and prison bars. It is the Department of Justice.

What business man, wondering whether one of his plans would or would not violate some of the government's business laws, could hope to find any guidance, in advance, in the Department of Justice? Not one—that is, in bygone years.

But the attitude of the Department of Justice itself has also changed toward business men who are in doubt as to prospective business moves. This change is due, more or less, to one man. Just as youth came into the Federal Trade Commission and brought with it the decision to help business instead of blocking it, so youth went into the Department of Justice with William Donovan.

When William J. Donovan left his prosperous law office in Buffalo, N. Y., to take a $10,000-a-year job in the Department of Justice in Washington, it was a foregone conclusion that something new and exciting was going to happen. President Coolidge, who named him to office, may have known it; the chances are, indeed, that he did.

All America knows how badly the Department of Justice needed a thorough cleaning when Harry S. Daugherty got out of it by resigning, after the Fall oil scandal. Upon the shoulders of Harlan F. Stone, New York lawyer, President Calvin Coolidge laid the heavy responsibility of doing this cleaning.

Donovan was summoned to Washington.

Mr. Donovan Takes a Hand

Mr. Stone, professor of law, had taught young Donovan. Mr. Stone insisted that his former student come to Washington and take over, for one year, the task of sweeping out the Department of Justice.

And that's what Donovan agreed to do, at a sacrifice of an annual income that ran into six figures. That was back in 1925.

The President elevated Mr. Stone to the Supreme Court bench and put the Department of Justice into the hands of John Garibaldi Sargent, but he retained Mr. Donovan as assistant to the Attorney General. What's more, Mr. Sargent insisted that Mr. Donovan remain in the department for another year at least. That was two years ago.

One big job that has been placed on

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Mr. Donovan's shoulders is the regulating of trusts and mergers, under the Sherman and the Clayton anti-trust laws. And it is right at this point—the question of mergers and restraint of trade—that the business man is likely to come into clash with the federal law; into serious, devastating clash.

Mr. Donovan as soon as he took office began to give big business a new deal. Almost daily you see in the newspapers stories of business mergers. Donovan has passed on them all.

"I looked things over," he told this writer, "and decided that I would not be a homicide policeman, waiting for someone to commit a crime, but a traffic officer, guiding business traffic, in so far as I could, and preventing the commission of business crime or the occurrence of what you might call illegal business accidents."

Prevention Rather Than Cure

I can best illustrate the place which Mr. Donovan holds by quoting an Eastern banker who has made a specialty of bringing about business mergers in various lines:

"There's a policeman down in Washington," this banker told me, "who must have the best clipping bureau in America. The minute an announcement is made in the public press of one company buying another or of some form of business consolidation, the banker involved in the deal is sure to get a letter from Mr. Donovan, in the Department of Justice. Mr. Donovan asks the banker to come down to Washington and tell him all about his plans. And if the department doesn't think the plans are legal he takes action which prevents their being carried out."

It was not without the approval of President Coolidge, of course, that the Department of Justice made this right-about-face in its attitude toward mergers and consolidations.

It's plain enough, also, that as long as Herbert Hoover remains in the White House this attitude toward business mergers will be maintained. He feels our present laws are sufficient to protect us against trusts. See if you can find anything against the proper sort of business mergers in these words of Mr. Hoover:

"The last twenty-five years have seen the growth of larger and larger units of production and distribution—big business. And there is much confusion about it in the public mind.

"I believe that the public generally believes that we can get better products sold on narrower margins of profits out of mass production.

"Yet the public has the natural fear that these great units will be used for domination and extinction of equality of opportunity. Arising from this fear and the wrongs done in the past, we have enacted much legislation to compel competition, such as the Sherman and the Clayton acts and numerous state enactments.

"The original conception of this legislation seems to have been to maintain a great host of competitive units in every trade.

"By degrees we have been retreating from this notion because the competition it required became at times highly destructive. We have modified its application to organized labor. It has partially and probably will be fully withdrawn as to coöperative marketing."

Obviously enough, there'll be more mergers in American business before there are fewer. Official Washington is all set for them; it has machinery to handle them.

Hitting Hard and Fast

I got a roaring laugh from the deep-chested Donovan when I quoted the New York banker to him.

"I know it's a new viewpoint in Washington," he said, "this idea of the Department of Justice preventing commercial crimes instead of waiting for them to be committed.

"In the first place, if you are likely to have a fight, I believe in beating the other fellow to the punch. If it looks as if you're going to have trouble with business concerns that plan an illegal consolidation or merger, the thing to do is to hit as early as possible.

"In the second place, the old-fashioned idea of letting business men go ahead with their consolidations until they commit an illegal act is too dangerous these days. The public can be hurt too much. There was a time not so many years ago when the average citizen did not know how to own stocks in corporations; now there are literally millions of Americans who possess stocks and bonds in our great business organizations.

"The president of one of these great corporations with over a third of a million stockholders complained to me not long ago that his stock was so widely held by average, everyday American citizens that he couldn't get out the vote on the company's election days; he couldn't even get such citizen stockholders to sign and remail the proxies which were sent to them.

"These citizen stockholders know very little about the operations of concerns in which their money is invested. They trust blindly to the skill and good faith of the company's officials. What good would it do any of them to try to keep their eyes on the company's affairs?

Talking It Over

"But, on the other hand, because of these millions of new investors we have come to the place where someone here in Washington must be the public's policeman with these great corporations; it must prevent possible acts which might result in court procedures against corporations and the possible loss of millions of dollars to stockholders.

"That's what I'm trying to be. I call the bankers and company officials right here to Washington. They sit in this room and tell me and my legal staff all about their plans. If it is decided by the department that the men who are planning the consolidation or merger really have the intent of gaining the power to control prices, allot business territory, destroy competition and resort to unfair trade practices, we serve a notification upon them to that effect.

"Very frequently we find it advisable to go into court and obtain a decree against the planners. Very frequently, also, the planners agree to this decree.

"In the law this is called a consent decree. It acts exactly like the warning ticket of a traffic officer. It means that the men involved are under parole not to commit the acts contemplated. To violate this decree means to run athwart the law immediately."

There was a time, before the war, when short-sighted official Washington did not permit the formation of trade organizations, by means of which business men might discuss prices, methods, etc. That was called a "conspiracy."

All that has changed. There is scarcely an industry in the United States today that does not have a trade association. It is usually by means of these trade associations that the Federal Trade Commission finds itself able to confer with American business.

"By self-regulation," says the commission's 1928 report regarding business' self-policing, "is meant the adoption and adherence to workable rules prescribed for an industry for the regulation of its own business conduct with due regard for public interest."

Now arises this question:

If the grim, old-time federal policeman is to be taken off the business man's neck, how is the American public to be protected from the formation of great trusts that will wipe out all competition? How shall we be saved from monopolies?

There is no doubt that this present time is an era of mergers, consolidations, business coalitions and perhaps—though the Federal Trade Commission has been ordered by Congress to investigate this latter point—even trusts.

We had good reason to be afraid of "trusts" in the old days. We had no Federal Trade Commission in Washington until the year 1915. The Department of Justice (*Continued on page 44*)

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Today the commission aims at the guidance and protection of legitimate business expansion

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A Tale of Hoffmann By H.C.Witwer

Reel twelve of "Bigger and Better"—featuring Jack King in a comedy of calamity and sudden wealth

IN ORDER to pile up a education without the wear and tear of going to college, my dear, I been infesting the public library of late getting a load of the classicals. The other night I inhaled Kenilworth; viz., a pungent scenario throwed by a lad named Sir Walter Scott and he says:

"Ambition lures men to ruin!"

That's out.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

"If you think I shall make an ass of myself by strutting before that idiotic contraption, you're crazy!" Calhoun throws at Jack

Ambition's what runs the splinters into the lumber yards. It's what put them airplanes over your head, them sweetly purring horseless vehicles at the entrance to them sixty-story skyscrapers, that telephone at your elbow, that radio at your ear, a million other gadgets at your beck and call for your ease, comfort and enjoyment, and finally put the talking picture on the screen. It set Columbus aboard ship, Lincoln in the White House, Peary at the Pole, Lindbergh in Paris, sent Byrd to the Antarctic and the Graf Zeppelin across the ocean. It makes a street digger a construction foreman and a living unidentified body suddenly the talk of the world. Without ambition we'd still be swinging from tree to tree and throwing coconuts at each other. Fool around with *that* for a while!

Let's take the effect of ambition on Jack King for today's text. A little soft music, Professor.

JACK KING'S now president of Royal Sight & Sound Productions, which controls Voxatone, the voice reproduction sensation which knocked the other talking gags for a loop and made him and his smart original backers well-to-do millionaires. All voices is kosher on Voxatone, mind you, from the piping tremolos of some of our uptown male stars to the hoarse croakings of some of our dainty lady peasant-killers. All they got to do is speak their piece, Voxatone does the rest—and how!

But before Jackie stumbled into this gold mine as the result of a good deed—bread cast on the waters which returned as angel cake—he was a flashy box fighter and I was his pilot. A hair-raising bout with the welterweight champ, which Jack knocked cold only to have the bell rob him of a knockout, win him a movie portfolio as co-star in a big sporting talkie with Fay Daniels, his promised spouse and the ace trouper of Colossal Productions. To the amazement of all concerned, this hokum opera broke box-office records from the windbound coast of Florida to the ginbound coast of California, so my battler immediately swelled up like a boil, read himself out of the jab-and-grab racket and went movie.

When Jack heard what his picture had grossed for Colossal he bit all his nails off, gnashed the finest set of teeth that money could buy and yelled that hereafter he'd produce his own epics. Hey, hey! So thusly was born Royal Sight & Sound Productions; headquarters in Hollywood, assets in Jack's mind. Though sane in other respects, the boy producer intended playing all the leading parts himself. What a boy!

At the time of Jackie's seizure, lads and lassies, I was looking after the business affairs of the comely Queenie Davis; namely, the latest discovery of me and Colossal. She was their pride and my bride. Another member of the same stable was Kempton Calhoun, born Peter Dugan, and I'll state I'm glad he changed it, for this chiseler was a disgrace to that good old Irish name. He was a hero in reel life and a villain in *real* life, in love with Fay Daniels and loathing Jack for beating his time with that charmer. So far, the noisies seemed to have Calhoun licked, for though he was built like a heavyweight contender and played two-fisted hemen in front of the camera his voice belonged in a young ladies' finishing school and no place else!

WHILE Jackie's casting about for a lot to put under his studio, he got another one of the lucky breaks which begin when he fell out of the cradle and landed on all fours instead of on his head—though they's times when he acts different. His ad in the papers for parking space brung him a visit from a snappy realtor representing the three-thousandth subdivision on the outskirts of Los Angeles. This go-getter's card read:

George Q. Escrow, Real Estate
"A Lot for a Little"

"Our plot is actually within the city limits," says the dirt salesman.

"Me-Yah!" sniffs Jack. "That's meanin'less out here. They's signs a thousand miles in all directions from this slab which reads, 'Los Angeles City Limits.' I hear they's one on the main street of Portland."

"Ha, ha, ha!" the peddler of soil yesses him. "You boys *will* have your little joke. Now, the advantages I have to offer—"

"Listen, brother—my magnificent studio's got to go up in Hollywood and not in none of them funny suburbs which basks in that magic name," Jack cuts him off.

"But, my dear man," says Mr. Escrow, which had a great line, "surely you know that Hollywood is no longer the capital of the film industry. For obvious reasons, the legend is kept alive. But where are the majority of the big studios actually located? Burbank, Culver City, Lankershim, Santa Monica and Fox Hills, with others moving away from here all the time. Before long, Hollywood, the goal of the panting screen-struck and the gaping tourist, will be just another town."

Facts always made Jack thoughtful, children, and while he's silent before this barrage of cold turkey the agent plays his ace.

"Now, Mr. King, we are anxious to make our development the finest and most popular within forty-five minutes of downtown Los Angeles," he says. "To have a moving picture studio there will naturally boom the sale of all adjoining tracts. Realizing this, we are ready to make you an offer that you cannot well refuse. Put up your plant in our subdivision, let us advertise that and launch a super-selling campaign, and *the ground is yours for nothing!*"

"Sold!" yells Jack, leaping from his chair. "By a odd coincidence that price fits right in with my budget."

"When do you begin to build?" asks Santa Claus.

"The minute I can tune in on a contractor with a streak of gamblin' blood in him," says Jack.

BUT as he had more than a hundred grand in the bank, good people, picks and shovels was flying in less than two weeks. So much for that.

Well, to save the expense of buying one, me, Fay, Queenie and Jack all went to work on the first story Jackie was to make into a talkie which would goal the exhibitors. The continuity was a fearful thing when finished, as even Jack's warmest admirer—i. e., himself—admitted, but never the less he was determined to photograph it. He was the dashing hero and they was everything in it but the Battle of the Marne and the Johnstown Flood, what I mean. The next thing was to arrange for a voice reproducer and that's where my boy friend hit the first of the grief in the path of the independent manufacturer of speakies.

Jackie swiftly discovered that all the sound gimmicks then on the market was far too costly for his bankroll or else they rasped on the ear like the early talking-machine records used to do. He finally went in a huddle with Melbourne Maxim; to wit, the world-famous director and our right-hand man. Maxim give him a Bronx cheer.

"I'm afraid, my boy, you've bitten off more than you can masticate," he says. "To begin with, where will you find a theater equipped for sound pictures that doesn't belong to one of the big mergers? And you know the average independent small-town exhibitor is in no financial position to wire his house—he's hanging on by his teeth as it is. In your case, Jack, speech is silver, silence is golden! Your only hope is to make a good, old-fashioned *silent* movie that will stand on its merits alone as a first-class picture, or if you *do* make a speakie, you must get a release through one of the best known organizations."

"That's easy," remarks Jack airily.

"So is walking a tight rope," answers Maxim, with a curl of his lip.

Well, Jack King's next move was to personally elect officers for Royal Sight & Sound Productions, and after a two-day conference with himself he proudly showed me the following list:

President, Jack King
Treasurer, J. Joseph King

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Secretary, J. King
General Manager, John J. King
Vice-President, Mr. King

"Who's chairman of the board of directors?" I asks, with a sarcastical grin.

"That's a job I saved for myself, Funny Face," says Mr. King calmly, "along with the billet of studio manager."

WELL, gentle reader, good luck's got Lon Chaney cheated when it comes to disguises and many's the guy has passed up lifetime opportunities simply because they wasn't labeled as such. In the case of Monsieur King, fortune descended on him in the garb of a penniless, poor old man, the good angel which looks after fools arranging the contact for Jack. It's a small world after all, as the worm in the bean remarked to his chum.

The old gent which was to become world famous under the name of Aaron Hoffmann—his own, by a strange freak of chance—had worked with Jack in that thing my playmate starred in with Fay Daniels and was one of the scores of odd characters which makes Hollywood different. In the movie he'd played a aged storekeeper of the decrepit nationality and he behaved like said store was really his own and matters was real and not scenario. He tended the joint with loving care, disregarding completely the false back frame and seeing only the genuine front, sweeping it out, arranging his prop stock and beamingly waiting on customers which existed only in his mind. This, mark you, when no cameras was clicking whatsoever.

Odd times he pottered around in the work shops, inventing little gimmicks to save time in set-building and the like. For this he got no cash at all and for credit he was christened a nut by the eggs which pronounces it "fillum." I bet today old Aaron Hoffmann and Edison could have many's the laugh together! A nut, hey? Well, listen my children and you shall hear:

Jack run into the old bird on the boulevard one day and he was as broke as a preliminary boy's nose. He looked like the Ancient Mariner with his sailor's license took away from him. He was certainly what the Lambs Club actors calls "at leisure," so my buddy broke out with a attack of generosity and made him a present of a job as gate tender at his brand-new studio. With tears in his eyes Aaron says he'll repay this boy scout some day—and I wish to Kansas City it had been *me* which had given him a job!

Well, as the driller remarked, old Aaron took to his portfolio at Jackie's studio like the bootleggers took to prohibition. The first one in sight at sunrise, he was the last to sign off at night. With the run of the carpenter shop, the drum where the mechanical effects was cooked up, and every other place where he could "invent" in his spare time, he was happier than the word itself.

However, to speed up this case: Jack was finally talked out of playing the handsome hero in his own movie, which he swore would be so hot it would burn down a theater here and there. So with the main hindrance to his success—to wit, himself—out of the way, he begin to shop for a leading man. You can stroll down Hollywood Boulevard up to your ears in leading men, customers, but what Jack needed was a box-office card—a "name." This was a horse from a different merry-go-round, so him and his forthcoming spouse, Fay Daniels, convened on this snag.

"Kempton Calhoun's contract with Colossal runs out next week and it's not to be renewed," Fay says suddenly.

"Three rousin' cheers!" returns Jackie, which naturally enough was far from infatuated with the baby which tried to make Fay just something out of his reach. "But what's that prancin' banana's troubles to *me?*"

"Well," murmurs Fay, idly toying with Jack's coat lapel, which, of course, always means "Gimme," "it's—it's too bad you're enemies, for he *is* a good actor, Jack, and still a big name and I mean you should have no personal feeling against him—*now*. Really, he has a lot of good points."

"So has a porcupine," snarls Jackie. "What are *you* doin' in his corner?"

"If you could sign him for the lead in your picture, it would practically assure its success," says Fay, putting on the chill. "That's my only interest. It's a matter of business, pure and simple."

"WELL," growls Jack, "I ain't simple enough to hire a guy which craves to see me layin' down in a dress suit, with my hands across my chest!"

"Just think!" Fay goes on excitedly. "You could heap coals of fire on Calhoun's head by giving him an engagement now, when he's been practically thrown out by Colossal. And besides, he'd be so anxious to get even with them he'd give you a grand show. I'm no Miss Fix-It, but don't let an old enmity interfere with your success, dear."

"I guess you know best, Gorgeous," sighs Jack. "I know I'm crazy to do this, but send for that ape and I'll hire him."

So that's how Kempton Calhoun, Jack's old-time menace, become the star of the kid's super-gigantic. At first Calhoun hee-hawed at the idea, which seemed to strike him as a yell, but all at once he appeared to get plenty interested and bounded over to sign the articles with a grin. I'll have you know his weekly take was important, not counting tips. Queenie, Melbourne Maxim and them, which, of course, knew Jack and Calhoun got along like Puss and Rover, nearly swooned when they got a order of this, but Fay told 'em not to worry as bygones had all of a sudden become bygones. That's what *she* thought!

From the very first day, kiddies, Calhoun acted like the studio was a cannibal island and he was king, what I mean.

Old Aaron Hoffmann seemed to be more of a eyesore to Calhoun than anybody else and he rode the poor old man and laughed at his inventions till teeth was heard gnashing all over the lot. The big stiff knew nobody would spoil that pan of his while the movie was being shot, and being a hound he acted like one. Between him and Jack they was simply a cold, dangerous politeness. They met seldom and spoke less.

The first rushes we viewed was nothing to go mad about and even the projection-room yes-man was hard put to it to see something which would rock the industry in the mess. The rest of the cast sold their stuff like the seasoned, union troupers they was, but Kempton Calhoun, the salesladies' delight, was a fearful bust, I wouldn't kid you. Why, boys and girls, in places he seemed like a correspondence-school actor whose last two lessons had become lost in the mails! The jury filed out in a dead silence.

Melbourne Maxim was one of the eyewitnesses to this terrible crime and no more than we backed outside when he called me and the grim-faced Jack aside.

"THAT Calhoun rat has crossed you like Napoleon crossed the Alps!" explodes the famous director. "I never saw anything as raw since I've been in this peculiar pastime and I hope to tell you I've seen plenty!"

"I kind of thought he was a better actor than what (*Continued on page 40*)

"Listen, Poison!" growls Jackie, "I've took all the punishment I can stand! Get your form over here and take this test or I'll knock you cold!"

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The Loan of a Gun

By Alan LeMay

Kerrigan was only a youngster, and Greaves was a desperate man. But there's no age limit for heroes

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

"Maybe I'll take a pop at you anyway," Greaves told him over the rim of the coffee pan. "I ain't decided yet"

"ET?"

"Yup."

"It wouldn't surprise me none," said old Creaky Magruder, with that air of open amiability with which he had never deceived anyone yet, "if Kerrigan wouldn't appreciate the loan of a weepin."

The eyes of the two men by the fire flickered upward to Kerrigan's face, found he was not looking at them, and fastened there. It was a good poker face for a youngster of twenty, lean and smooth, with nothing readable in it except a pronounced obstinacy about the mouth. Kerrigan was gazing into the distances of the plain, where the shadow of the ranges had turned the quivering heat-blaze to a misty welter of purples and mauve grays. Only the flat table tops of a far tall mesa caught the last of the sunlight in a crowning stripe of gold.

Black dots out there at the foot of the mesa were cattle, but Kerrigan did not appear to be looking at these. For all those two men could tell, he was thinking about the far adobe walls of Santa Fe, and the laughter of dark-eyed girls behind latticed windows.

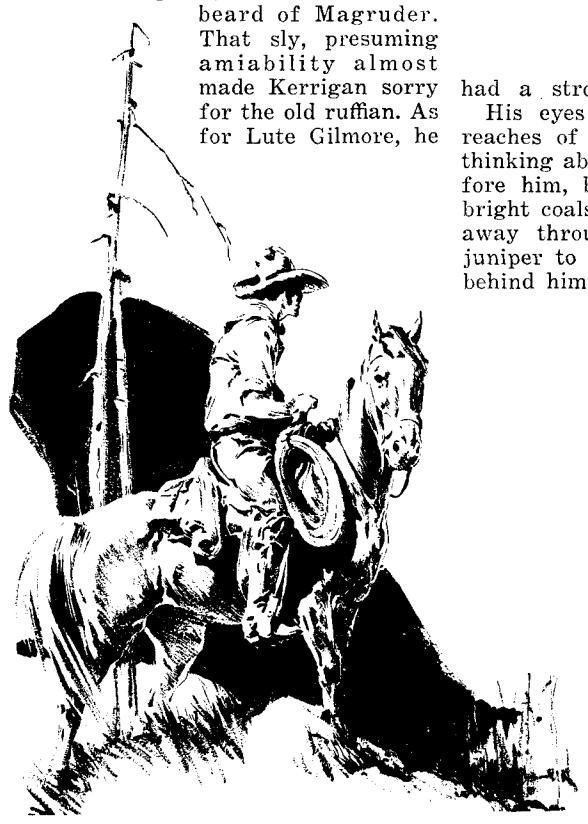
"Ain't he wearin' no weepin?" said Lute Gilmore. His voice affected innocence but poorly, for he was a man with a thick face and a thick head.

"Am I sittin' on a horse?" asked Kerrigan. He plucked a blade of grass, and chewed it meditatively.

"Looks like you'd be actin' sheriff now that Pop Waterman's dead," Magruder suggested cautiously.

"Looks like it," Kerrigan agreed.

HIS eyes, still speculative, turned from the distance to the two men by the fire, and casually, as if by coincidence, first the eyes of Creaky Magruder and then those of Lute Gilmore dropped to the orange coals. With neither liking nor dislike Kerrigan studied the greasy clothes and thin beard of Magruder. That sly, presuming amiability almost made Kerrigan sorry for the old ruffian. As for Lute Gilmore, he had a strong back. So did horses.



His eyes returned to the dimming reaches of the plain, but he was not thinking about girls or Santa Fe. Before him, beyond the little huddle of bright coals at his feet, the slopes fell away through piñon pine and scrub juniper to the New Mexican flats, but behind him the steep-shouldering Cimarron Range piled skyward, black with pine and spruce, gray-green with aspen. Kerrigan was seeking a man whom he believed to be hidden somewhere in the raw rugged gashes of those slopes.

"Have they caught Joey Greaves?" Magruder asked.

"Not that I know of."

"Le' see—last Monday was it?—he shot Pop Waterman in the back. Monday? The Saturday before, by damn!"

If Kerrigan understood Magruder's implied criticism of the dead sheriff's deputies, he took no offense. "Seems a long time," he agreed; "five days."

"Yes, I reckon," said Magruder. Lute Gilmore said nothing. He hardly ever did.

"I kind o' thought," Magruder went on, "you'd go south with one o' them posses that was chasin' Greaves. I suppose he made Old Mexico, all right. But I kind o' thought you'd o' gone."

"Did you?" said Kerrigan.

"Uh-huh." Magruder lit a pipe, and sucked away, slowly and noisily. "But then," he suggested, "maybe you didn't think Greaves went south."

"Maybe I didn't," Kerrigan agreed.

"Maybe," said Magruder, thin, incredibly impudent slyness creeping into his voice, "you come lookin' for him over here."

"Maybe," said Kerrigan again. "Don't doubt yourself so much, Magruder."

OLD CREAKY shot him a glance. "Pity you didn't find him," he commented. "I suppose you'll be headin' back Wolf Springs way, now?" Kerrigan said nothing; and presently Magruder went on: "You're about the first feller I ever seen sheriffin' without a gun, Kerry. . . . No—I seen one other once. Big Bob MacPherson. Whopper. Bald head with a dent in it. Feller put the dent in with a flatiron from behind while Bob was playin' poker. Bob up and hit him with a chair. It run along with him sheriff quite a piece. But finally some fellers couldn't stand it no more. So they shot him."

Kerrigan was familiar with that yarn; in those days everyone in that country had heard of Bob MacPherson, the sheriff who owned no gun.

Magruder waited for Kerrigan to say something, but was disappointed.

"I suppose, though," he said at last, "you anyways got a gun in your saddlebag."

"No," said Kerrigan. "Worries you, doesn't it? Well, my horse stumbled, crossing a white-water crick, and I lost it." The truth, only the truth; the last thing Magruder would expect. "Now you know. Feel better?"

"Didn't mean to seem pryin', Kerry."

"No, I suppose not. Still, glad to know, aren't you? I wouldn't lie to you, Magruder."

"Never said you would, Kerry," the old reprobate blared heartily.

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Magruder and Lute Gilmore were riders from the Circle Hook. It was an outfit that had bitterly opposed the election of Pop Waterman, now dead by Joey Greaves' gun. And the Circle Hook had been Greaves' home outfit. Kerrigan was speculating now as to how far these birds of a feather would go in behalf of their man. That they would aid his escape in any convenient way, he knew. He did not think, however, that they would openly buck the law.

FOR two days Kerrigan had lain on the edge of Mesa Gallina, fifteen miles away, smoking cigarettes and watching the crevices of the uprearing Cimarrons. He knew every groove of that range. Given a wisp of smoke he could, at thirty miles, almost name the man who cooked there; or, failing the name, tell where he had come from, what was his business, and where he was going next.

Kerrigan had not shared the general belief that the killer of Pop Waterman had made a run for Old Mexico. Just as a truth was a better concealment than a lie, so sometimes it was darkest under the light, even in that sparsely settled day—if a man had friends. Kerrigan was first deputy—acting sheriff, now that Waterman was dead, but he had let the silent fury of the volunteer posses go boiling down the Chihuahua trail without him. Greaves' logical hideout, he reasoned, would be somewhere on the near watershed of the Cimarrons.

Patiently he had combed the ragged slopes with his eyes, testing and retesting his knowledge of the terrain. Across the miles the parched clear air showed him every outline of the individual trees, tiny as moss fragments, but incredibly distinct. And at last a far gray ghost in the branches of the pines had told him that what he had guessed was true: a man was camped where no man—but one—had any reason to be.

Across the blaze of the plain and into the foothills rode Kerrigan with the stir of the man hunt in his blood; and then that half-wit accident had deprived him of his gun.

It was Kerrigan's second misfortune, though he blamed himself now, that he should stumble on these particular men. He had seen them, from far away on the mesa, early in the day. Working stock, apparently, or getting ready to—near the foot of the Arroyo Hondo, up which he must now strike in the pursuit of Joey Greaves. He had taken them for men of the Bar K, since this was Bar K range more than any other.

It was certain now that if he borrowed a gun from these men, they would make every effort to warn Greaves; and it was unlikely that they could fail.

His mistake in displaying himself to men of the Circle Hook, apparently camped for the particular purpose of covering the fugitive, made further pursuit useless, unless—

"I wisht we could loan you a weepin," said Magruder. "You know how it is in workin' stock. I dunno as we—"

"Won't need any," said Kerrigan.

He turned casually, inspected the cinch of his pony, and prepared to mount.

"Pushin' back to Wolf Springs, I suppose?" Magruder couldn't keep his questions off of other people's business. It would be the death of him some day.

"Nope," said Kerrigan. He returned old Magruder's questioning gaze until the other dropped his eyes. "I'm goin' out and round in Greaves, with my bare hands. Want to come?"

Truth, nothing but the truth, that was the stuff to offtrail old Magruder.

"Take a drink for me," said Magruder, "when you get to Wolf Springs."

"Four cards to the boss of the Circle Hook,
Two cards more to the Chinese cook,
Whole new hand for Charlie McGraw—
Gambler guesses that he won't draw.
The cowboy he was topped again,
And they all went seven hands round."

Kerrigan sang softly to himself as the bay horse picked his way steadily up what passed for a trail beside the steep Arroyo Hondo:

"Three to the man with burrs in his beard,
Two to the man whose hand is feared,
Three to the man whose nose is blue—
Gambler guesses one card will do.
The cowboy he was topped again,
And they all went seven hands round."

Up and up, while the faint keen smell of the piñons was replaced by the heavier resinous odor from the dark snags of spruce and fir; until at last a round-topped pillar of rock showed faintly blue in the starlight above the spruce, and Kerrigan turned off.

HALF an hour later a distinct smell of frying grease came into the down-canyon breeze. Kerrigan felt the ribs of his horse suddenly expand, and jerked down the beast's head in time to turn a proposed whinny into a grunt. He dismounted, and picketed the horse.

Ten minutes' walk brought him into sight of a gleam of firelight through the trees, well-hidden, unexpectedly close before he came upon it. A short stalk completed his reconnaissance. Kerrigan's reasoning had been right.

Unexpectedly, Greaves was cooking. It was late to be cooking supper; but the smell of venison suggested that the murderer of Pop Waterman had been hunting at some distance, and had just returned with his fresh meat. Kerrigan thanked his stars, and a new plan quickly formed in his head.

He retreated to a distance of a hundred yards, and advanced once more, this time noisily:

"Three to the man with the homely pan,
Four to the boy with the worthless hand,
Three to the man in the high silk hat,
None to the gambler—he's standing pat.
The cowboy he was topped again,
And they all went seven hands round."

The song drifted gently across the night, over the bushes, through the spruce. When Kerrigan came into the little glade where the fire snapped, no man was there. Casually Kerrigan went on with his song:

"Three to the man with the green glass eye,
One to the man that's always dry,
Four to the man that's troubled with fleas—
Gambler guesses that he'll play these.
The cowboy he was topped again,
And they all went seven hands round."

He dragged the hot-handled frying pan, containing an enormous venison steak, off the coals. Rummaging around he found salt, with which he sprinkled the venison. There was no bread of any (*Continued on page 54*)

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There were five other outcroppings of young love, for there is no place like a ship for a swift love affair

Love

AFTER what seemed to be five years of wallowing in the Pacific Ocean, the Hillary Castle suddenly reformed one afternoon.

"In twenty-five minutes," announced Captain Oakes, glancing at his watch, "you will see land."

It was rather foggy. We had just passed three Japanese cruisers, tearing along at full speed, and they were the only vessels we had espied in two weeks, yet here was the captain prophesying solid land in twenty-five minutes.

"What about a small bet of two dollars?" I inquired, peering into the mist.

"Taken," said Captain Oakes, and in twenty-three minutes I noticed a cloud on the horizon which proved to be the southernmost tip of Japan. How these navigators can hit so accurately always dumfounds me.

We drifted into Japan toward midnight, half the passengers on deck and the others in bed, and being an adventurous soul I decided to go ashore and see if I could buy a few razor blades.

Your first ricksha ride is always interesting, especially if it begins at midnight and you go tearing along in the inky darkness with sudden death lurking in every alley. Eight dauntless souls decided to risk the perils of a nocturnal ride and eight rickshas rolled away from the dock over cobblestones and railroad tracks and the opening view was exactly like looking at the freight warehouses of Cleveland, Ohio.

Among us was Mr. Herbert Mortimer, full of energy and leadership. He had learned a Japanese marching song, or at least a ricksha song, and sang it lustily as we left the wharf, sitting up in the first ricksha, and followed closely by Miss Gage, who was determined to keep him on the straight and narrow path. This was almost an impossible task. Every man on the Hillary Castle who felt a sudden desire for a cocktail instantly thought of Mr. Mortimer. Cocktails and Mr. Mortimer seem to go together and to most of the travelers the notion of drinking alone was repugnant. Miss Gage had her hands full, either ashore or afloat, and was forever speaking sharply to strange gentlemen who had invited Herbert to come down to the cabin and knock one over.

Not a Successful Evening

Our caravan proceeded up one street and down another and we found no store open except shops selling picture post cards. The streets were in complete darkness, except one which had too many lights, and while we tried to enter places we were not successful. Everywhere we were barred by the silent Japanese and the one incident of the evening was when Mrs. Henry Loomis, wife of a prominent ranchman in Montana, fell out of her ricksha. It was an accident. The coolie slipped and Mrs. Loomis was tossed out and I may say here that one of the easiest vehicles in the world to fall out of is a ricksha. She was badly hurt and we returned to the ship at once, where the surgeon attended to her.

At breakfast it was reported that Mrs. Loomis had toppled from her chariot for the very good reason that she was full of Japanese hootch and deserved no sympathy.

"Mrs. Harris at work," I remarked to Demuth, who told me.

"Yes, Mrs. Harris."

"It might be illegal to push that woman overboard, but it wouldn't be wrong," I said sadly.

"The Weavers are having trouble," Harold added, glancing across the dining-room toward their table. "Weaver wants to go home."

"If you call that having trouble," said I, "the Waxmans are none too peaceful. I want to go home also."

The Weavers were quiet people from New York State. Mr. Weaver was ruddy and had gray hair and Mrs. Weaver was a thin little woman, with an anxious smile and a notebook in which she constantly wrote down odd words. On their sight-seeing side-trips, Mr. Weaver looked, and Mrs. Weaver scribbled items in the book.

Far away from America, Mr. Weaver began worrying about schedules and wondering how to get back to Ossining, N. Y., by the second of the month. Every year the Weavers went somewhere and every year they encountered the same problem, for Mr. Weaver had to be in Ossining on the second of April. He lived amid refined, ambitious neighbors, each an amateur gardener, and no matter where he was abroad he returned to Ossining on the second of April to begin his radish patch, for among the Ossining people of his set it was considered a disgrace to lag behind with one's radishes. Henry Weaver did his sight-seeing and caught trains and steamers with one eye on the radish situation at home.

Railroading in Japan

At eight o'clock in the morning it was raining in Japan and Japan is one country that doesn't need rain, for it is under water anyhow. Harold Demuth, the undragged dragoman who had never yet been anywhere, herded his thirty charges into automobiles and gave them a ride.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Kyoto," he stated importantly.

"Where is that?" I pursued.

"Two hours on a train."

"What is the matter with this town," I asked, meaning Kobe, where we had landed.

"There is nothing to see in Kobe," said he.

"How do you know?"

Harold strolled away in silent indignation and pushed his people into automobiles, and presently we were bowling along merrily, if you want to call it bowling. Japanese streets were not laid out with the automobile in mind. They are jinrikisha streets and nothing more, and you must blow your horn madly or you will run over two thousand Japanese children. They are all four years old, have extremely red, fat faces and are taught by their parents to stand in the middle of the road until run down by American tourists. Esther closed her eyes during the brief automobile ride, which is as good a way to see Kobe as any.

We arrived at the Grand Central Depot at thirteen minutes after nine in the morning and the little toy train dashed in at fourteen after nine. Japanese trains are always on time to the second, or else one minute ahead. Nobody ever heard of a Japanese train being late. If a Japanese train ever does get late, the engineer shoots the fireman and commits hara-kiri. The main-line railroad is narrow gauge and the speed is forty-five miles per hour, which is about nine miles too fast. We steamed at once for Kyoto because Harold Demuth desired to go there. Any other town would have suited Esther and me. What I craved was a one-mile dirt track where I could take a walk.

It was Mr. George Lydeck of Detroit who started the Japanese railroad trouble, or rather his wife, Mrs. George, a portly lady in a red hat and plenty of chins. Mr. Lydeck, having had the news from his spouse, announced that the Lydecks never rode anywhere second class, that they were accustomed to first quality in everything and that if they were going to Kyoto with Harold Demuth, they wished to be treated with the respect due their station in society. Four other high-class ladies immediately joined them, the four husbands involved saying nothing and trying to hide behind mail boxes. Mr. Demuth looked perplexed. The nine-fourteen cannonball for Kyoto was all second-

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on a Liner

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by Herb Roth

As if it couldn't find troubles enough for itself on a world tour the Waxman family acquires a chaperoning interest in one of those affairs that invariably spring up aboard ship

class, except where it was third class.

It was politely explained to the Lydecks and associated sympathizers that in Japan second class is really first class and that nobody but the emperor ever actually goes first class. Mollified, we stepped aboard the narrow gauge and were on our way to Kyoto, passing through Osaka, which is the Pittsburgh of Japan.

I had never been on a Japanese train before and was immediately interested in the details of construction. The Japs fasten their train windows much better than we do.

It was in Japan that Miss Mabel Carew entered our lives. She did not enter my life to any great extent, the attack being centered upon Esther, who is one of the most amiable of human beings. The mother, as I thought, of Mabel sought out Esther and said:

"I do wish, Mrs. Waxman, you would keep an eye on Mabel."

We Acquire a Responsibility

Esther listened to the full request which included taking Mabel in our automobile, walking her into temples, seeing she didn't get into trouble with the police and in a general way exercising friendly supervision. Mabel was a pretty, plump and sophisticated young female, polished off and traveling for the good of her mind.

"Why select us?" I asked. "Why doesn't Mabel's mother watch her own child."

"That isn't her mother," said Esther. "It is her grandmother."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't the grandmother—"

"Because she is otherwise occupied playing bridge, having her hair bobbed, picking up bargains in jade, and can't be concerned with the child."

The child being one size larger than Esther, I smiled wanly and wondered what the world was coming to when grandmothers no longer bothered with their natural offspring.

The love affairs of young people are fascinating to me and one of the first romantic developments on our ship was the spontaneous attachment between Mabel Carew and Archie Pease of New Rochelle, N. Y. Archie was a young newspaper reporter going out to Africa to write a series of elephant articles for the New Rochelle Times-Union and fifteen minutes after we sailed from America, Archie and Mabel were leaning on the starboard rail, gazing down into the sea, and asking each other timid questions about life.

There were perhaps five other outcroppings of young love fostered by the Hillary Castle, for there is no place on earth like the deck of a ship for a swift love affair.

"Never thought of that phase of this world touring," I remarked to the purser. "You must be responsible for many a marriage."

"Quite true," he replied. "But did you consider the reverse side of the medal?"

"Reverse?"

"What about the divorces? Give thought to the sundered ties, the broken hearts, the family hearthstones flindered by the Hillary Castle and other tourist vessels."

"Which hearthstones?" I inquired, for up to this time I had observed no domestic discord.

"There are your bridge-playing friends, the Hinmans. Are you aware that they no longer speak."

I looked astonished.

"It will be all right with me if the Hinman wife doesn't speak," I returned, for I had listened to the lady straight through nineteen rubbers. She was a woman with two voices, a type I do not favor. One voice is enough for any woman. Mrs. Hinman weighed about ninety-five pounds dripping wet, and her first voice was the usual female tone used by wives everywhere; her secondary or auxiliary voice was a piping squeak. Whenever she wished to be coy, Mrs. Hinman squeaked, and five hundred miles west many of the male passengers could imitate her fairly well.

When the Hinmans came aboard everyone noticed them and said what a lovely couple they were, for they paraded the ship gayly, their arms around each other, fond smiles upon their faces. They held hands like a couple of sweethearts. Mr. Hinman hugged Mrs. Hinman in public and Mrs. Hinman would often leave what she was doing to walk into a crowd and kiss Mr. Hinman. Everyone said it was marvelous, seeing they had been married for years.

"My husband," Mrs. Hinman told Mrs. Smith, "is mad about me."

Toward Honolulu they stopped kissing in public, which I put down to natural causes, and after that I lost track of them.

"They not only do not speak," continued the purser, "but Hinman wants a room by himself, stating that if he has to ride any farther in the same cabin with that woman—his words—he will certainly go insane. Mrs. Hinman advises she is going to jump off the ship, or get a divorce, or both."

Young Love Blooming

Yet such is the irony of the sea that for every marital rift there was a counterbalance of young love blooming, for every pair of sundered hearts, a new romance on board, a fresh pair of young lovers, wandering star-eyed beneath the eastern sky and getting in people's way. After eight o'clock it was embarrassing to stroll about the upper decks, for you would inevitably step upon a young man and young woman, standing side by side in perfect peace and staring at you out of the darkness with the dead silent look young spooners invariably cast upon their elders.

"It's annoying," I remarked to Esther. "Getting so there's no place to walk on this ship after nightfall."

"You were young once," said the spouse.

"I am young yet," I said warmly, "and I have every sympathy for the play of youthful affection, but, just the same, these goggle-eyed boys are beginning to irk me."

"Aren't we on our way to renew the romance of youth?"

"You are, Esther. I am going to Scotland to hit a golf ball."

Harold Demuth had his way with us in Japan, and we visited Kyoto, as he wished, enjoyed a pleasant afternoon talking with Japanese guides who had let their teeth go, and fighting off flu germs in Buddhist temples. The weather was cold and raw, and the rawest place I have ever been in is a Japanese temple containing four hundred and twenty gods and half a dozen frozen snakes.

"Do you wish to visit any more temples?" I asked the spouse.

"No," she said, "not unless you do."

Thereafter we sat in the motor car, closed all the windows, lighted matches and attempted partially to thaw out while sight-seers looked at gods. Returning to Kobe, I renewed my efforts to purchase Velvet Sweep razor blades, without success. Harold Demuth did a workmanlike job of guiding and produced one excellent idea.

"How would you like a sukiaki dinner tonight?" he inquired, and we replied we would like it, whatever it was, especially if we didn't have to eat it on the ship. Everyone agreed that the ship's food was not bad, but that it would provide pleasant variety to eat ashore.

It was the first restaurant I had ever entered in my stockings, and once inside you saw no particular reason for taking off your shoes. However, it is the Japanese custom, so our little thirty sat down on the curb and untied shoelaces, ladies and gentlemen alike, and there was a pleasing dash of excitement in the adventure, for among thirty tourists, somebody is bound to have a hole in his toe. The effort is to get your feet into the (*Continued on page 59*)

Your first ricksha ride is always interesting, especially if it begins at midnight, with sudden death lurking in every alley

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Marriage for Two

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Slowly Helen rose. She faced Larry. She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said. That was all, and then she was gone

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton. Larry, longing for revenge, marries Joyce Carroll, a poor but beautiful girl he finds starving. They ask each other no questions and agree that their marriage will be such in name only.

Shortly they sail for Biarritz and though Larry has been troubled by the memory of a man named Ratty Rogan in New York, who tried to tell him something of his wife, he finds himself *falling in love with her.*

Helen Wilson and her fiancé come to Biarritz and outside on a cliff Larry, overcome with the surprise of seeing her, embraces her. They are seen by Paul Weedon. Larry goes to Joyce and tries unsuccessfully to explain his action.

That night Paul Weedon, who had gossiped about Larry's kiss, is found dead at the foot of a cliff where, at different times, he had been talking to Joyce, to Larry and to Billy Valdemagara, a Spanish friend of Larry's in love with Joyce.

The police accept both Joyce's and Larry's explanations and know nothing of Valdemagara's encounter with Weedon. Weedon had been supported by a Miss Novel, to whom Joyce, soon after her arrival, had given 40,000 francs, which she told Larry she had lost at the gaming tables. Larry, however, saw the whole transaction and was worried.

The next day Burton, in talking with Joyce, threatens to ruin Larry financially unless Helen realizes that Larry is really in love with Joyce. Joyce knows that Weedon told Burton all he saw the night before. She asks Burton *when* Weedon told him this, and is surprised by his curious expression.

XI

THAT face, which fought desperately to preserve the verisimilitude of a youth forever gone, was suddenly aged. The slim barrier between middle age and age can be overturned by the slightest assault. An evening prolonged an extra hour; a touch of a cold; a bit of worry; any of these will make fifty-five look every second of its years. And now Burton, at the mere insistent asking of a question, was an old man.

And an ugly old man; a vicious old man; an old man who had had his own way all his life and intended having it until the end. But the question had been put by Joyce more to end an unpleasant discussion, to divert Burton's mind from threat, rather than because it seemed important to her that it should be answered.

BUT the revelatory glimpse he gave her of his inner soul was only a glimpse, after all. Frank Burton had not achieved his power without learning to control his feelings, to hide them, to assume, almost at will, that mask which was all the world saw of him. For a moment, marveling at the effect of her question upon him, Joyce had permitted all sorts of riotous ideas to flit through her mind. Perhaps Burton had killed Weedon. . . .

"When?" He interrupted her speculations. "I ran into him; he could hardly see, he was so wild. Blurted it right out—" He broke off short, eying her curiously.

He shook his head. "Afraid it won't work, Mrs. Tracy."

She colored, "What won't work?"

"What you're thinking of," he retorted.

"How do you know what I'm thinking?" she asked. She would have withdrawn the question could she have done so. It sounded so childish. For she realized that he had read her thoughts, realized it before he gave her the benefit of his reading.

"I've made a lot of money out-guessing people," he replied. "Right now in your mind you're tangling me up with Weedon's death." He laughed harshly. "Listen, Mrs. Tracy, if I'd killed him no one would be able to connect me with it. Be sure of that."

He was telling the truth, was not idly boasting. Further, the inference that he wanted to be drawn was an honest one. He hadn't killed Weedon. But—why had his face assumed so strange an expression when she had asked him at what hour he had talked with the murdered man? She had felt that her question had been put into her mouth by some power outside her own consciously working mentality. . . . Oh, well, she'd been through a great deal, was high-strung, on edge. . . .

"That's all I've got to say to you," he told her heavily.

THERE were possible retorts, but the utterance of them would be a degradation, she felt. Once again she felt inclined to hysterical laughter. Only, such laughter as she would have given way to is usually inspired by something wholly absurd, and there was a tinge of something not absurd in Burton's threats.

He knew too much. How could he possibly know what he undoubtedly did know? Larry—her cheeks burned—was not the sort to take a confidant. She knew enough of him, already, to understand that he had lived a life that, if not shy, was certainly reserved. She doubted if he had ever had any close chum. He was not the type that needs a human receptacle into which can be poured confidences too burdensome to be carried by one's self. Larry's relations with his wife would never be discussed by him. He would not go to the closest friend on earth and retail his troubles. Pride—he had plenty of it; wasn't it misguided pride that had made him marry her?—would prevent that. Then how—how had Burton discovered that which he certainly knew?

He had spoken of detectives that had looked her up, but detectives certainly couldn't know those intimate details which Burton knew. Servants might be bribed. . . . Her cheeks were more fiery now. To think that one's own servants conducted an espionage. . . . Burton was low, low, *low!*

But her rage and embarrassment did not blind her to the fact that the lower a person's character the more dangerous that person may be. . . .

THE personnel of a cocktail party, the world over, shifts like sands before the encroachment of the surf. Alignments that seem rapturously intimate are rudely broken up by the arrival of a new guest, by the intrusion of a waiter. The Englishman who had been dismissed by Jeanne Mazell wound his way to Joyce's side. He was evidently a catholic suitor, whose ardency of soul could not be quenched by the withdrawal of one lady.

He was rather good-looking, Joyce admitted, but his charm would have been greater had he not been conscious of it, and his glances would have been more devastating had they not been so knowingly killing. But he served to cover her embarrassment when Burton abruptly arose.

"Marvelous," said the Englishman.

Joyce resigned herself to the inevitable bald flattery. But, surprisingly, the Englishman's monosyllable was not addressed to her. It was as though he commented on some amazing fact of nature. She put the question that seemed indicated.

"I mean that old blighter who just left your side," was the reply. "They tell me that he has perfect scads of it, millions of the filthy, and that he made it all himself. Now, I ask you, is there a God in heaven? There can't be, or he'd not let me remain a pauper and give ten million of the best to that old fossil?"

"Fossil? Hardly that," smiled Joyce.

"Fossil," insisted the Briton. "If I spent the time on the putting green that he spends in the hands of his valet, I'd be champion of England."

"Instead of being—" said Joyce.

The Englishman reverted to his type. He touched the end of his tiny waxed mustache and ogled her frankly. Vague regrets at his poverty, inspired by Burton, vanished from his happy mind. Here was his real career, woman.

"Instead of being stricken aghast by the unbelievable spectacle of America's quantity and quality production. To think that one nation could not only produce a Mrs. Mazell, but could go on to undreamt-of lengths and produce a Mrs. Tracy! Now, I ask you, Mrs. Tracy, is it fair? You have all the gold in the world, all the commerce, all the automobiles and radios and such chit-chat, but why on earth should your country attain a monopoly on feminine beauty?"

"*It is all wrong, isn't it?*" she agreed. "Can't your House of Lords do something about it?"

Beyond him, lifting a cocktail to her

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lips, but staring gravely, even anxiously, at Joyce, sat Helen Wilson. Her mother was not in evidence, and Burton, in the moment that had elapsed since his heavy, abrupt departure, had managed to disappear. The pretty, petulant face of Helen seemed to signal some sort of request. It was as though she were trying, wordlessly, to make an appointment, to arrange a meeting. . . .

JEANNE MAZELL, flushed, breathless, exhilarated by popularity no less than by two or three cocktails, returned to Joyce's side. The Englishman, daunted by Joyce's non-receptivity, turned back to his first object of adoration. Joyce took advantage of the opportunity so to maneuver her chair that she was nearer to Helen.

"Pretty sight," she said vaguely.

Helen turned a fascinating shoulder upon the cavalier of the moment.

"You and Frank find much in common," she remarked.

Joyce lighted a cigarette.

"Larry," she laconically replied.

The blond girl whitened until the vividness of her lips seemed a wound inflicted upon her, a wound that pained. . . .

"He has dared to talk to you of Larry?" she breathed.

"And of you," rejoined Joyce.

"What about me?" the other demanded.

"He doesn't like the idea of you and Larry kissing," said Joyce brutally.

There was no denial, no attempt at denial, from Helen.

"He knows?" she gasped.

"Didn't you suspect as much?" inquired Joyce.

The other girl made no reply to this. Her shallow blue eyes held something as near to that pain which comes from self-revelation as one of her sort could ever feel.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Their voices were lowered; they might, save for the tension of Helen's face, have been exchanging mischievous or idle gossip. And if a dozen eyes, curious because of gossip of last night's occurrence on the cliff, were bent upon them, neither of them gave conscious heed to these glances.

"Not what you hope," replied Joyce promptly.

"What I hope?" echoed Helen.

"I'm not going to give up my husband—to you," said Joyce.

Then anger possessed her. This girl had disdained Larry, had estimated the attraction of fifty millions as greater than the attraction of Larry. That Helen had later discovered her mistake made no difference. That she could contemplate making it was enough to condemn her with Joyce.

What sort of a girl was this? What sort of people, were these, anyway, among whom her lot had been so strangely cast? They held themselves, by virtue of their money, or by virtue of belonging to a class, not merely above the law, but above the rule of ethics. Ethics? Too high-sounding a word. Substitute for it the word decency.

They weren't—decent. Power had so inflamed their minds that they didn't even think reasonably. They swapped wives or husbands as their ancestors—whom now they disdained in favor of a lineage discovered for them, at so much an ancestor, by tongue-in-cheek practitioners of heraldry—had swapped horses. Holding themselves clear from technical infidelity — sometimes — they prided themselves on a virtue that was only of the flesh and most certainly never of the spirit.

"Good Lord, you aren't going to argue it with me, are you?" she demanded.

"Why not?" Helen's voice held spirit. Joyce was surprised. She had estimated this girl as weak, and had not realized that even weakness had moments of strength.

"Why not?" She repeated the other's question. "Your fiancé comes to me, threatens me that he'll ruin Larry unless I keep him away from you—and now you casually prepare to debate with me about your rights in the man I married."

Helen's mouth twisted in a sneer.

"What are those rights?" she asked.

"Any court in the world would define them accurately for you," Joyce replied.

"Oh, a court." Again Helen sneered. "Of course, if a woman can hold a man only by the law—"

"Suppose I hold him by the very thing you'd use to take him from me?" cried Joyce. "Larry loves me," she added.

"When," inquired Helen acidly, "did you discover that?"

"Immediately after," retorted Joyce, "you had kissed him."

Oh, it was vulgar, incredibly so, but —what other weapon was available?

"A gift," she told him, "is either that or it isn't. Now, my dear husband, unless you are willing to let me do as I will I'll give you back your gift"

"I suppose he told you that," asserted Helen.

"That he'd kissed you? Yes, he told me."

"And then told you that he—loved you?"

JOYCE felt an unaccountable pity for the girl.

"Don't you think we'd better abandon this? It's—it's so degrading."

"Even degrading things have to be talked over sometimes," said Helen. "I suppose it didn't occur to you that Larry knew that—well, that we'd been seen, and you might learn about—what we'd done?"

"Well?" Joyce's tone was dangerous.

"Larry is chivalrous. He might not want me—well, named in a divorce suit."

Joyce stared at her. The vanity—the vulgar vanity—no, she must be just. Even the meanest natures awaken to love, or that which passes for love in such natures.

HELEN WILSON, amazingly, was prepared to reject Burton and his colossal wealth, was prepared—it seemed—to go through the agonies of a divorce suit, to meet scandal and loss of reputation, for the sake of Larry.

Joyce felt suddenly sorry for her.

"My poor child," she said, "don't you see? Larry does care for me—"

"Even if he did—I don't believe it—you don't care for him. How could you? A woman who'd marry a total stranger—"

"Is so much worse than a woman who'd marry for money?"

"I haven't," Helen defended herself.

"Not yet," Joyce said. "But when you find that Larry is not for you—"

"I won't find that out," declared Helen.

"I'm afraid," said Joyce, "that you will."

"You mean to tell me that he—really loves you?"

"He has convinced me," laughed Joyce.

"Then—then you *are* his wife?"

Humor, that shrugging unwanted humor that arises from ugly situations, left Joyce now. She had tried to laugh and had succeeded, but the success was not real. What she really wanted to do was to scratch and scream and pull hair, and she was rather pleased with herself to find that she possessed such elementary emotions. And now she was on the point of yielding to them. That Burton should profess an intimate knowledge and that this girl should now dare to put an intimate question. . . .

But she rose to her feet. Across a table sat Larry, doing his best to keep his eyes away from the two women, his ex-fiancée and his wife. He felt that everyone present was inwardly—or perhaps verbally—commenting on the tête-à-tête. If Biarritz was ringing with gossip, ugly mean gossip now, what would it be ringing with later on today? A thousand speculations would be voiced as to what the two girls had talked about. Did Mrs. Tracy know, and did Miss Wilson know that she knew? What were they going to do about it? What would happen to him?

He almost exclaimed with gratitude as Joyce signaled him to come to her side. Now he thought he understood. Joyce was making it obvious that she didn't mind Helen's presence in Biarritz. Most onlookers would assume that Joyce had heard gossip of last night's kiss. Therefore, they would go farther and assume that the kiss was merely an indiscreet harmless tribute to friendship, and that Joyce looked upon it so. Joyce was saving Helen from great embarrassment. A damned good sport, this wife of his.

Then he was at their table. He greeted Helen, and only the two women could have been certain that his careless speech hid embarrassment.

"I wanted you, Larry," said Joyce.

He felt a premonition that in her suave tones lurked something which he might well dread. But he merely nodded.

"There seems to be a misconception in the mind of Miss Wilson," said Joyce.

Larry whitened. This was not Joyce, not the Joyce he had come to know and learned to love so recently. He could give his heart, perhaps, to a woman in whose past were specters, and who might not always be truthful. But manner—this was imperative. He could not have fallen in love with a woman who would create a scene; with a woman who would indulge in recrimination, vulgar argument with another woman and about her own husband.

"A misconception?" he muttered.

"About last night's—er—caress," went on Joyce coolly. "Larry, will you tell her, please, that you love me, and no one else?"

Larry Tracy, like everyone else who has ever been born, was subject to occasional dreams in which he suffered a thousand embarrassments. In the Stone Age our ancestors doubtless dreamed that a saber-tooth had entered the cave and was about to devour them. But modern life has robbed us of the terrors of violence, save those legalized by war, and our dreams are no longer of wild beasts, but of appearing on the street without our pajamas.

He felt now that he was dreaming. Real waking life could not produce an embarrassment akin to this. Joyce hadn't said the words she had used; his ears had (*Continued on page 50*)

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Home, Unique

"—and the old witch came to the door." A modern conception of a witch's house in Beverly Hills, Cal. And if it isn't owned by a movie character actor, then some realtor has missed a swell chance

It took a heap o' bituminous to make this house—a little information bureau for the Middlesboro, Kentucky, Chamber of Commerce. Most of it is soft coal

Well, it looks as if the old gag about the celebrating gentleman who waited in a corner for the bed to come 'round again wasn't so far-fetched at that. Revolving walls make many rooms or one, as you wish

Talk about your houses of cards—here's one made mostly of tightly-pressed paper and it looks pretty substantial at that. It's in Rockport, Mass.

Towers should be lonely things for princesses to sit in. But this one is well-populated. Someone took an old windmill on the Suffolk coast in England and made it into summer apartments

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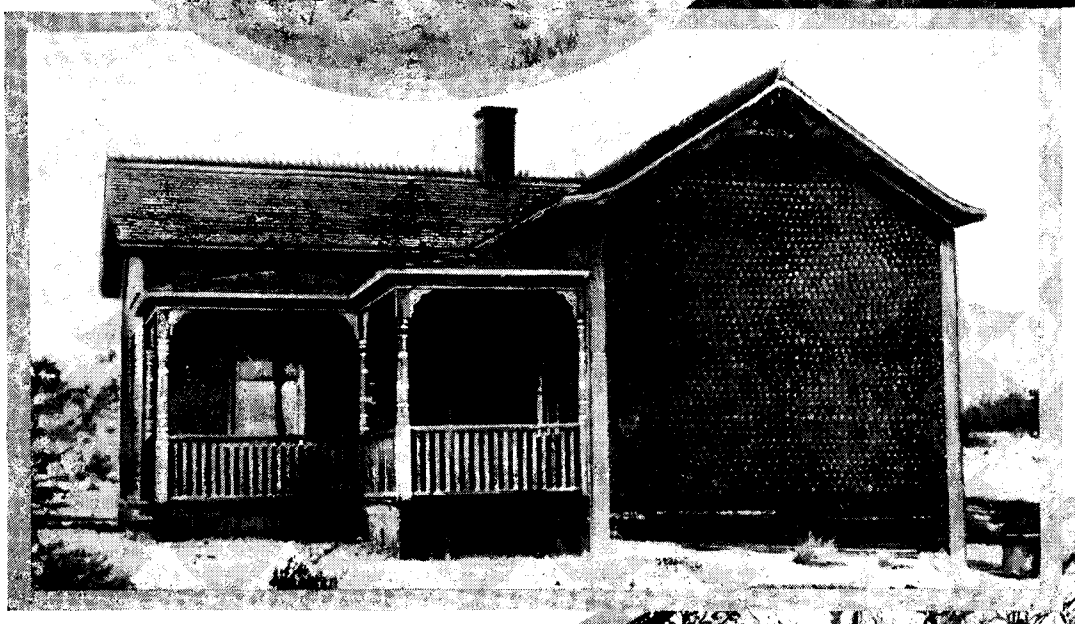
Home!

A neat little Dutch Guiana jungle bungalow. Elevated against damp and snakes—though what a tall-necked reptile could do to an inmate of one of those hammocks sets the imagination a-shuddering

This four-room house with its trim indentation for the chimney is no place for a cat-swinger. It stands at Latton, England, and was built in the sixteenth century

All photos from Wide World

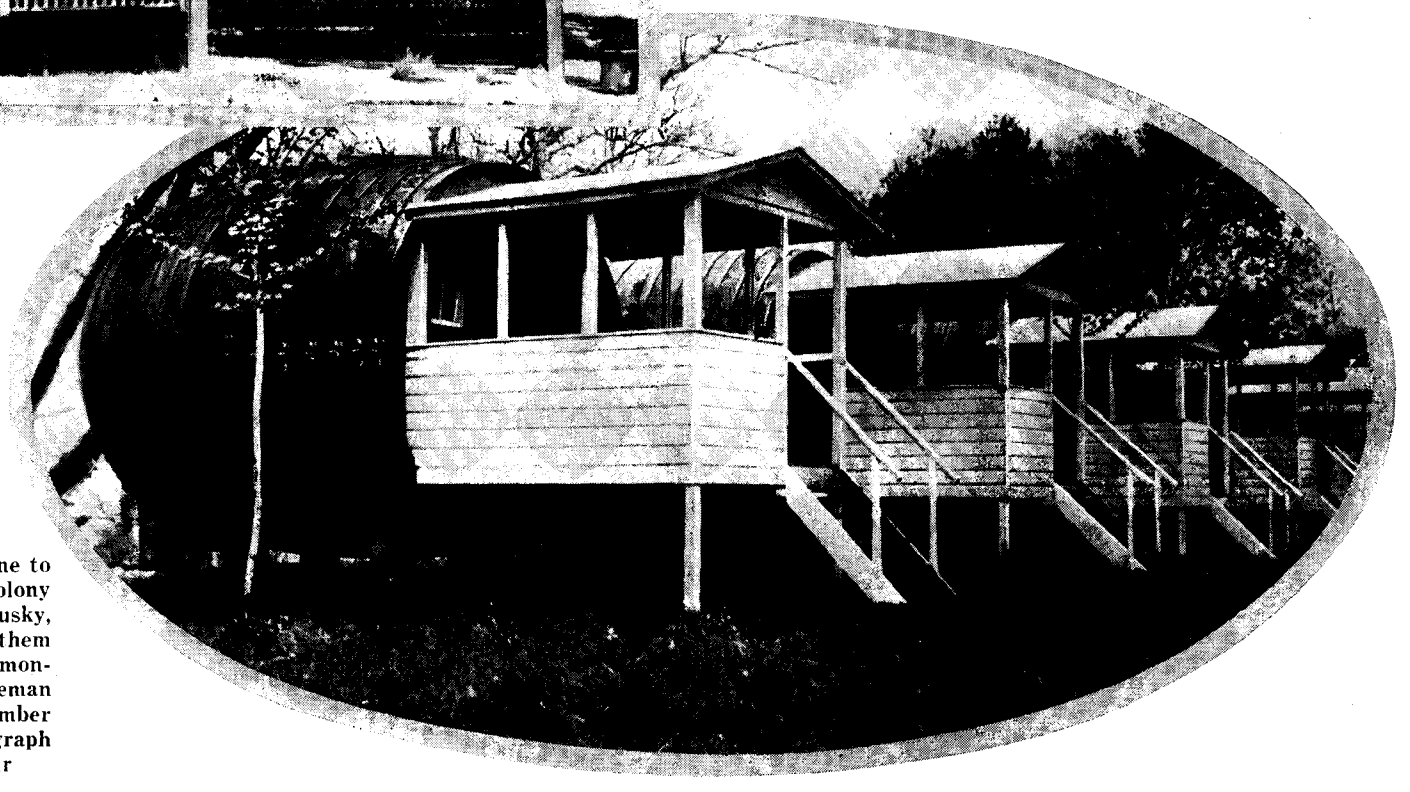


But they're all empties. Thirteen thousand whisky and beer bottles went into the making of this house in the deserted mining-camp of Rhyolite in Death Valley, Cal. The owner insured privacy by using plenty of corks

Let's See Your Home

Every man takes pride in his home. It needn't be unusual or startling to be interesting. In fact we're eager to see photographs of homes of our readers. We're looking for pictures of neat, inviting American homes: mansions and cottages—city homes and small-town homes that hold a world of dreams.

Send us a picture of your own home. For acceptable pictures we'll pay from one to five dollars. Send them to HOME PHOTOS, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Aha—here's what prohibition has done to the American home. A bungalow colony made out of wine-casks, at Sandusky, Ohio. If a spirited wind ever sends them rolling down the valley, there'll be a monster rally and shake-up. A gentleman might go to bed in Bungalow Number One and wake up playing the phonograph in the living-room of Number Four

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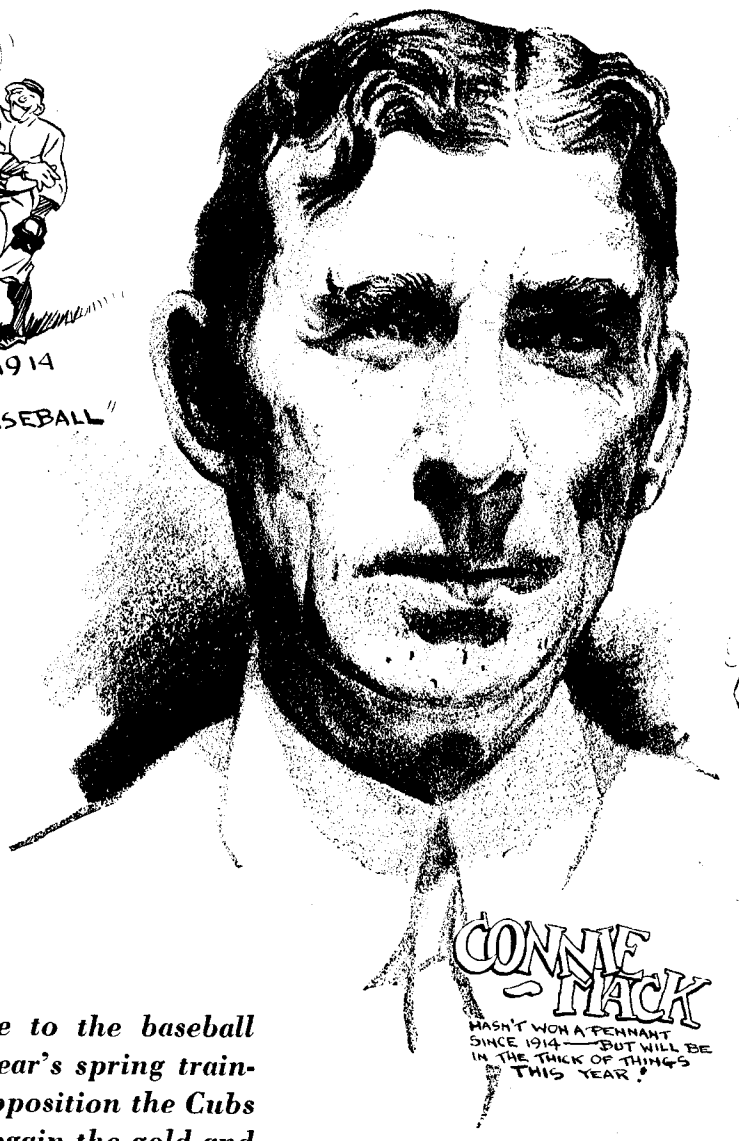
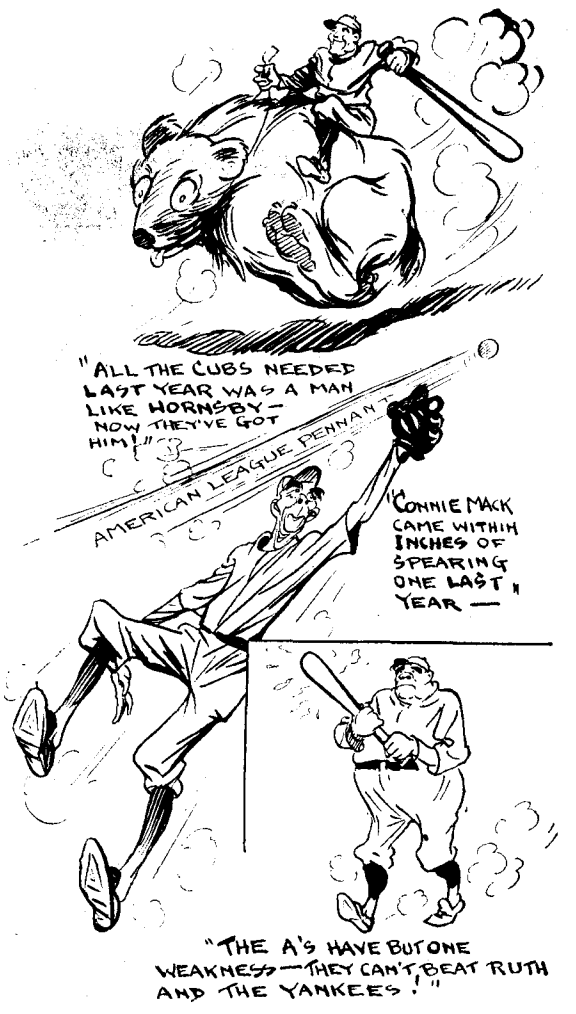
Lost Laurels

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.




"ALL THE CUBS NEEDED LAST YEAR WAS A MAN LIKE HORNSBY—NOW THEY'VE GOT HIM!"
AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT
"CONNIE MACK CAME WITHIN INCHES OF SPEARING ONE LAST YEAR—"
"THE A's HAVE BUT ONE WEAKNESS—THEY CAN'T BEAT RUTH AND THE YANKEES!"

There's a sentimental side to the baseball race that starts with this year's spring training. Against formidable opposition the Cubs and the Athletics seek to regain the gold and glory they used to know

THAT tramp of feet you hear today is an old familiar sound. These feet are marching to the chirping accompaniment of the bluebird, the harbinger of another spring. They belong to some 500 big-league ball players heading for training camps between California and Florida to start the seven weeks' grind that leads to another six months' chase for a pair of pennants that mean gold and glory when October arrives.

Starting something over 20 years ago there were two ball clubs that between them dominated the game for many years. From 1906 through 1910 the Chicago Cubs, headed by Frank Chance, won four pennants and two world series. From 1910 through 1914 the Philadelphia Athletics, directed by Connie Mack, won four pennants and three world series.

The Cubs carried such stars as Chance, Evers, Tinker, Sheckard, Schulte, Brown and Kling. The Athletics offered Coombs, Bender and Plank, McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker.

Most of these are baseball immortals, still remembered long after most of them have passed from play. But in the wake of these two great teams a queer turn took place, one of those strange episodes which dot the long highway of sport. Since 1910 the Cubs have won only one pennant and that was in 1918 when no one was looking; when the roar of the base hit was drowned out by a much louder roar from the thunder of massed artillery. Since 1914 the Athletics have not won another flag and until the last few seasons they have spent most of the interim near the cellar.

The campaign of 1929 will see a desperate attempt on the part of these clubs to claw and hammer their way back—back to the spot where in 1910 they fought out the championship of the game.

The Cubs have been a threatening force for three years now under the able leadership of Joe McCarthy and the liberal ownership of William Wrigley, Jr. The Athletics last summer closed up a 13-game gap and caught the Yankees in September, only to fall back again before the hostile fire of Ruth and his mates.

Both Cubs and Athletics this season will be in the race all the way down the stretch. Take the case of the Cubs. All they needed last season was an extra punch and when they bagged Rogers Hornsby last fall they got the big punch of the league. They have Hornsby, who batted .387 last season, in place of Maguire, who finished at .279. Hornsby, a great hitter and a fine second-baseman, a natural field leader, will give the Cubs the greatest pennant chance they have known in years. They now have a star catcher in Hartnett, a strong pitching staff with Blake, Root, Malone and others; an infield that has Grimm, Hornsby, English and Beck, and an outfield that carries Stephenson, Cuyler and Hack Wilson.

Plenty of Hitting Strength

The Cubs, however, will encounter tough opposition. They have three leading rivals in the Giants, Pirates and Cardinals. The Cardinals won in 1926, came within a step of winning again in 1927 and set the pace for 1928. This is about as fine a three-year record for consistent strength as even a home town fan could ask for. This Cardinal outfit will be dangerous again. Any ball club that has Frisch and Bottomley is nothing to be taken gently.

The Giants, who chased the Cardinals over the wire, only a stride behind, will have to be given their chance. They have a fine pitching staff headed by Benton, Fitzsimmons and Hubbell. They have one of the best infields in baseball with Terry, Reese, Cohen, Jackson and Lindstrom.

Then there are Pittsburgh's ball-playing Pirates. No team in either league ran into as much poisonous luck as the Pirates did through 1928. There were times when they had six or seven regulars in the hospital or on crutches. It was not until after mid-season that Pittsburgh finally assembled her full strength and from that point on this team came like a pink streak with a swirl and a rush. There was no stronger team in the National League after Pittsburgh hit her stride and recovered her line-up. Pittsburgh this season will have Grimes, Hill, Kremer and Petty, with plenty of hitting strength.

What about the Athletics' outlook after 15 years? Back of the bat they will have Cochrane and Perkins; in the box they will offer Grove, Walberg, Quinn, Rommell, Earnshaw, Ehmke, Shores and Yerkes. For an infield they send out Orwoll, Bishop, Boley and Fox. The outfield carries Simmons, Haas and Miller.

As far as anyone can see, there is just one weakness in this collection of talent—its inability to beat the Yankees in a team-to-team fight. It has great catching, fine pitching and quite enough infield and outfield stuff, offensively and defensively. It could have won last summer by breaking even with the Yankees.

The American League race will be another Yankee-Athletic battle with the Browns moving in closer and a lot more trouble to be found from the White Sox. But the Athletics and Yankees should dominate the scene. The Athletics apparently have only one ball club to beat out where the Cubs have three, but that one ball club is trouble enough, as both leagues have found out. The Yankees may be aging a trifle. But when you hook Ruth, Gehrig and Meusel together you have more raw nitroglycerine in one solid lump than most defenses can block.

Connie Mack had won six pennants when he broke up his great club in 1915. He has captured more than 600 ball players since then and he believes now he has the best combination he has drawn together since McInnis, Collins and Baker were sent away with Coombs, Bender and Plank.

When Matty Stemmed the Tide

He has decided to take a chance without such famous veterans as Cobb and Speaker, who have lost too much of their old speed. He has a club now that is seasoned. And above all he has one great pitcher in Bob Grove, a big left-hander with about as much speed as anyone ever carried into the box. Grove won 24 games last summer. He should be good for about 30 victories this year.

Connie Mack is now up in his 60's. He won his first American League pennant 27 years ago and he has been with the same club ever since. It would be a great thing to see John McGraw and Connie hook up just once more. They met first in 1905 when McGraw threw Mathewson against his rival and broke up the show. But Mack got his revenge in 1911 and 1913. It has been 16 years since they fought out their last world series war. They at least have a chance to meet again this season.

Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, and Mack, part owner and manager of the Athletics, have set their full hearts upon bringing home a pennant and the battles of these two clubs will be watched with keener interest than any season has aroused since the two great machines of Chicago and Philadelphia broke up and faded from the scene.

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Two Sets or Three?

© 1928 M.L.I.CO.

Lucky is the baby born of the modern, intelligent mother. While she dreams that her child will be a great man, perhaps President of the United States, she studies and plans for his health.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

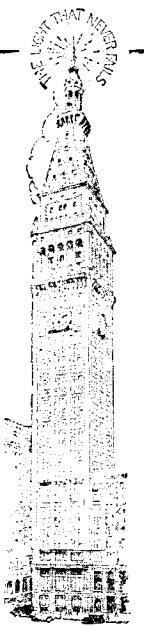
Lucky is the baby whose mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.



A famous physician once made the statement "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-C.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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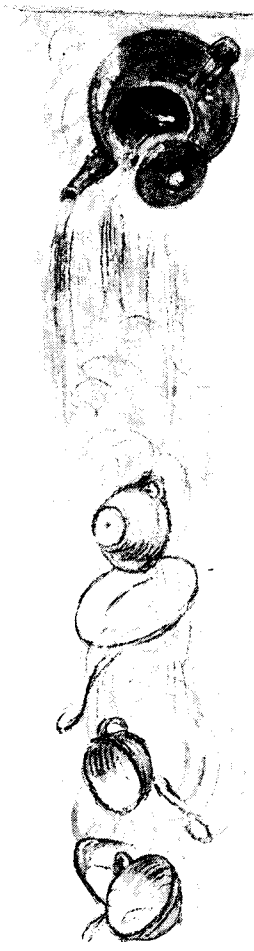
Should a Husband Eat Breakfast Alone?

By Beatrice Lillie
(*Lady Peel*)

Of course, a lot of married couples can't breakfast together because it's almost impossible to get a man to eat breakfast in bed. But there are others and to them Lady Peel offers some sound suggestions in this little sermon. Breakfast hour is the dangerous hour—but it needn't be, she says

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

It might be just as well to tiptoe back to your room and tell Bella to bring your breakfast up on a tray



THERE are too many unwise women who get up, slip into something (why are unbecoming wrappers always the most handy of a morning?) and sit down across the matutinal table from their lords and masters at an hour when, if one must be up, one should be up alone.

This habit is responsible for the fact that across your broad and usually placid land each morning there echoes the boom of millions of hall doors slamming in rapid succession like a monster Gatling gun. These doors are slammed (a) *by* irritated, grouchy husbands making magnificent if ill-mannered departures from their normally happy homes or (b) *after* the same husbands by wives who have risen from the table and shuffled in their slippers down soft-carpeted halls in order to get in a last overpowering word.

It seems to be pretty generally accepted over here that the breakfast hour is the dangerous hour and is probably responsible for wrecking more homes than jealousy or limited incomes. On the other side it's not quite as bad as that.

There's no doubt that Something Ought to Be Done About It. Though who am I to come forward with my little bit?—I never eat breakfast. Or hardly ever.

However, in accordance with the present happy custom which allows of a man and a typewriter shutting themselves up together in a small room to emerge six months later with a four-volume work on a subject about which the man knows nothing and the typewriter less, in accordance with this happy custom, I say, I feel eminently qualified and competent to discuss this important marital problem. Especially as I have some constructive suggestions to offer.

Let us look this whole trying situation fairly and squarely in the face. In the first place, there are three types of couples whom you can come upon if you're rude enough to do your visiting just after the milkman has called. There are the husband and wife both of whom are normal and bright and congenial at eight o'clock in the morning. They are so rare that they really don't belong here at all. Then there is the couple each of whom is as grouchy as a chimney sweep in autumn. One of *them* certainly ought to stay away from the table. And there is—and Lord deliver us from them—the couple one of whom is down in the depths and the other insufferably and infernally gay and vivacious and merry as the toast and eggs are passed. That's dynamite. These are the people who can play a whole *marche funèbre* on a free-swinging door a few moments later.

You must have seen them. The husband is already at breakfast with one eye on the newspaper and the other on his watch. There are wrinkles on his forehead and a slice of toast in his hand. Enter Madame looking like something you'd put up into the attic until the Salvation Army wagon calls. She is humming a snatch from that musical show that kept them out late last night.

"Top o' the mornin' to ye," she chirps in her merry way.

"Umph," comes rolling back from over the rim of a coffee cup.

She goes over to the canary's cage and removes the nocturnal wrapper. The little feathered songster starts to do his stuff. There is an explosion behind the morning paper:

"I wish to thunder you'd keep that damn' bird quiet till I get out of this house." "Why, dear—" Hurt. Abused. But she slips the drapery back on the cage and the canary subsides. Unfortunately she doesn't:

"—'Crazy rhythm da-de-da-da—'"

Crash! A cup has descended upon the parent saucer.

"Do you have to keep up that infernal singing while a fellow's trying to eat his—"

"Why, dear, you used to like my singing. You used—"

And there's another day started all wrong. The wife will go back to bed and sob quietly until eleven o'clock. The husband will go down to his office, growl at the office boy, insult his assistant and by noon his secretary, who was the only competent one he ever had, will have given notice.

Maybe the menus have something to do with it. There is a stark monotony about breakfasts which doesn't help things at all. A little more variety might work wonders. Now for myself, what times I am in the country and not playing, I like to get up for breakfast, and my idea of a good breakfast is cold, canned tomatoes, kippers and lots and lots of tea. With perhaps scrambled eggs and a few slices of ham to choose from.

That's why English breakfasts are so much more exciting. There a whole *raft* of edibles laid out on the sideboard—toast, marmalade, eggs, bacon, ham, kippers, grilled tomatoes, maybe a little fried sole—and Niagaras of tea.

Quite Bright in the Mornings

Of course, we never think of getting up over there unless we've first had a cup of tea. You'd be surprised how much that perks us up. Everyone has it. Even wives who have to slip out of bed to brew a pot scramble back under the covers to enjoy it.

You may poke fun at us as a tea-loving nation all you like but I'm willing to wager that that morning cup of tea in bed does more to make happy family breakfasts possible than the most cheerful news in the morning papers.

By the time I've had my tea I'm ready to get up and go to breakfast in rather an amiable mood. My husband, too, is always quite bright in the mornings. He eats a good breakfast—he rather favors a bit of fried sole—and if he wants (as he usually does) to turn on the radio or the phonograph during the meal, it doesn't bother me at all. I rather like it. But I shudder to think what it might be if I didn't have that morning cup of tea!

Of course, too, I have a sense of humor and I'm married to a man with a sense of humor and that's a combination that will survive the most trying of ordeals—even breakfast at daybreak.

Let's see now, I was going to be helpful in my gracious way, wasn't I? Well, here's my suggestion to wives for meeting the breakfast-grouch problem:

Have a cup of tea in bed—even if you have to get up and make it yourself—then get up and dress yourself properly and becomingly. Make up your mind that if your husband wants to bury himself in his morning mail or his newspaper, you're not going to interfere. Go to the dining-room and peer in.

And then it might be as well to tiptoe back to your room and tell Bella to bring yours up on a tray.

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

The boy who found rainbows in coal-tar

One Easter vacation in 1856, 17-year-old William Henry Perkin, a student-assistant in the Royal College of Chemistry, was toiling in an improvised laboratory under the eaves of his English home.

"Throw the rubbish away!" croaked unimaginative Common Sense, when the boy poured in a red fluid and got a dirty, sticky, dark mass at the bottom of his test tube. "Examine it!" whispered Science. "It may be worth something!"

Science was right. Out of that ugly dark mud came a lovely violet-purple dye. This "Mauve" was the first aniline dye ever made from coal-tar, a by-product of gas-making, till then considered worthless.

He started a scientific revolution

But young Perkin did more than found an industry. His experiments, and the experiments of other men in these early years, showed the way to a new, *creative* chemistry.

Scientists began to put chemical elements together to produce complex chemical substances. Men began to *build* with atoms. The modern chemist has identified more than 90 different kinds of atoms, from which more than 200,000 chemical combinations have been made. Millions are possible.

By building with atoms men learned how to make many synthetic compounds, some of which have proved very valuable to Medical Science. The germs of certain diseases, for example, were not visible under the microscope until it was discovered how to "stain" them with these compounds, and this in turn led to investigations regarding disease which would never have been possible otherwise. Other aniline compounds are used as antiseptics and bactericides—to *destroy* disease germs and render them powerless. Still others form the basis of an ever increasing number of effective chemical medicines for internal use.

A new group of modern medicines

Today hundreds of synthetic, "built-up" medicinal preparations are at the disposal of the physician, to allay pain, prolong life, and restore normal health. Parke-Davis research chemists often spend years in producing a single synthetic medicine. For example, in a recent search for a synthetic drug to accomplish a certain purpose, more than 200 compounds were patiently built up. Each in turn was put to the severest tests. Finally, *one* was obtained that met our exacting requirements.

Such is the spirit of medical investigation. Earnest men and women dedicate their lives to the search for the unknown in Nature. And each worker is actuated by the high purpose of contributing what he can toward the conquest of disease and the relief of human suffering.

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

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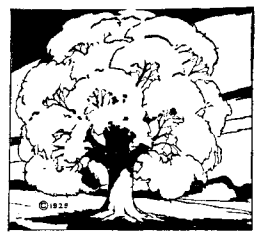

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CHRYSLER MOTORS is the highest possible expression of the principle of mutual help reduced to the most practical possible form.

It is in every sense an insurance of the quality of anything and everything marketed by Chrysler Motors, because all of these Chrysler Motors products must of necessity conform to the same high standard—are in fact compelled to do so because conformity is enforced at the very outset by joint and mutual engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing.

Chrysler Motors products comprise a great group of cars covering all price classes—all branches of the same tree and all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality, originated and first applied by Chrysler—a principle which inevitably lifts both quality and value—each car contributing and sharing the manufacturing efficiencies of all the rest.

But Chrysler Motors, while it welds together the advantages resulting from the common policy of engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing—under one head—still preserves a complete separate identity in the products and their distribution.

Outside of the invaluable rigid rule of adherence to the Chrysler principle of standardized quality initiative and ingenuity are given absolutely free play in each of the individual units.

The versatility which prevails is evidenced by the products themselves.

They are individual, different, characteristic—yet similar in the basic goodness which results from the Chrysler unified plan and practice of quality engineering and manufacturing.

Yet, if each car or each plant were a separate entity operating "on its own," little would be gained by grouping them under one banner.

By a sheer process of natural development, Chrysler Motors has gone far, far beyond this. The co-ordination of the units was born long before Chrysler Motors was born.

The underlying principle has been in operation from the day that the first Chrysler was produced.

Out of this principle grows the logical advantage of Chrysler Motors—a conserving, economizing, efficiency-increasing force benefiting the buyer of every Chrysler product from first to last and no matter what its individual trade-name.

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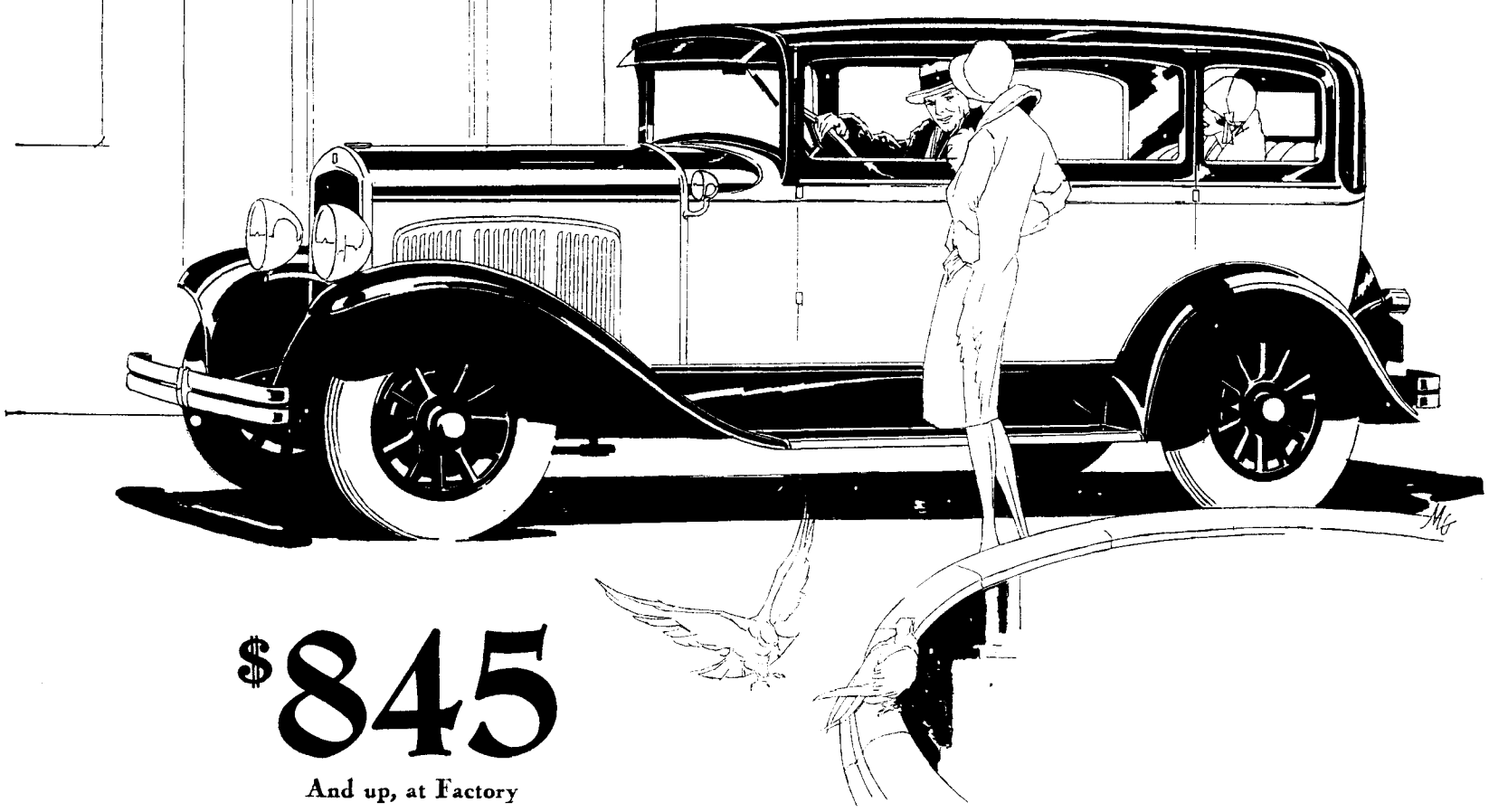
DE SOTO SIX

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



$845

And up, at Factory

THE De Soto Six is one of that great group of cars which enjoys mutual economies and efficiencies through the unusual engineering, research and manufacturing facilities of Chrysler Motors. ¶ That is one reason why the De Soto Six has won such overwhelming success—because it is clear that such a power plant, such riding ease, such fineness of manufacturing, such inspiriting performance and such a fashionable ensemble are utterly unusual in a car so moderately priced.

Seven Body Styles, $845 to $955 at the factory

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION, *Detroit, Michigan*

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A professor of English listens in as Mary Brian does a little practicing

Photo Static

By Rob Wagner

The stars of the silent drama aren't the only ones bothered by the advent of the talkies. Scenario writers, directors and producers are worried too

THE Dumbies are Dead! Long Live the Talkies!

Thus cry the excited cinemacides of Movieland. Jesse Lasky, one of the wisest foster-fathers of the grand old art of flickering pantomime, leads the recessional, and the others join in the mortuary chorus. The same men who gave birth to the most universal art the world has ever seen now announce that the silent drama is ended.

But is it? So vivid is the imaginative American mind, that every new invention pronounces the end of something or other. I remember as a little boy hearing my father predict that the telephone would end retail shopping. We'd just sit at home and order everything over the telephone.

Next, the phonograph was going to put an end to our local musicians. One big, swell band in New York would furnish the dance music of the nation. And the radio. Gee, it was going to end the telephone, telegraph and phonograph. Surely you remember how those big 16-inch guns—"Peacemakers," they called them—were going to end war! Next, motion pictures were going to end stage plays. And now, by heck, the speakies are going to end the silent drama!

Naturally Hollywood is excited—Hollywood, where 80 per cent of the world's silent drama is made! Can you imagine what would happen in Detroit if Henry Ford were suddenly to announce that in five years there wouldn't be an automobile made in America? That he had invented a four-mouse-power folding plane in which a fellow could hop from his front porch to the 19th hole in 30 seconds? Overnight the whole automobile industry would be up in the air.

A Chance for Vaudeville

Now Hollywood's established ones see a whole new set of people coming in to take their jobs. Already the advance guard is arriving. They are the vaudevillians. I thought that when the movies ended road companies, they had swept the old ten-twent'-thirt' vaudeville acts into the same grave. But I was wrong. Those ancient favorites who used to entertain the yokelry so vociferously were merely sleeping. With the call for short subjects in the first experimental stage of the noisies, they suddenly came to life—and Hollywood. Now the casting departments of those studios already making sound pictures are literally bombarded by ventriloquists, Swiss bell-ringers and smart-cracking song-and-dance teams.

The musical-saw chap understands the situation perfectly. "I know I can never repeat on this act," he says, "but so long as I gotta die it's fun to die to the biggest wage I ever got, and to the biggest audience." Yet it is because these novelty acts, Movietone news-weekly stuff, and short vaudeville sketches are "packing them in" that our big executives have gone whoopee.

Up in Santa Barbara a few months ago I went to a smelly little theater with a bum organ and a bummer organist. One of the best pictures of the season was playing to a half-filled house. Last week I was up there again and went to see what the critics said was a perfectly punk picture. I could hardly get in the darned place. Why? Because the enterprising manager had installed the speakies. No sooner was I in my seat than I understood the new success.

Instead of the wheezy notes of that discordant organ—now appropriately covered with a mortuary pall—great symphony orchestras and the blare of marching bands filled the dingy old hall with spirit of show and carnival.

The feature picture, a kaleidoscopic jumble of "ham and hoke," had but two oral sequences in which the characters roared like monstrous ghosts, and the musical accompaniment to the silent reels was almost blatant enough to split the ears. Yet the audience liked it. Considered as art it was as terrible as the first motion pictures. But outside there was a line a block long, while farther up the street a great rival theater was playing the silent drama to a mere handful of people.

So Hollywood is preparing to change. Great new studios are going up on every lot and all departments are in a high state of excitement. Technical staffs that have for years been addressing their extraordinary talents to miniatures and trick photography are now experimenting with sound. Great tilting boxes full of rolling shot and crackling electric sparks now "cheat" the terror of wave and lightning in our studio-made storms.

Cheating the Noises

On one lot I saw a rooster forced to go through the motions of crowing by the good old trick of fastening a piece of chewing gum to his lower beak, but the crow he failed to utter was adequately registered in the "mike" by a talented prop boy.

On another occasion I heard machine-gun fire realistically cheated by snapping wires over the face of a huge base drum. Spectators of a recent aviation picture will be surprised to learn that it was accompanied by synthetic sounds made entirely within the studio months after the picture was shot.

The scenario departments are in even a far greater state of excitement. Heretofore the making of an ordinary motion picture required neither education nor culture. Picture writing being the most elemental form of story telling, all its makers needed was a good sense of comedy and drama. These qualities were as likely to be found in the alert bean of a vaudeville actor or newspaper hack as in the highest brow of a Harvard dramatist. Many of our greatest scenario writers failed utterly in literature, while one chap, now drawing down $700 a week, was only a few years ago an illiterate chauffeur.

Shakespeare would certainly have been astonished could he have attended some of the story conferences which I have sat in on. The editor calls his hounds for a three-o'clock conference, and at that almost zero hour 10 or 12 of the oddest shaped heads in Movieland gather around the long table to smoke the company's cigarettes and bring forth a new screen masterpiece—using the word master in its most diminutive sense!

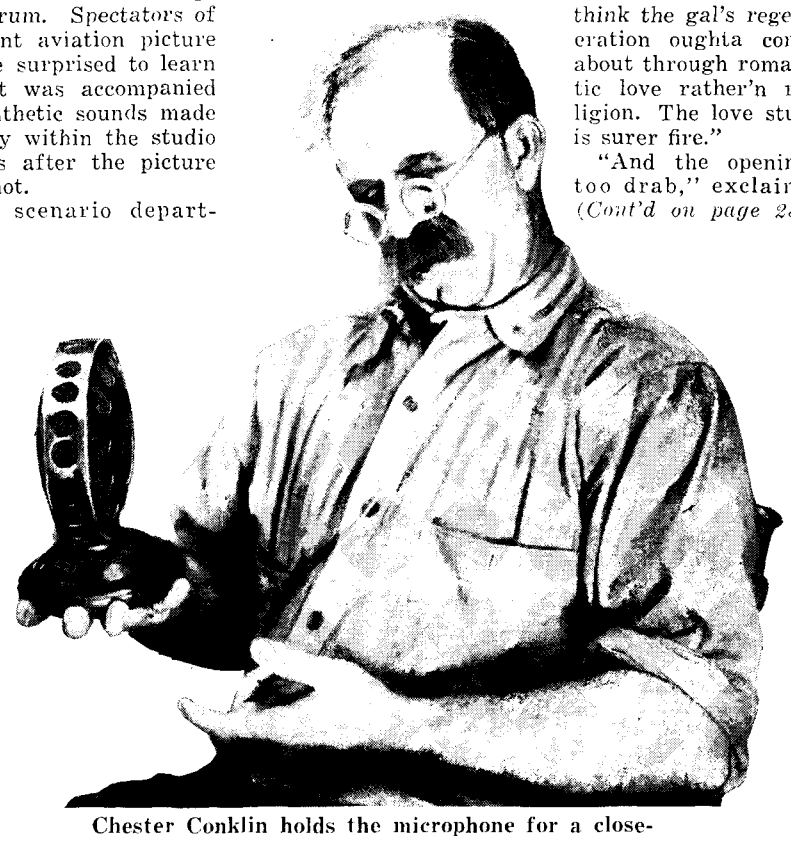
"Boys," the editor says, "the New York office has wired that they want Betty Beautiful in a hurry-up underworld story for quick release. Ben here has a pretty good plot on his chest for us to shoot at, so I'm going to ask him to tell it."

Ben tells the plot in words of one syllable, most of which are profane.

"'S'll right," exclaims O'Day, the serial hound, "but I think the gal's regeneration oughta come about through romantic love rather'n religion. The love stuff is surer fire."

"And the openin's too drab," exclaims

(Cont'd on page 28)



Chester Conklin holds the microphone for a close-up. It will not show when the picture is screened

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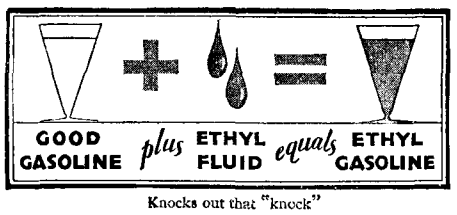

Knocks out that "knock"

He made the top *in high*

THIS had never happened before.

"What have you done to this car?" he asked. "I never made that grade in high before."

The service man grinned, "I put in Ethyl."

Ethyl Gasoline is not a "cure-all." But well-informed service men and their customers will tell you that by filling your tank with Ethyl, you'll wake up a sluggish motor—or give a wide-awake engine a new standard of power.

The reason is simple: Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline *plus* the Ethyl anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead), which leading oil companies are adding to improve motor car performance.

If your engine is "knocking" and losing power, just take a ride with Ethyl.

If you bought your car within the past year it is probably one of the new high compression models. If so, why not use the fuel which science developed expressly for these high compression engines—*the fuel which made them possible?*

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION—25 Broadway, N. Y.—56 Church St., Toronto, Canada—36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

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ETHYL
GASOLINE

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(*Continued from page 26*)

Burke. "Let's can the slum stuff and open in a big production shot of a cabaret full o' girls. The exhibitors like their sex-apples early, late and all the time. Then we can have the dump raided, introduce the menace, and open with a bang."

"Hold on here!" cried Ben, coming to the defense of his story. "We gotta be careful not to start too rough or we won't be able to top the fight stuff when we wreck the works in the fifth reel."

"Sure we will," cuts in Beal, "if we precede the big punch by a romantic sequence showin' the boy and the girl makin' love in a bosky glen out on the farm of the gal's dear old mother."

"And say!" explodes O'Hara, the gagman, "I've got some new comedy business to pull during the tension of the gang fight."

"Better wait till we get set on the story before thinking of gags," admonishes the editor.

"Then at the end of the fight we'll wash up the plot with about twenty feet of good fast dialogue," continues Beal.

"F'r instance?" smiles the editor.

"Aw, leave that to the title writers," answers Beal. "What are them highbrows paid for?"

Can you see the look of bewilderment on Shakespeare's face? Yet a good continuity writer will often gather up the pearls from such a conference and string them into a pretty fair story.

But when a screen story is to be told, if only in part, by spoken dialogue, a knowledge of dramatic construction and a certain cultural literacy will be demanded. Naturally the present story hounds are looking to the future with apple-green qualms.

Screen comedy will doubtless continue largely on the physical plane. Nevertheless a new and exciting factor has entered the lives of scenario staffs. The other day I walked into the conference-room of a comedy studio, fully expecting to find my gagging friends trying to figure some new and painful bumps for the high-paid "bumpers." They were doing no such cruel thing. On the contrary they were seated around the huge table amid a perfect deluge of mechanical toys and sound gadgets like a lot of little children at Christmas time. As I entered, one fellow was playing a jew's harp while another was ecstatically working a coo-coo clock.

"Say, Bob," they all cried at once, "do you know any funny noises?"

No More Blustering

Then I knew they were in the throes of the new art. Evidently the gagmen of the future must be bang-up comedians.

And, oh, the directors! There is no *entente cordiale* between the megaphone and the microphone, and a megaphoneless director is *hors de combat*. Heretofore he has been the big noise of the silent drama. Some of them actually as well as figuratively. The kind that bellowed, blustered and bawled out his marionettes every minute they were working must now keep silent in the presence of the sensitive "mike." It is the actor's turn to talk. The only instructions he receives after the scene starts is from an illuminated signboard upon whose bosom flashes messages from the "mike-robe" sitting in his pilot tower surrounded by test devices: "Lower your voice," "Stand a little closer," "You're hissing your s's," etc. The unhappy director may writhe and squirm, point and pull, and contort his face, but never a word may he utter until the action is finished. For the first time in his life the Big Noise is rendered absolutely dumb.

As the power of the director is lessened, the importance of the actor grows greater. Here is where stage actors are beginning to cash in on their art, for they have been trained to go through a whole evening's performance without the slightest coaching from the sidelines. Many screen actors, on the other hand, knowing little or nothing of either oral or pantomimic acting, will be utterly done for without the help of a good director. I have seen Griffith put a perfect "dumbelle" through a scene that even Nazimova might have envied on the screen. "Turn your head— Now look down— You hear a sound— Smile— Rise slowly—slowly— Now turn toward the door, etc." Obviously such marionettes will die quickly in the speakies.

This brings us up—or down!—to the film-trained actors of the grand old silent drama. They are the ones who are beginning to toss on their perfumed pillows, for every day these hitherto happy favorites of the fans are reading the same handwriting on the wall.

Furthermore, the pioneer experiences of some of the film people in the speakies is anything but heartening. In a recent picture one of our best-loved little movie stars and a famous stage star appeared in the same picture, and while the actor's fame went up a hundred per cent the poor little movie girl's suffered almost total eclipse. It was a "lion and the mouse" story, and the lion artistically devoured the mouse.

Making a talking movie. The sound-proof camera cabinet is at the left and the big lights are noiseless. The microphone is hidden in the chandelier

Lionel Barrymore made one of Warner Brothers' early talkies, "The Lion and the Mouse"

Nor was the young girl's flop entirely due to lack of vocal training. The reason was deeper than that. Stage people are real people in a real world, their physical bodies being the instruments of a very personal art. Screen stars, on the other hand, have been cherished by their fans as beautiful phantoms living in a phantom world, and calling forth an adulation such as no stage star ever enjoyed. Only so long as they maintain this dream quality does the adulation continue. The moment they come to life, either in a personal appearance or in the speakies, they are instantly reduced to the common denominator of every other pretty little girl. Mary Pickford, recognizing this symbolic factor, has announced that she will "never, never make a speakie."

Saving Time

Mary may be big enough to hold out against the executive ukase, but lesser luminaries realize that they must fall in line. Thus voice culture and the study of English has become the exciting diversion of Movieland. All over Hollywood one hears, not exactly "the singing of the stars," but at least their oral exercises. Only last week while visiting a friend in The Garden of Alla —Alla Nazimova's fashionable bungalow court—we distinctly heard a well-known but lisping film-favorite repeating over and over again, "The Leith police dismisseth us." In one day's pilgrimage of the studios I ran across Leatrice Joy, Phyllis Haver and Janet Gaynor, all of whom are taking private lessons, while little Mary Philbin, perhaps more far-seeing, is adding German to her speakie accomplishments.

The big studios have always had kindergartens for the kids in charge of certificated teachers furnished by the board of education but paid for by the companies. Now they are adding voice culture and English courses for their stock players under long-time contracts. At most studios the young star receives her instructions in the schoolroom and then makes her tests in the laboratory, but on the Paramount lot I found a unique stunt of combining the lessons and tests in one operation. I happened into the studio bungalow of little Mary Brian, and there sat that bright-eyed young lady declaiming into a microphone with apparently nobody to hear her. I soon learned the answer. After doing her exercise she picked up the telephone and listened inquisitively. "This saves both time and embarrassment," she explained as she hung up the receiver. "Professor Bluett and Mr. Pomeroy, head of the technical department, both heard me over in the laboratory, and while Professor Bluett corrected my English Mr. Pomeroy listened to my recording tests."

But how about the thousands and thousands of Movieland mummers who are not on contract at the studios? Well, their vocal demands are accommodated by an army of hitherto submerged school teachers and voice culturists who have suddenly come to life and through flamboyant newspaper advertisements are assuring our one-syllable extra men that they can be made to talk like Charles Evans Hughes. That only a few dollars' worth of instruction stands between the bird-voiced baby doll and the vocal charms of Jane Cowl. If these opportunities are not enough one may also matriculate in a great Institute of Stage and Voice Culture recently opened by the famous Oliver Morosco. Nor is this all. Even the University of Southern California is now including in its curriculum courses in oral English directly addressed to the needs of the speakies.

As vocal charm now becomes almost as important as physical charm the first impulse of the excited executives is to jump to the stage for the new recruits, but already they have encountered many surprises. Just as some of the best voices in the world flop on the phonograph and the radio, and some of the best artists on those two instruments are duds in concert, so many of the best stage voices don't register worth a darn in the speakies. At the Warner Studio a while ago I listened to a playback of a scene in which several stage stars had registered their dialogue, and to the surprise of everybody an extra man, playing the part of a waiter, ran away with the scene. Why? Because he had a good phonograph voice and spoke naturally.

On another occasion at the same studio where old George Fawcett appeared with several of the newer stage importations, it was the screen-wise actor who stole the scene. "I have been in the movies for (*Continued on page 42*)

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What has an underground water pipe system to do with a bump on the head?

YOU are driving smoothly down a well-paved avenue. Suddenly a wicked jolt throws you clear of the cushions and bumps your head against the roof. You investigate. Another of those annoying irregularities in the pavement caused by covering trenches dug for the purpose of laying or repairing underground pipe. Year in and year out you get bumped and jolted because of these ridges and depressions, which occur even in the finest boulevards.

Perhaps you grumble a little about careless workmen. Perhaps you blame the city government. Or grin and bear it until your car gets a bounce that breaks the springs. No matter how you take it there's no one to blame except property owners who do not demand the modern system of laying underground gas and water pipes — the Two-Main System. This system is now being used successfully in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. Every property owner should know more about the System, which prevents any possibility of streets being defaced, traffic being delayed, or motorists inconvenienced by pipe operations. It is fully described in "The Two-Main System of Underground Piping," a little book being distributed free of charge by The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

This stimulating book is being read by tax-payers, engineers, city officials, and motorists everywhere. Write now for your copy. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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A Short Short Story

The Loud American

By Dana Burnet

(Complete on this page)

"Darling," said Reggie, "I'm sorry. You like people—and you should. People are all right. I'm a snob and I'm sorry"

Illustrated by Robert W. Crowther

IT WAS plain from the start that he was one of those loud, noisy creatures who do so much to give Americans a bad name in Europe. From the first day out this man Simmons had been conspicuous for his commonness; he had been the first passenger to enter the bar after leaving New York. The ship had just passed the three-mile limit—or is it twelve?—when he appeared to the white-coated barman and demanded an old-fashioned cocktail, with an extra dash of bitters. The barman, figuring Mr. Simmons (accurately) as a prospective steady customer, made Mr. Simmons such a cocktail as that appreciative American had not tasted since the year of our Lord 1920.

All that first afternoon Mr. Simmons sat methodically drinking old-fashioned cocktails. By night, he was obviously and audibly drunk. He said loudly, so that everyone heard:

"I come on this trip to have a good time, and, by golly, I'm goin' to have it."

The young bridal couple, sitting at a corner table on the port side of the smoking-room, were horrified. At least, the young husband was horrified.

"Darling," he said softly, "I think we'd better go down to dinner." His young bride returned his glance with a smile. "Oh, all right," she said. "But I think that man is sort of funny!"

"Funny!" exclaimed her husband. "He's impossible. Come on, let's go."

The next day the loud American was more in evidence than ever. He drank steadily from 10 A. M. until midnight, and he was no shrinking violet about it. Sitting at the table nearest the bar, he talked to the barman, calling him "George" and uttering raucous pleasantries that echoed across the room.

It continued for five days. On the evening of the sixth day, about 11:30, the young bridal couple came up from dancing to have some mild refreshment before turning in.

It was a fine night and everyone else was on deck or in the saloon. The smoking-room was deserted except for these three—the two young people in their corner of the lounge and Mr. Simmons, sitting at his table near the bar. For once he was silent. Eyes closed, he sat hunched over his drink. Perhaps he was asleep.

THE young husband, whose name was Reggie, completely ignored Mr. Simmons. Reggie was upset about his wife's conduct on the ship.

"I wouldn't mind, Lucy," he said in a low voice that nevertheless penetrated the stillness of the room (there was an angry note in his voice)—"I wouldn't mind if there were any really attractive people on this boat, but I can't understand why you want to have anything to do with a crowd like this. You dance with every man who asks you, and those people you were playing shuffleboard with this afternoon—"

"Oh, they weren't so bad, Reggie. We had fun."

"Well, I don't like it. I didn't know you were that sort!"

"What sort, Reggie?"

"Oh, I mean, you don't seem to have any sense of discrimination. First thing I know you'll be speaking to this creature here." And Reggie nodded toward the somnolent Mr. Simmons.

The young bride's eyes glittered suddenly. She said, "Well, I have spoken to that man. I said 'hello' to him on deck this morning."

"Lucy! Did he answer you?"

"Certainly. He asked me to have a drink with him."

Reggie's face flushed. He said:

"Well, I guess it's apparent that you and I don't understand each other."

The young bride rose abruptly.

"Apparently not," she said; and then: "If you don't mind, I'm going to bed."

Reggie rose with dignity, and bowed.

Lucy walked quickly out of the smoking-room. The young husband sat down again, ordered a brandy and soda and began to brood.

Mr. Simmons got up and lurched across the room.

"Young man," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Reggie.

"That's all right," said Mr. Simmons. "I know I ain't your kind. I just wanted to say something—to speak to you—"

"I don't care to hear anything you have to say," blurted out Reggie.

"I thought so," said Mr. Simmons. "But just the same, I'm going to talk to you. I'm going to tell you a story."

Feeling strangely helpless, Reggie sat quiet while the big man dropped into the chair opposite him.

"LISTEN," said Mr. Simmons. "You're a young fella—nice-lookin'. . . . You gotta nice wife. She spoke to me this mornin'. She smiled at me. I like people who know how to smile."

"Really—!" began Reggie. But the big American went on with a dominating simplicity: "I envy you, young fella, havin' a girl like that. . . . Oh, don't be sore! I mean it right. Listen. . . . For twenty years I was married to the sweetest little woman God ever made. Say! We was about as happy as any two people that ever lived. We didn't have much dough—I was in the truckin' business and doin' pretty well, but every spare dollar I made had to go back into the business, so we didn't have much to spend on ourselves. But, just the same, we was happy. Get me? Sure, we certainly was happy, all right.

"Well," continued Mr. Simmons, staring through an open port into the starlit night, "all them years when we was livin' and workin' together, I kep' sayin' to the wife: 'Listen', I says. 'Never mind, darlin',' I says to her. 'Some day we'll take a nice trip,' I says. 'We'll get on a boat and go to Europe,' I says. 'Sure! We'll go to Europe and have a good time, and I'll make it up to you for all the pinchin' and savin' you done."

"Well, sir, we waited twenty years—and then I struck it rich. So she says to me, she says, 'What about that trip to Europe?' And I says: 'All right,' I says. 'Sure, we'll take that trip to Europe.' So I got our tickets on this boat, and we got our passports and all. . . . We was goin' to have a swell time travelin' in France and Italy and Switzerland and all them places."

The big American's voice trailed off into silence. In spite of himself Reggie said: "Well—?"

"Well," said Mr. Simmons quietly. "I'm goin' alone. I buried my wife two weeks ago tonight."

The husky voice stopped. Far forward the ship's bell struck faintly. Reggie got up, and for a moment stood indecisively by the table. Then—

"Excuse me," he said. "Excuse me, I must go down—! I'm awfully sorry. . . . Oh, I say, that's tough luck!"

He started headlong out of the smoking-room. His hand just touched Mr. Simmons' shoulder as he passed. He went down to his cabin. Lucy lay in her bed, but she was not asleep.

Reggie leaned over her and took her in his arms.

"Darling," he said. "I'm sorry. . . . I'm a fool. You're right. You like people—and you should! People are all right. I'm a snob and a fool, and I'm sorry!"

In the smoking-room the loud American had risen and wandered over to the bar. The barman looked at him expectantly; but for a moment Mr. Simmons hesitated.

"These young married couples," he said, "give me the willies."

"Ever been married yourself, sir?" politely inquired the barman.

An expression of curious solemnity passed over the large, red countenance of Mr. Simmons. Then he chuckled.

"Married! Who, me? No, I never was married in my life. Give me another old-fashioned, George, with just an extra dash of bitters."

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Skates for your youngsters— paid for by your tooth paste

You can buy many little gifts or necessities with that yearly saving of $3 accomplished by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ rather than costlier dentifrices. Skates for your youngsters, for example. Handkerchiefs or hose for yourself.

Demanded by *millions*— a *first class* tooth paste at 25 cents

WOULDN'T a young man or woman starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from $6 to $3?

Wouldn't a man paying bills for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from $42 to $21?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at *25¢ for a large tube*. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture, alone, permit such a price for such a paste.

In it are contained certain ingredients that our fifty years' study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a first class dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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...ership —
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...eautiful, largest and most powerful
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THROUGH quantity production, improved manufacturing and merchandising methods and volume sales, it is now possible to present the largest, most stylish and most powerful Willys-Knight Six ever offered at so low a price—a value that breaks through the cost barrier!

Fashioned to the minute, the new Willys-Knight Six is distinguished by sweep and verve of line, harmony of color, perfect symmetry and proportion that make it the outstanding creation of today's style specialists.

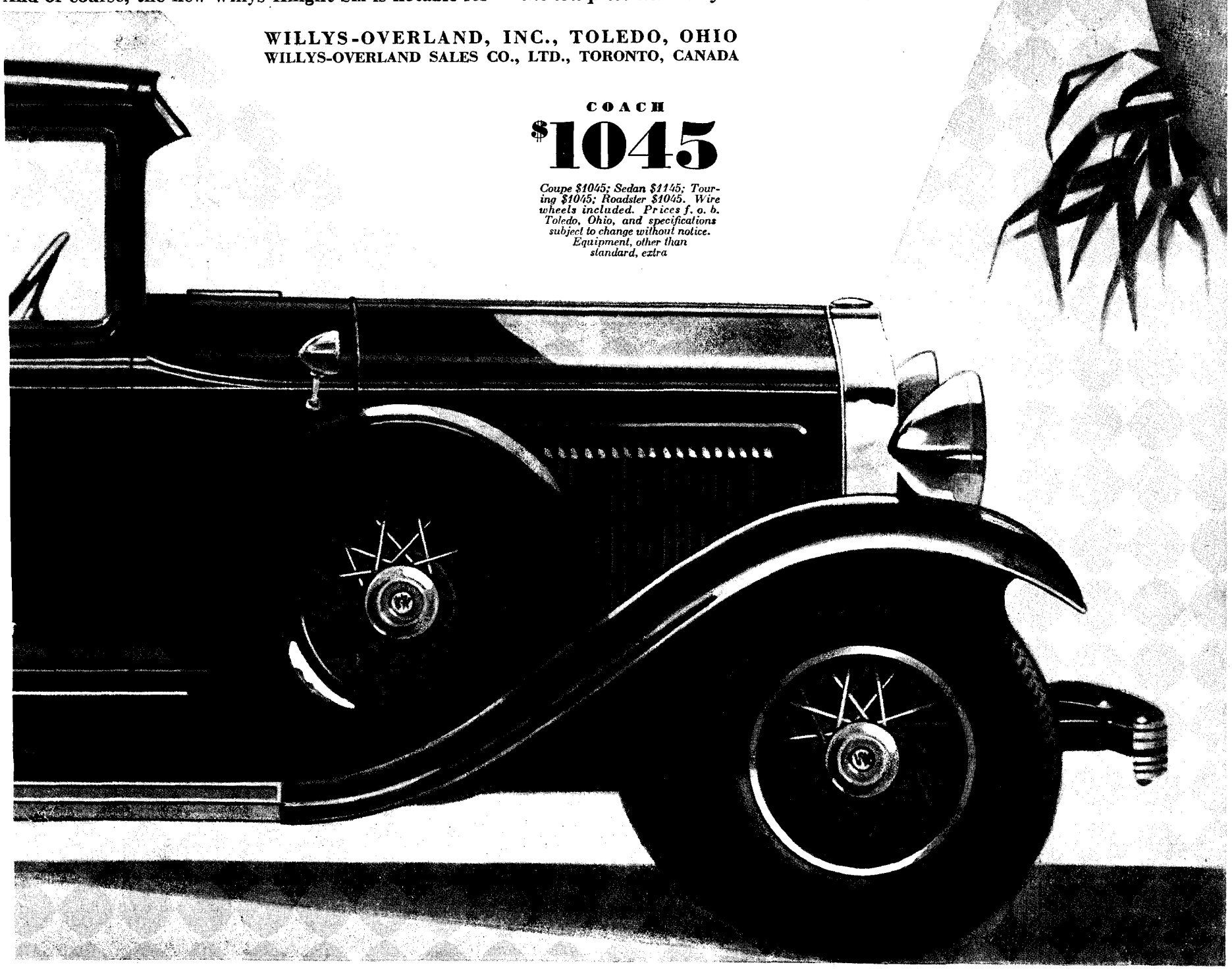
And of course, the new Willys-Knight Six is notable for the velvet smoothness, silent power, rugged stamina, sustained high speed, flashing activity, marked economy and increasing efficiency which have won for the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine its high regard with America's most experienced motorists.

Visit your nearest Willys-Overland dealer and see the new Willys-Knight Six. Your first glance will reveal its beauty of design. An inspection will reveal a wealth of tasteful appointments. A demonstration will simplify the problem of deciding what car your next one shall be. *And the low price will win your instant decision.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

COACH
$1045

Coupe $1045; Sedan $1145; Touring $1045; Roadster $1045. Wire wheels included. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Equipment, other than standard, extra



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyone came to a stiff salute as the passenger stepped out; assuredly this was one of the Most High

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge made by Captain Lastry of striking an officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and through his brother, Judge Henrichs, secures Delavan a job with the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company. The job doesn't last long as Lastry happens to be inspector of the planes and he plants a few seeds of poison.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Joyce Van Deusen and her attractive aunt, who turns out to be the woman because of whom Millard's father was supposed to have committed suicide.

He meets also Madame Mitzi Seidler, a German agent, and when the judge, who is to be appointed head of the United States Intelligence in Switzerland, offers him the job of working against Mitzi and of preceding him to Switzerland, he jumps at the chance.

In Switzerland, Millard succeeds, because of his excellent German, in getting himself appointed to the German Intelligence. The Chief, important in this service, takes Millard to Charleville where he outfits him with a British plane.

Thereafter the Chief tests Millard out on several errands of trust until he is sent to Shrewsbury, England, to rescue a prisoner, a young member of the German Royalty. He succeeds in getting him into his plane and is just taking off when an anti-aircraft gun is leveled at them.

VI

AT SIGHT of the exploding shell Delavan stopped rising and flew on a level line, his throttle wide open. Grazing the tree-tops as closely as he dared, covering distance like that historic cat whose tail was burning, he fled.

The car which he had seen in the road by the side of the deer-park was probably an anti-aircraft machine, equipped with searchlight and a quick-firing gun. If he continued to rise, the searchlight would follow him, painting him against the background of night, a perfect gallery target for those eagerly blossoming shells. But if he flattened his course, he would soon be protected by a screen of trees, and neither light nor gas nor shrapnel could do him harm.

"Cutting it rather fine, though," he thought, as the top branches of a tree smartly slapped his landing-gear and staggered the plane for a few breathless moments. He rose slightly. The ineffectual finger of the searchlight was probing the darkness.

Suddenly, ahead of him, gleaming thinly in the light of a rising moon, loomed a black needle, surmounted by the outline of a fish: secret sign of the early days of Christianity. Swinging hard to the left, Dell could almost hear his wing-tip scraping against the steeple of the Shrewsbury church.

He rose again, still hiding safely under the vainly exploring finger, and cautiously watching the angle of light he gradually continued to rise until at last, with a deep full breath of relief, he knew he was out of danger.

Evidently his passenger knew it, too; for, leaning near him, he shouted in Delavan's ear, "That's getting out of a tight corner!"

DELL nodded—smiled, it might be said, with a touch of patronage, no matter how exalted his passenger might be. But the latter was right about the tightness of the corner. Another degree's deflection to the angle of the gun, a few feet lower among the branches of the tree, an inch or two nearer the steeple of the church, and they wouldn't be roaring jubilantly through the night on their way to the North Sea.

At the thought Dell started to climb again. That gunner near the deer-park either didn't know or care that he was firing on a plane of English make and marks. Probably the alarm had been given and other aircraft marksman would show the same indifference. At six thousand feet, he flattened out. It would be a good searchlight and a better gunner that would end the adventure there.

Adventure . . . Delavan's thoughts returned once more to the high-school questionnaire: "What is to be your vocation in life?"

And he had answered, in the grandiose language of youth, "The pursuit of adventure."

Well, he was finding it—rescuing a mysterious young "Highness" from the hands of the enemy . . . galloping off with him now as only the gods had once known how. . . .

Incorrigible, incurable, he started to dream.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on . . .
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship—

The voice of his companion interrupted him.

"What time do we reach the sea?" he was shouting.

"In half an hour."

"Shall we see it?"

"If the moon stays up."

BUT at least the stars stayed up—old Polaris at the end of the Dipper's lip—the central turning point of the majestic clock of heaven. Dell loved the stars—the blue brilliance of Sirius, the ruddy murk of Betelgeuse; he could tell either if no other star was visible through the clouds. Far below, a narrow pathway of ripples was presently leading to the moon. The night turned cold. Aboard the Flying Cloud the passenger slept, soothed by the terrific lullaby of the engine. But when they landed at Charleville, in the glare of the floodlight ramp, he was wide-awake enough. And so was Captain Schureman of the flying field and a squad of smartly saluting attendants. And so (wonder of wonders!) was Herr Hauptmann, who personally helped the passenger to descend—Herr Hauptmann, who had evidently kept a vigil through the night.

Everyone came to a stiff salute when the passenger stepped over the side—oh, assuredly, one of the Most High. . . .

Before leaving in the Chief's waiting car, he shook hands with Dell and asked him his name.

"I shall remember this night as long as I live," he said; and with a significant smile he added, "I hope that you will, too. . . ." (*Continued on page 36*)

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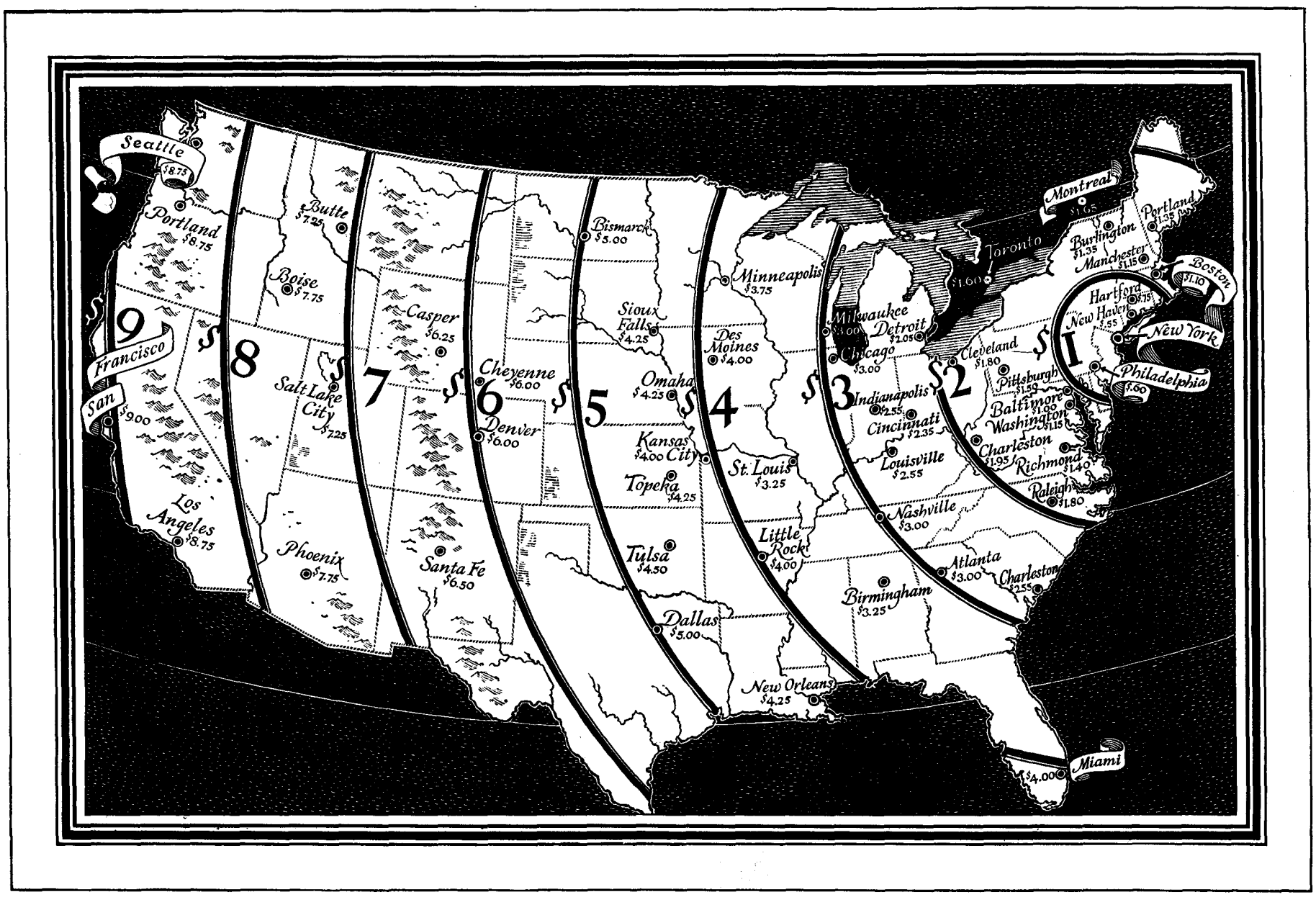
Look how Far your Telephone dollars now Go



When one fish company calls all of its customers everywhere every Monday morning, and conducts all of its business by telephone. . . .

When a single packing house, in one month, receives 1500 calls from its territory ordering meats. . . .

When a flour salesman spends $65 for out of town calls and brings in $500,000 worth of orders in a month. . . .

When this whole magazine might be filled with similar experiences, is it not important that every business man should know how little telephone calls now cost?

There have been rate reductions in 1926, in 1927 and on February 1 of this year. The map shows how far your telephone dollars now go, whether you talk between neighboring cities or half-way across the continent.

What are the problems of your particular organization? Some companies use Sequence Calls to save additional time. Some train special telephone salesmen. Many are now using the Key Town Plan and Credit Plan for their traveling representatives. How could telephone calls save and earn the most for you? A letter or call to your local Bell business office will bring skilled minds to work with yours.

Meantime, what pending out of town transactions could be hastened by telephone? Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . *Inexpensive* . . . *Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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(Continued from page 34)

Delavan slept throughout the day that followed, dead to lifelong remembrances and comet-like flights through space, so he didn't see his Chief again till the morning after. He made his report then; and when he had finished, Herr Hauptmann picked a small leather box from his desk and gave it to the young man seated at his side.

"What's this?" asked Dell.

"Look at it," said the Chief.

THE box contained a decoration—a noble-looking ornament with its enamel and gold—with its striped silk ribbon and its sable-pinioned eagle glaring defiance with querulous hauteur.

"What am I to do with this?" asked Dell.

"Do with it?" demanded the other. "*Ach Himmel* . . . men have tried all their lives to win the Order of the Eagle, and here you say 'What am I to do with it?' . . ."

Looking up at the other's tone, Delavan saw the hungry look in the older man's eyes.

"But I've no use for a thing like this," he gently protested. "Suppose they caught me with it south of the line? How long before my number would be up? No; you keep it for me; and if anything happens, please continue to keep it as a souvenir of—of our association."

They smiled; and if you had been there, you would have seen how much these two were growing to like each other.

"I don't know whether you know it," said the Chief, "but you are under special protection now."

Delavan nodded. Before leaving the field the previous morning he had learned the name of his passenger—a name so exalted that he hadn't been obliged to revise even the highest of his dreams.

"Yes," continued the Chief, "and this is the first sign of it—that you're to stay out of the air for a while. I think I told you once the average length of a flyer's life on active service? So for a change you're to have a holiday. How would you like to visit Paris, for instance?"

"Paris?" repeated Delavan, his heart rising a few beats, as a hunter's pulse will quicken when he hears the moose among the leaves. "Did you say this was to be a holiday?"

"At least it will be a rest from the air," said the Chief. "Shall we say a change of air."

A change of air, at any rate, which made Dell's spirit glow. Paris—the headquarters of D'Artagnan and The Incomparable Three; Paris—the city of Henty and Weyman, of Les Miserables and The Scarlet Pimpernel, Fontainebleau, Versailles, the Bastille, the Louvre, the dark, mysterious stretches of the Seine. . . .

"How am I to get there?" he asked.

"One more flight," smiled the Chief, "but this time you will be the passenger."

"I didn't know you had taxi service to Paris," said Delavan, pumping a little.

"OH, THE service grows—it grows," said the other, his eyes shining. "You saw the seeds being planted in my mind in Switzerland. Some day, possibly, you shall also see the ripeness of the harvest. But meanwhile here are your instructions for Paris—to be memorized, signed and returned to me before you leave."

It didn't take much time to memorize them. Upon his arrival in Paris, Delavan was to go to No. 37 rue de Barbonne. There he was to ask for M. Goya; and when he met him, he was to give him an innocent-looking card of a Parisian firm of book-binders.

After that, he would receive and act upon such instructions as M. Goya might have for him.

"There's something good for Judge Henrichs!" thought Delavan with a growing sense of excitement. "Their headquarters—right in Paris!"

"Now about money," said the Chief. "You'll need it there. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to ask you to cash a check for me," said Dell. "I haven't my checkbook; but a blank piece of paper will do."

The other hummed softly under his breath when Dell finally handed him a draft on his New York bank for a thousand dollars.

"Miraculous things—these slips of paper," said the Chief, rising with the check in his hand; but, quite as miraculous, when he returned he was carrying a package of twenty-dollar bills—a package bound with a slip of paper on which "$1,000" was printed.

"Now where did *that* come from?" thought Delavan, staring, and he didn't like some of the possibilities which flashed through his mind. "Perhaps it's true, then, what the German papers are saying," he told himself, "that the American troops are being rolled back like the French and the English—being rolled back and having their paydumps captured! I should have bought a paper when I was in England. Still, I'll be getting Allied news in Paris."

THE journey was made in the Flying Cloud, only this time the pilot was a waspish little cockney in the uniform of a sergeant of the R. A. F.

"You're an American, aren't you?" he asked Dell before they started.

"Yes," said the other, frowning a little at the inevitability of the question.

"Thought so! Twigged you by your accent. You might fool a Heinie, but you carn't fool a Johnny. You 'ave so many ryces over there that your language isn't pure any more. In England, you see, they don't 'ave so many chynges. Even their blarsted snobbery is the syme old stuff as ever. No charnce for a chap unless 'e's just the right family and just the right education. I tell you now, I 'ad my fill of it. I was going to be a regular Nelson, I was—when I was a nipper—another Arthur Wellesley who went to war and came back Juke of Buckingham."

He spat disgustedly over the side of the cockpit.

"And what do you suppose they put me to when I volunteered?" he asked. "Fillin' grease-cups and polishing brass! So help me! Me, one of the best mechanics that Thorndyke's, Limited, ever 'ad. And when I let out me mind a bit, what do you suppose they put me to next?"

"Grinding carbon?" asked Dell.

"Nothing so farncy! They put me to peelin' potatoes and emptying garbage! Me, who helped to build the first monoplane that ever went up on 'er own power and came down on 'er own wheels! But, you see, they were trying to keep me 'in that station of life in which it 'ad pleased Gawd to call me.' So one day I went on a bit of a strafe and I emptied a can of garbage right where it had pleased me to think of putting it many a time, and I'd 'ave stood court-martial for it, too, only just then the Heinies put on a nice little push and copped the whole works.

"AND that's 'ow I'm 'ere now," he continued. "If I'm copped back again, I'll be tried and shot, as likely as not—for I didn't 'alf do it, mind you, when I banged that can over the leftenant's 'ead! So when the Heinies 'eard about it, and treated me like a gentleman, and finally said they could use a useful man—well, 'ere I am—in a sergeant's uniform that they wangled for me—and be damned to anybody who doesn't like it. As long as I like it, what does it matter to anybody else?"

"That's the way to talk!" said Dell encouragingly.

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

In Delavan's hand the major's sword kept darting forward like an angry snake

"These Flying Clouds aren't so good at climbing," he concluded, "so don't be frightened when the 'Uns begin to chase us. I've been stationed north of Wipers and we 'ave the greatest gimes, going over the lines. Sometimes I let on I'm shot and do a bit of farncy diving; and sometimes I turn around quick and make believe I'm going to ram 'em—"

Fortunately for Delavan's peace of mind none of those tricks was played that day. After they had crossed the line, the pilot steered a straight, untroubled course—like a bus-driver who knows every crossing on his route.

"Can't be a great way from Paris," Dell told himself half an hour later. "It was only eighty miles from Rheims."

And presently, straining his eyes ahead, he caught sight of the Eiffel Tower in the distance—a child's plaything, a few inches high. Then Sacre-Cœur gleamed on her hilltop. A prayer in white marble. And finally Notre Dame with her *(Continued on page 46)*

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Miss Billie Burke,
Popular American Actress and
Star of the Stage.

"To stay slender- reach for a Lucky a most effective way of retaining a trim figure"

Billie Burke:

"To stay slender reach for a Lucky Strike instead of a sweet when your sweet-tooth tempts you. I have practised this for years and find it a most effective way of retaining a trim figure. There is something to the toasting process which develops a flavor in Luckies that completely satisfies the desire for sweets. At the same time, toasting takes out the irritants and Luckies never affect the voice."

BILLIE BURKE

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

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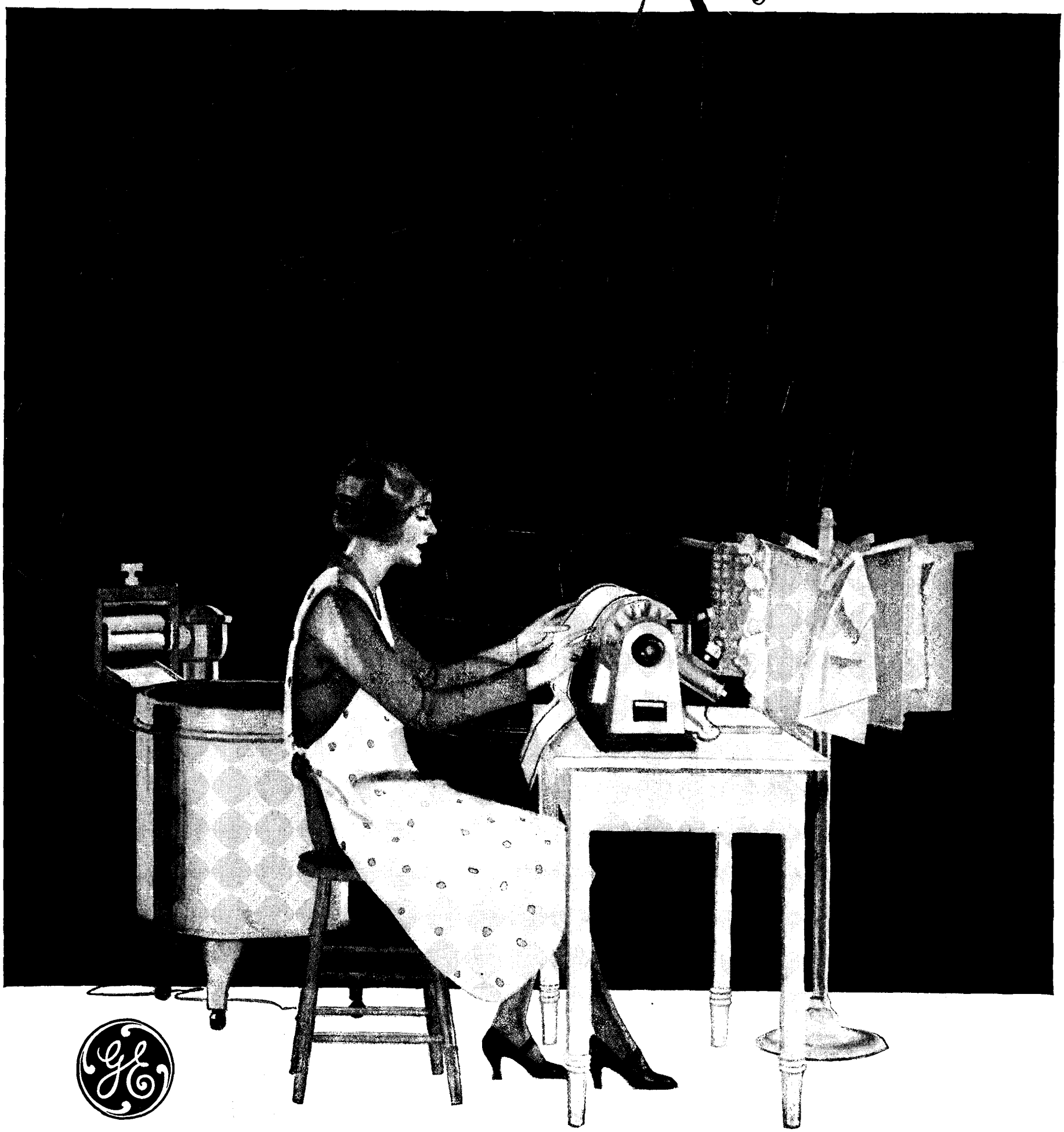
Any woman



YOU can earn more and work less by employing electrical servants. The G-E monogram is a safe guide to electrical dependability, both on electric appliances for the home and on the electrified equipment which every year brings new efficiency and economy to industry.

GENERAL

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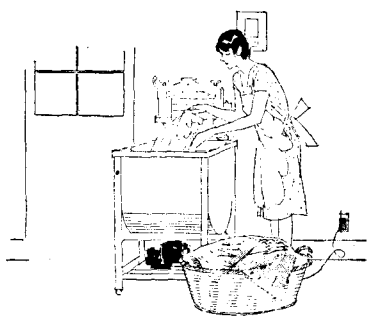
can wash and iron electrically

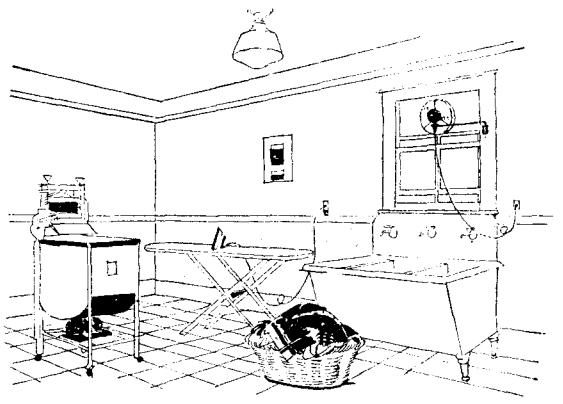
for a few cents a day

THIS includes not only the cost of owning and operating the machines, but soap, starch, bluing, etc. And the electric washer and ironer are only two of the many electrical servants which are saving time and money in the *completely* electrified home.



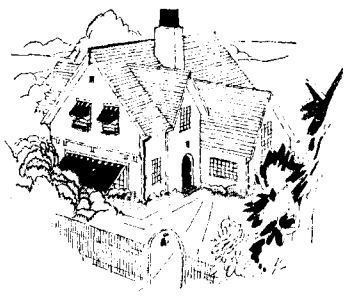
Washing blankets, sweaters, or filmy things easily and safely

The latest types of electric washing machines will wash either chiffons or heavy woolens with no more wear than hand rubbing gives them. For blankets and sweaters especially, you will enjoy letting a motor do the work. It rinses them thoroughly—leaves them fluffy and soft.



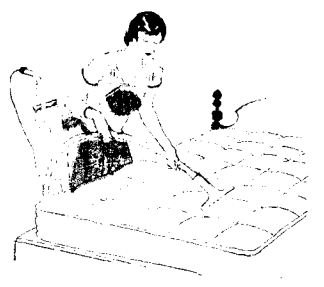
You can't be sure of white clothes in a dark laundry

Plenty of well-diffused, shadowless light for the laundry can be obtained from an enclosing glass globe hung close to the ceiling above each of the important electrical servants. The MAZDA daylight lamp is ideal for detection of discoloration in the clothes both when washing and when ironing. Ventilation is important too—a utility fan will whisk away the steam and washday fumes.



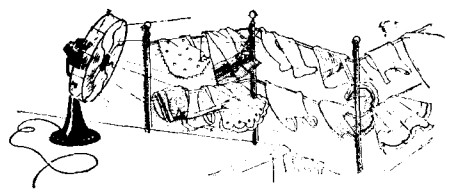
$100 in new outlets . . . $1000 more for the house

If you are building a new house or modernizing an old one, electric convenience outlets represent one of the most profitable investments you can make. Home buyers and renters promptly look for the electrical installation; one or two missing outlets may easily spoil a sale. Speculative developers frequently add a thousand dollars to the price obtained for an old house, merely by adding a hundred dollars' worth of new convenience outlets.



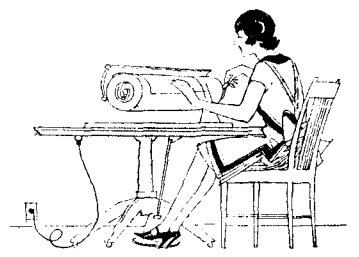
You don't have to heave heavy mattresses

Heaving a heavy mattress off the bed for cleaning is a dangerous strain for any woman. It need not go dirty, however. Let it stay on the bed—your G-E vacuum cleaner will remove the dirt quickly and completely. Try it also for cleaning bookcases, curtains, the upholstery of your car. And all the time it is working at these different chores, it is costing less than a cent an hour!



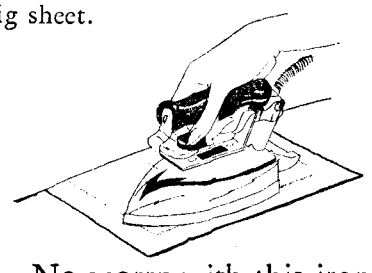
Baby's daily wash— the fan will dry it

On rainy days, emergency washing can be promptly aired and dried with a G-E electric fan. The baby's daily wash, white shoes, gloves, lingerie —if sunshine is wanting, the electric fan will do the job quickly, inexpensively, and well.



The new ironers cost less and do the whole job

You won't believe how much these new improved ironers can do until you try them. You sit comfortably in a chair and simply *direct* the work. Everything comes out so beautifully pressed. Baby's dresses frilled . . . embroideries raised . . . father's shirts smooth as silk. And it goes like lightning. Five hours' ironing done in 1½ hours! Five minutes for a shirt or dress. Three minutes for a big sheet.



No worry with this iron

Grocery boy at back door, 'phone ringing in front . . . and you ironing! It's likely to be a scorching matter unless you have the new Hotpoint Super-Automatic. Merely set the throttle for ANY heat—low for fragile things—high for damp, heavy pieces—or any heat in between. It stays that way until you return. Marvelous! And it costs even less to use than an ordinary iron.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

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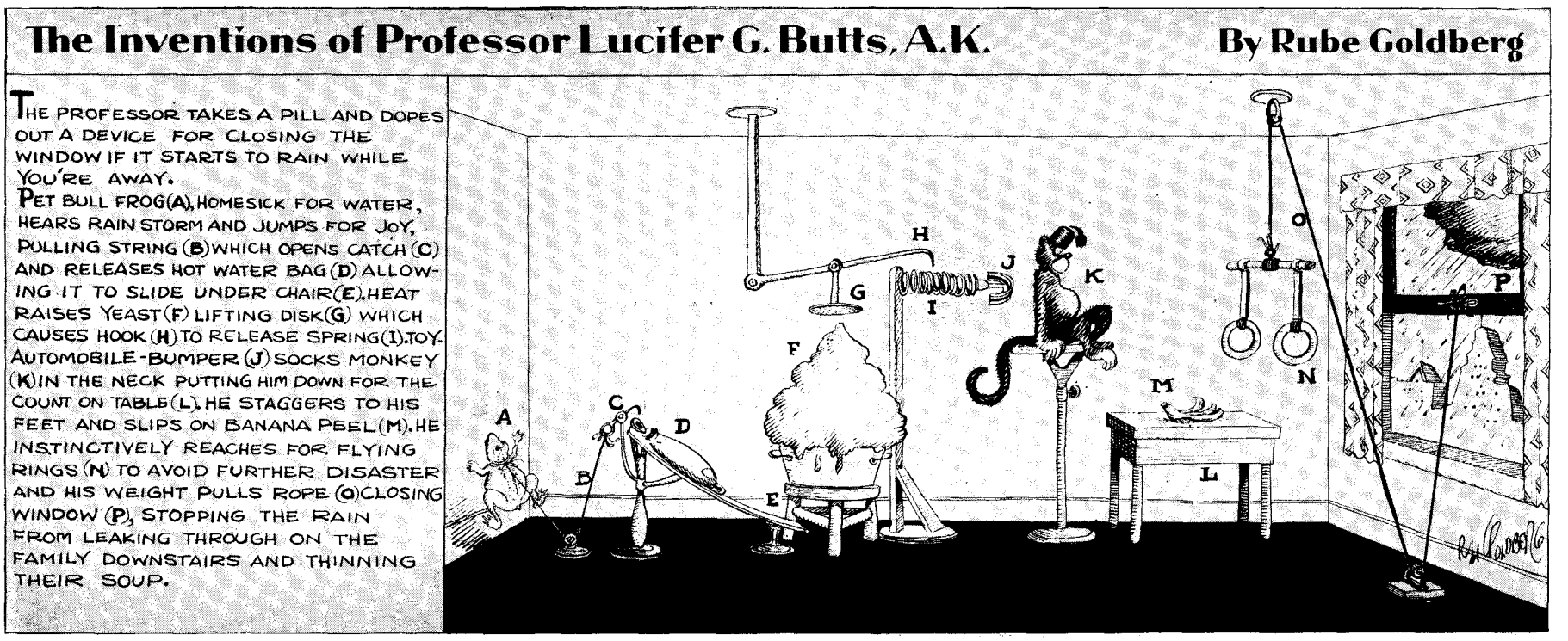
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.
By Rube Goldberg
THE PROFESSOR TAKES A PILL AND DOPES OUT A DEVICE FOR CLOSING THE WINDOW IF IT STARTS TO RAIN WHILE YOU'RE AWAY.
PET BULL FROG (A), HOMESICK FOR WATER, HEARS RAIN STORM AND JUMPS FOR JOY, PULLING STRING (B) WHICH OPENS CATCH (C) AND RELEASES HOT WATER BAG (D) ALLOWING IT TO SLIDE UNDER CHAIR (E). HEAT RAISES YEAST (F) LIFTING DISK (G) WHICH CAUSES HOOK (H) TO RELEASE SPRING (I). TOY AUTOMOBILE-BUMPER (J) SOCKS MONKEY (K) IN THE NECK PUTTING HIM DOWN FOR THE COUNT ON TABLE (L). HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET AND SLIPS ON BANANA PEEL (M). HE INSTINCTIVELY REACHES FOR FLYING RINGS (N) TO AVOID FURTHER DISASTER AND HIS WEIGHT PULLS ROPE (O) CLOSING WINDOW (P), STOPPING THE RAIN FROM LEAKING THROUGH ON THE FAMILY DOWNSTAIRS AND THINNING THEIR SOUP.
A
B
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A Tale of Hoffmann

Continued from page 11

he showed," nods Jack. "Cheez, what am I goin' to do?"

"Well," says Maxim, after a minute, "you talk turkey to that collie and hold him to his contract, for after all he's your ace right now. Tell him you know what he's trying to do and that regardless you'll release the opera and make him the laughingstock of the game. If that don't work give him a pasting—but don't hit him in the face."

"Yeah," says Jack gloomily. "The last part I'd love, but what's it all goin' to get me? The sugar's fearful low and I'm in one tough spot. Where's the out?"

"I'm coming to that," returns Maxim. "You own this plant here and that's your life-saver. Well, you can hock it. I know some men who are afraid you were the greatest welterweight that ever gazed over a rope. They have money, they like you, and they know you're honest. I've got a few dimes myself. We'll round up a few more reckless gamblers and you go ahead with your picture, but you'll have to make it in sound, for that's what will be the dazzling bait for this new capital."

"And Calhoun?" asks Jack. "Suppose that Humpty Dumpty goes on clownin'?"

"If he does, he'll never look into a lens again as long as he lives!" snarls Maxim. "Hollywood's a close corporation and *I'll* see to that!"

ABOUT this time the skilled labor finished the igloo which Jackie and Fay was going to try and exist in after becoming a man and a wife and it was something to think about. Honest to Hoboken, calling this trap a residence would be referring to the Chicago fire as a false alarm! They was a swimming pool which only Nero could of properly appreciated, a garage which looked like somebody's town house, a swell gym with everything known to man or beast to make yourself a menace to the medical profession, a cruel radio which could pick up a band in Siam and tune out the saxophone any time you wanted, a nine-hole golf links, tennis and handball courts, a Ritz ballroom, a billiard-room and—well, that's all I seen the first day I was there. It would take a oversize week to really inspect the joint, what I mean. Jackie called it his "little place in Beverley Hills." The boy was movie now.

Well, my followers, that public building went in hock. The studio went in hock. Fay's stocks and bonds was put under the care of the bank in return for some more pennies. Maxim and your correspondent went for everything but our political beliefs and everybody we knew done likewise. Fools is by no means the only ones which can be parted from money. So then we went ahead to throw this motion picture in sound and if all our stockholders was laid end to end it would of been a odd sight to say the least.

Mr. Calhoun viewed all this activity with a very chilly stare for one and all, but when the cameras begin to click he was a actor again and not no ham. Jack and Maxim had put the fear of the Lord into this double-crossing gil and he was now house-broke. Offered a chance to place a few quarters in our new company and come out a millionaire, he turned up his world-famous beak and coldly remarked to Jack:

"Never mind the nonsense. Just see that my salary is paid every week!"

What that cost him I bet he's still laying awake o' nights thinking of!

On the set one day, after a exchange of chatter between him and the heavy, Jack stopped the action and throwed up his hands.

"Cheez, they'll laugh at us!" wails the boy producer. "Calhoun, you got Barrymore stopped when it gets down to actin', but that voice of yours will make 'em think a schoolgirl is doublin' for you in the talk scenes!"

"I'm sorry," snaps Calhoun, glaring at him, "but I fear it's too late to change my voice now."

"No, it isn't!" says a well-known quaver—and there stands old Aaron Hoffmann, fumbling with his battered hat and shuffling his feet and looking like he wished he'd kept his mouth shut in this high-class company.

"What d'ye mean, Pop?" asks Jack in a kindly way.

"Sir," speaks up the old man, "I—I have perfected a sound device that involves a new principle in voice recording. Might I give you a demonstration?"

Calhoun snorts and stalks off the set in disgust, but Jackie eyes the old fellow for a minute very thoughtfully.

"Okay, Pop," he says suddenly. "Drag your gag in."

Old Aaron fairly flies past the drops and is back in a minute with three solemn-faced property men carefully bearing what looks like a big mock-camera.

"Now, sir, if Mr. Calhoun will take a voice test, I think the result will astonish you!"

"Get Calhoun!" barks Jack.

BUT that large blah had already returned to our midst and is sneering at the old man's queer-looking jazzbo.

"If you think I shall make an ass of myself by strutting before that idiotic contraption, you're crazy!" he throws at Jack.

"Listen, Poison!" growls Jackie. "I'm about at the end of my patience and that's never a long trip. I'm payin' you fluent dough every week and gettin' back what'll kill this movie. I've took all the punishment I can stand, worryin' about what'll happen if all them people which took a chance on me go broke if this picture flops. Get your form over here and take this test, or I'll knock you cold!"

With that he advances grimly on Calhoun and that lad shudders and pales a bit. Then he shrugs his shapely shoulders and gives in.

Well, right then and there, though we didn't know it and half thought Calhoun right for not wishing to make a fool of himself to please a childish old man, we seen the birth of a million-dollar idea! What we was watching was what you know now as Voxatone, the gag which has made the talkies what nobody ever dreamed of.

The test is developed and we file into the projection-room, all hoping for the best, but thinking the worst will happen. The old man is the only one excited and he's excited plenty! Calhoun's handsome figure is throwed on the screen and he begins to talk—and how! It's his own voice all right, *but a manly, resounding tone*, mind you, and not that girlish treble he used to have. Comb that out of your beard! Nobody's breathing, and perched on the edge of his seat, his eyes popping out a mile, Calhoun looks about to faint.

"Creepin' mackerel!" suddenly shrieks Jackie. "We're all made for life!"

"And," says the old man eagerly, "it should sell, for it's cheap. You see, you don't have to wire a theater for it."

That one little angle is what run our grab into the millions!

Don't ask *me* how it works, tots. All I know is that the voice is photographed right on the film and then by the old man's gimmick it becomes softened or heavied, as the case may be. You can find the dope in the Patent Office.

Kempton Calhoun's the only one not crowding around the trembling old Aaron and trying to do everything but kiss him. That bird has scurried over to Colossal Productions and told 'em of our find, in the hope that with it they'd now take him back to the fold. Just a nice boy. Before the hour's over some Colossal guys has nailed the old man and asked him to show his invention, and like a kid with a new toy the innocent Aaron willingly unreels it for 'em. Then the fun begin! They rushed him to their studio and offered him everything but Yellowstone Park for the exclusive rights, but Aaron Hoffmann smiled and shook his head. He gently told 'em that Jack King had took him in when he was starving, give him a chance to get on his feet and let him have whatever he needed to invent with. Likewise, Jack never laughed at him, so this was what he was going to give Jackie in return for past favors.

So then they dropped Aaron like a hot penny and dashed madly over to Jack, spraying him with offers of a merger and even begging him to lease the dingus to them on a royalty basis.

"Be your age!" grins Jackie. "I know you Hollywood babies. If I took a royalty proposition, I'd have to go to work in your bookkeepin' department to get a real line on what was due me!"

After Jack and Fay come back from their honeymoon, I asked Jack to ease me into his company in some kind of a desk job. I didn't just wish to sit around and count the dough which was rollin' in to me from my plunge in Voxatone, like old Aaron Hoffmann, still inventing, was doing now.

"What the New Orleans do *you* know about movies?" asks Jack.

"Absolutely nothing," I admits.

"Perfect!" grins Jack. "Marty, you're set. You go to work here tomorrow as a supervisor!"

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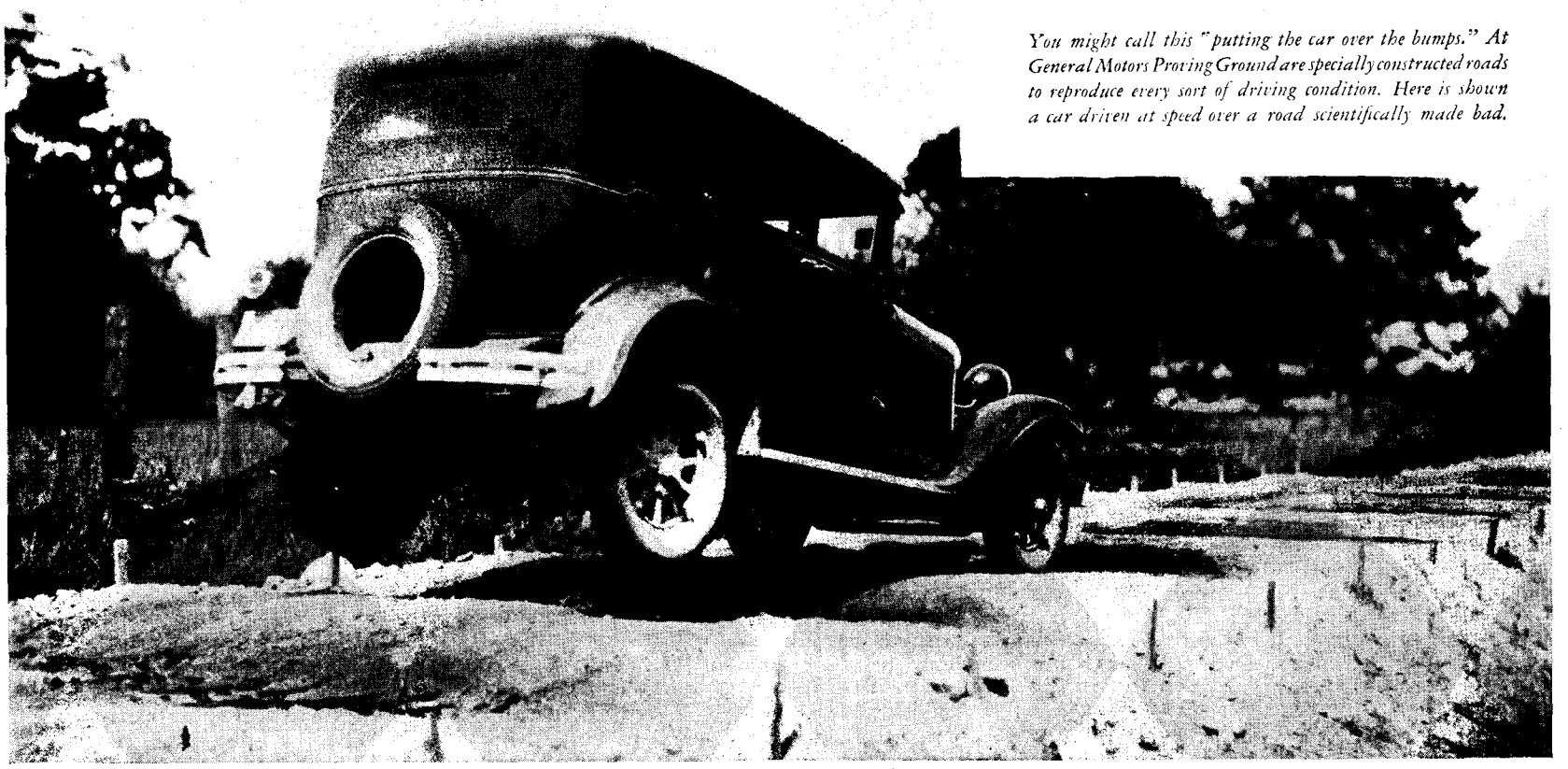
No. 2 *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

Putting a car over the BUMPS



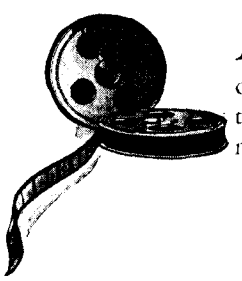
You might call this "putting the car over the bumps." At General Motors Proving Ground are specially constructed roads to reproduce every sort of driving condition. Here is shown a car driven at speed over a road scientifically made bad.

THE Proving Ground occupies 1268 acres near Milford, Michigan, convenient to all General Motors' car divisions. It is a great "outdoor laboratory" where automobiles can be tested in a scientific manner under conditions that are exactly comparable. Especially constructed roads and hills duplicate every driving condition.

At the Proving Ground, cars of different American and European makes are tested after they are put on the market, thereby enabling General Motors to know precisely how its products compare with others in their respective price classes.

Here also the General Motors car divisions test and prove their new models before they are offered to the public.

The tests involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel, oil and tire consumption, body style—every phase of car construction and performance. And claims and opinions are reduced to *facts.*



A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation may be borrowed in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. Write to Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.

"A car for every purse and purpose."

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*

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TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 35 other stations associated with N. B. C.

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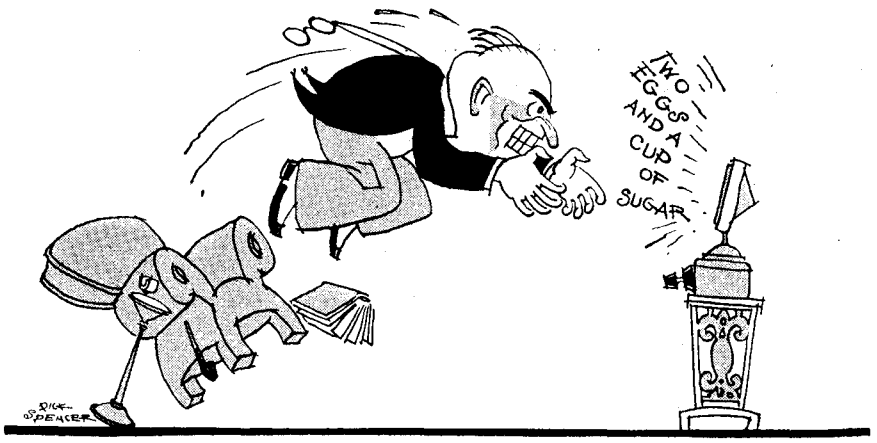


The Customer is always Writing

By Jack Binns

OVER in England the government does the broadcasting. Some say it is good, some say it is bad, and then again there are many who don't give a good gosh darn. I'm not here to argue for or against but I can't help pointing out one excellent feature in the British system. The government agency runs a weekly magazine containing the official programs and a lot of other interesting material. In it it provides space for listeners to yell, kick and otherwise relieve themselves of excessive spleen. Look at these examples, for instance, and you will realize that *lèse majesté* does not exist in Dear Old Albion:

1. "The problem of what the listener wants is, to my mind, a simple one. I suggest that the only possible answer is music, and the best music. If he or she wants to be told how to cook potatoes, he or she can obtain expert advice by the expenditure of sixpence on a cookery book. If he or she is a martyr to St. Vitus' dance, he or she can obtain treatment at the local dance palace."

2. "A tempting evening program helps us to get on with our darning or knitting, and an uncongenial one is really a blessing in disguise, as it gives us a good excuse for going to bed early."

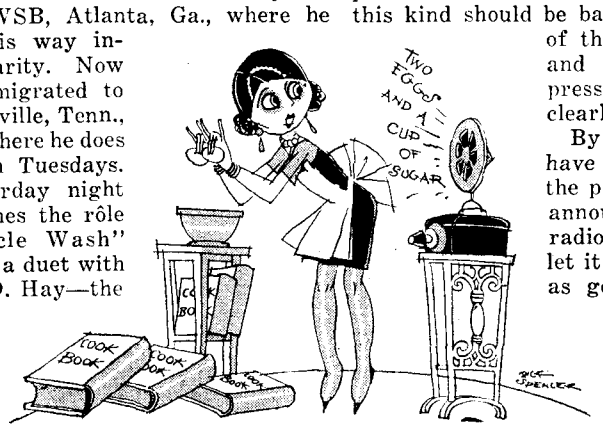
3. "In the spring we took our radio into the heart of the Exmoor country. We asked the people what they enjoyed and they said, 'How wonderful the clapping and laughter were.'" Don't you just love the subtle sarcasm of that?

It all goes to show that human nature is universal no matter what your opinion of it may be.

Broadcasting a Smile

Have you ever received a smile over your loud speaker? Even though you have no television attachment on your particular "Complexodyne," the Solemn Old Judge of WSM declares it is possible when Ed McConnell is broadcasting. "Big Ed" is one of the oddities in broadcasting. He mixes his jazz with gospel songs and then adds spice to it by verbal quips and quirks.

Ed started out in radio several years ago at WSB, Atlanta, Ga., where he smiled his way into popularity. Now he has migrated to the Nashville, Tenn., station where he does a solo on Tuesdays. On Saturday night he assumes the rôle of "Uncle Wash" and does a duet with George D. Hay—the Solemn Old Judge himself. If you want to get the whimsical humor of an old darky of the ancient school, twiddle your dials some Saturday night around 11 o'clock until you coax WSM in on your loud speaker—then sit back and copy the smile that Big Ed puts into the microphone for you.



Virginia Cheers

The faithful historian of KFI informs us that Miss Virginia Flohri, the original Pacific Coast radio girl, has treated herself to a nine-tube radio set and now spends the early morning hours listening for distant stations. He then adds that Miss Flohri always sends an applause card.

Virginia had better can that set before she develops writers' cramp or the "Yes-yes" spirit.

The Tone Snobs

The decision of the American Academy of Arts and Letters to award a medal for good diction on the radio is a noteworthy action that may do much to correct the present bad tendencies on the part of radio announcers. The award rests on the theory that announcers have a specific and pronounced effect upon the speech of the American people. There is no doubt about the soundness of this conclusion, and the academy can do a great deal toward directing this effect in the right direction provided its award is based upon fundamental principles rather than mere popularity or pleasing inflection.

Of all the evils to which announcers are subjected through popular acclaim tonal affectation is the worst. Most of them succumb to it, and in my opinion it is one of the poorest forms of snobbery. Let us hope the judges, before arriving at their decision, will give demerits for tonal affectation, verboseness, unnatural attempts at humor and ill-placed witticisms.

There is no reason why "the requirements" should be restricted to correct enunciation, faultless pronunciation and perfect voice modulation. An award of this kind should be based upon clarity of the language used and brevity in expressing a thought clearly.

By all means let us have good diction on the part of those who announce America's radio programs, but let it be brief as well as good.

Photo Static

Continued from page 28

fifteen years," said George to me afterward. "And one of the first things we stage actors had to learn was to underact our pantomime. The same unctuous pantomime that is necessary to put over the action on the stage becomes mugging in the films. Now these new stage actors in the speakies will have to unlearn their technic of putting over their voices to the back row in the balcony. It sounds artificial and stagy. In the intimacy of the microphone, where the audience is now only three or four feet away, they will have to talk naturally."

The greatest menace lurking just ahead of the speakies lies in what bonehead exhibitors can do to our most artistic efforts.

The other night I went to see one of our newest and most ambitious speakies at a small out-of-town theater, and when I emerged from the ear-splitting tumult of the show the metallic noises of the street seemed soothing by comparison.

"Why did you play the picture so loud?" I asked the manager.

"Oh, they like noise," he replied with a triumphant grin.

The tragedy of it is that these noise-hounds are legion. What with snoopy censors cutting the heart out of our pictures and lowbrow exhibitors slaughtering them in the neighborhood theaters, it's a wonder anybody goes to see them.

So much for the artistic problem of the speakies. Now for the excitement in the seats of the mighty. When the big executives saw those lines outside the Vitaphone theaters they threw up their hands with joy. "Zowie!" they cried, "we'll get back our fast-falling audiences and then some!" After the first explosion, however, a few of them sat down to count the cost and it didn't seem so darn good. Picture making is the most expensive art in the world and this new gadget was going to add to it enormously. The average feature picture of six reels requires approximately six weeks to make—a reel a week. A reel is run in twenty minutes. A full day's work, therefore, passes before the eyes of the audience in *three and a third minutes!* Time is what costs in pictures. Time to dress sets. Time to adjust lights. Time to rehearse action. Time to retake scenes. Always time, with overhead going on at the rate of three or four thousand dollars a day! Now add to this time of rehearsing dialogue, listening to it in the play-back room, and then doing it all over again, edited by the test. No wonder producers have been made thoughtful.

Market Will Be Limited

Next they began to figure the loss in contracts. The Jannings, Garbos and the new horde of Russians obviously will not be able to make English speakies. Nor can their voices be doubled as many people think. Furthermore, certain of our American stars, because of vocal deficiencies impossible of correction, will be utter flops in spoken dialogue.

But by far the greatest loss will be that of the foreign market, which now is from 20 to 40 per cent of the income. In fact, with many producers this loss represents their profits. From present indications the internationality of the cinema is a thing of the past. If we hope to hold the foreign markets, we can introduce only music and sound effects. And elaborate use of the spoken word will limit us to the English-speaking nations.

However, there are no tears in Europe. Their papers, in fact, are full of cheerio and prayers for the success of this latest Yankee invention. Why? Because with us out of the market they'll be forced to make their own pictures. We got the jump on them while they were at war; now they'll catch up. The situation also provides a wonderful "out" for the great foreign artists whom we have stolen from Europe. Unable to register in American speakies, they will doubtless flock back to their own countries on high salaries, carrying with them the knowledge of superior American technic and methods.

There's One Bright Spot

Nor is Europe all that we are likely to lose. The thousands and thousands of foreign-born patrons in our mining and industrial districts will be utterly stumped by English dialogue. Even though they couldn't read the few printed titles in our silent drama they understood the pantomime, but when we begin to tell plot in spoken dialogue, what will they do?

Nor is this the end of our losses. What about our illiterates, children and dullards? Perhaps you have noticed how we run printed titles for twice as long as it takes an intelligent person to read them. A picture registers on the mind of a child or a child-man instantly, but reading is a slow intellectual process that takes time. Among illiterates the same slowing up is necessary with spoken dialogue. The dialogue of Ibsen, Oscar Wilde and George M. Cohan will be utterly "out" with a great number of our present patrons. These poor fish will attend only the broadest slap-stick comedies and super-physical melodramas.

There is, however, one bright spot at the box office. Deaf people! Producers naturally thought they would surely lose them, but happily they are wrong again. I made a canvass of my deaf friends and to my surprise I found them all excited. For some curious reason they can hear everything! Some of them are enjoying music and stage dialogue for the first time in their lives. Maybe it comes about through the same principle that permits the deaf to hear the most intimate conversations on a street car. But whatever the reason, they are tossing their hats in the air, if any—I mean either hats or air, in the movie-speakie theater.

There is one group of producers in Hollywood, however, who are not a bit worried over these speakie problems. They are makers of the quickies. These denizens of what the big producers kiddingly call "Death Valley" are playing an adroit game. As they can't afford to put in million-dollar speakie plants they are planning to go after the audiences the big fellows will lose—the foreign market, the local foreigners and the lowbrows. And who knows but that the smart producers on "Poverty Row" may even hold a lot of highbrows who still love the grand old silences of the movie drama, and who prefer to think of their favorites as beautiful symbols? To those of you who cherish the idea of Santa Claus and feel that it is a profanation to see him come to life and pass hand-bills in front of a department store at Christmas time, I have a delicious word of comfort. I asked the man who Sarah Bernhardt said was "the greatest pantomimist of all time" if he had succumbed to the new delirium. "No," he replied smilingly, "'Charlie' will never speak."

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If I am ever rich

PEGGY WOOD

—lovely star of Maytime, Clinging Vine, Merchant of Venice . . .

"IF I am ever rich, I am going to make an endowment. This endowment is going to do more, I believe, to help the cause of the theatre than any university. I'll simply provide enough money to have the ushers distribute a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops to everyone—man, woman, and child—before the play.

"Nothing is more annoying to the actor than having his lines cut in two by loud coughs. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops—I know from using them myself—really stop the coughs."

* * * * *

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—*they stop coughs!* They are "The cheapest health insurance in the world." Keep a box handy always. 5c Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol.

Smith Brothers broadcast Wednesday 9 P. M. Eastern time on W J Z chain.

Today's Trust Busters

Continued from page 9

did not act against monopolistic gentlemen in business. We had no Sherman Anti-Trust Law; it didn't come along until 1890. America was truly exposed to the plots and plans of some very rough-going business men, who had dreams of unlimited power, and many perfidious and terrifying schemes.

Read what one statesman said on the floor of the United States Senate in 1890. His words won't sound so "yellow" after I give you his name:

"If the concentrated powers of this combination are intrusted to a single man, it is a kingly prerogative, inconsistent with our form of government. . . . If we will not endure a king as a political power we should not endure a king over the production, transportation and sale of any of the necessaries of life . . . the people of the United States are feeling the power and grasp of these combinations and are demanding of every legislature and Congress a remedy for this evil, only grown into huge proportions in recent times. They had monopolies . . . of old but never before such giants as in our day. You must heed their appeal or be ready for the socialist, the communist and the nihilist."

America Shuddered

Giants! Why, the companies he was talking about are pygmies compared with several of the billion-dollar companies of our time. The man sounds to us of today perhaps like a soap-box orator. The words were spoken by one of the most brilliant financiers that ever served the government in Washington, the conservative Ohio senator, John Sherman, who, previously, as Secretary of the United States Treasury, had put American money back on its feet after the Civil War. He was pleading for the passage of his Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

As a matter of fact the "trust game" as an attempt at monopoly has proved to be a failure, as indeed every effort toward monopoly in the United States has proved a failure. We had the business "pools" of forty years ago; but the business men who entered them, fixing prices and allotting territory among themselves, didn't stick to their gentlemen's agreements. There was too much money to be made by individuals who broke such agreements.

Then came the "trusts." Promoters went about the land merging or absorbing companies into one big organization, issuing stock (and frequently far too much of it) of which they took a considerable share for themselves.

Arthur Stone Dewing, eminent economist, proved that for many years these trusts made less money for their owners than the separate units had earned. As soon as a trust tried to be monopolistic and raised prices to too high a point new competition would quickly arise which would produce a new and an ever-growing rival.

There was the United States Steel Corporation, for example. America for a time shuddered at it. But the Bethlehem Steel Co. soon arose, made possible by the fact that it could compete with the new combination in price and service.

Between these two great companies and lesser organizations the United States, thanks to laboratory investigation possible only with great, rich companies, is being "educated in steel." We are using far more steel than ever before, for purposes unthought of in the days before the great companies entered the field.

Are we Americans no longer afraid of "trusts"?

Put that question to Mr. Donovan and he shows you that through the past third of a century we have been discovering means and methods of protecting ourselves from the evils of consolidations which we once so desperately feared. Here is his yardstick:

"It is when consolidations attempt to eliminate competition, to raise existing prices and to exercise permanent control in the industry that they constitute violations of the law."

Mergers and consolidations have as everyone knows been abundant in the United States since the war. They have been abundant since Mr. Donovan took his office. His explanation is definite:

"The anti-trust laws were not directed at the prevention of all consolidations. The industrial commission in 1902 pointed out that consolidations which seek only to secure the advantages that come from economical management and which do not seek to dominate the particular industry are only the natural development of a form of organization adapted to meet modern conditions and are necessary to our industrial growth."

Business can't grow to meet the needs of the day without mergers of the proper sort; blind fear of all consolidations would block all business advancement.

"The Supreme Court," Mr. Donovan tells you, "has made clear that not all combinations are to be condemned. In the Steel case and again in the Harvester case the court has said that the law does not make the mere size of a corporation, however impressive, or the existence of unexerted power on its part an offense when unaccompanied by unlawful conduct in the exercise of its power."

The tests of a good merger or a bad "trust" are, both in the eyes of the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice:

1. Unfair practices against competitors.
2. Deterioration in quality of goods.
3. Excessive prices to the consumer.
4. Allotment of territory.
5. Monopolistic power or intent.

How near to these tests do the bankers of Wall Street come, the gentlemen who direct and finance the mergers of today?

They Have Ceased to Worry

"What would you call a bad trust?" I put this question to a New York banker who has helped to merge companies and industries worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

"Just at this blessed minute," he told me, "there's a merger of companies that has passed its dividend. It's in desperate straits. This is because its methods turned it into what you might call a bad trust. It tried to be a monopoly.

"It tried either to ignore its competitors or to crush them. It had gained a certain amount of power and it began to misuse it. It felt itself strong enough to resort to dictation, trade tyranny and business practices that no smaller concern would have dared attempt.

"The result was that it brought down upon itself the concentrated wrath of all the other competitors in its field. Its business fell off; its expenses grew; and it's in about as bad a business muddle today as you could imagine.

"Now it didn't require any policeman in Washington to put that company into trouble. The laws of economics did it.

"During all my years in American banking I haven't known of a single attempt at monopoly in any line that has succeeded."

Official Washington knows well enough that voters and citizens, in the main, have ceased to worry about the prospects of America being ground down under "trusts."

Bankers who are, of necessity, behind every new merger or consolidation realize, too, that public opinion has changed in regard to business consolidations.

"There is one main reason," one of America's leading bankers told me, "why the American people are no longer frightened by the prospects of trusts; that is: education, crude as it may be, in economics.

"They can see for themselves that the day of big companies and large industries has brought them comforts, conveniences and even luxuries which would have been impossible back in the days of small individual business organizations.

"Another point is that without great mergers and their enormous credit it would not have been possible for America to adopt the spaced-payment plan of purchase."

It was the laboring man who used to be the most fearful of trusts back in the old days.

But today it is the great corporations that set the highest wages for labor. Managers of great industries who fail to keep labor happy and contented and who, by reason of failure to do so, are constantly losing skilled workmen and being forced to train new ones, do not keep their jobs very long.

Employees are Stockholders

Speaking of labor's ancient fear of big business, consider this further fact:

In Illinois, the Illinois Manufacturers' Association lately, after investigation, reported these facts concerning 487 companies and corporations:

Their total stock shares number 30,135,502.

The number of stockholders is 277,768.

MEN AND WOMEN EMPLOYEES HOLD 5,437,318 SHARES OF THE TOTAL OF ABOUT 30,000,000. THAT'S 18 PER CENT!

THERE ARE 59,062 EMPLOYEE STOCKHOLDERS OUT OF THE TOTAL OF ABOUT 280,000 EMPLOYEES. THAT'S MORE THAN 21 PER CENT!

Almost one third of 2,700,000 employes, in 315 companies in the United States, own stock in the company which employs them, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. The value of these stocks, held by about 800,000 employees, is over one billion dollars.

There are about 15,000,000 Americans holding stock, mostly in the great companies—made great, for the most part, by business mergers. Their average holding is not more than $5,000.

Certainly, there will be more mergers.

Business is in favor of them. They are an essential of growth.

Official Washington is not against them, when they stand the test.

Our incoming President sees clearly where they fit into American progress.

And public opinion today is not against them.

Self-regulation by business, assisted by scientific business regulation from Washington, is what American business is heading for these days.

With this honestly established, our old-fashioned fears of possible monopoly, growing out of business mergers, will be without foundation.

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FRIEND'S ADVICE SOUND
M. B., New York.—By hard work I managed to save over $4,000. Of this I invested $2,000 in——bonds and would like to invest another $1,000. A friend advises me to get Cities Service preferred. I would not care to speculate.
Ans.—You would not speculate, if you bought ten shares of Cities Service preferred. For years it has been paying preferred dividends in cash and these dividends were comfortably covered by earnings. Your friend offered sound advice.
C. LINIGER

"I would not care to speculate"—

So a wise friend recommended Cities Service Preferred and an expert approved it . . .

Note: The above clipping is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken, together with name of the investment writer can be furnished upon request.

EDITORS of the financial columns of newspapers and magazines unhesitatingly recommend Cities Service securities as well protected investments that will help you towards financial independence.

Your wise friends, your financial expert, your banker will attest the wisdom of an investment in securities of the Cities Service organization.

Successful investors know that large earnings have consistently followed the operations of this nation-wide public utility and petroleum organization—one of the twelve largest industrial enterprises in America.

The earnings of few organizations have been as large and consistent. Cities Service Company has paid dividends of more than one hundred million dollars in cash or securities to holders of its common stock alone.

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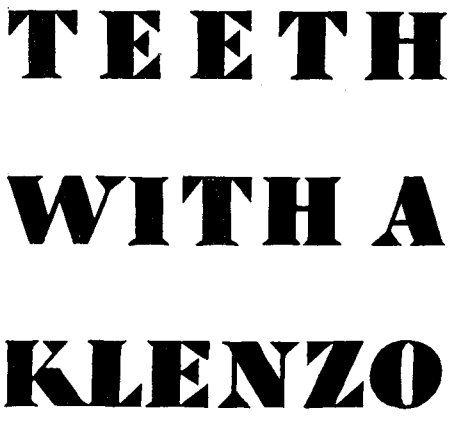
CLEANER TEETH WITH A KLENZO BRUSH

HERE'S a brush in any shape, size or degree of stiffness that you could possibly desire. There are 19 different kinds of Klenzo Tooth Brushes—every one of them made with real bristles, set in a vise-like grip and guaranteed not to come out. For a clean, sweet mouth and glistening white teeth, use a Klenzo Brush with Klenzo Tooth Paste. Sold only at Rexall Stores.



Save with Safety at your

Rexall DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 36

stalwart towers and slender spire took her place in the view—witness of so many wars that she had probably lost the count.

They landed at the Neuilly field—where it seemed to Dell that his pilot exchanged a significant look with the attendant who came hurrying over to them.

"You might find this gentleman a taxi, if you can, Emil," said the waspish little cockney. "I'm off back to London now. You 'aven't lost that parcel that I left 'ere the other day, I 'ope?"

"No, no, M'sieur! I fetch heem—what-you-say—all in a horry!"

As the attendant hastened back to the hangars, the pilot whispered to Dell, "'E's all right, Emil is. 'As the sense to please 'imself, the same as you and me!"

He also had the sense to find a comfortable taxi, thought Delavan, rolling toward the city a few minutes later. The moss-grown trees of the Bois drew his attention. Wasn't it here that d'Artagnan saw Miladi driving, with Kitty on the step? Here, too, that he saw Madame Bonacieux being transferred from one prison to another?

"Oh!" he breathed with unconscious admiration, as the cab swung into the Champs Élysées. "Beautiful again!" The sidewalks were thronged, the shops apparently filled, the busses loaded to capacity.

"You wouldn't think the greatest war in history was being fought a few miles away," he told himself. But then he noticed that with the exception of the soldiers who were strolling up and down the Champs, singly or in small groups, and in every conceivable military uniform except those of Germany and her allies, there were few men, and practically none between twenty and fifty.

"I wonder if they really wanted to go—that million and more who'll never come back?" Dell asked himself. "In the past, people hadn't much choice. So they made the best of it, and pretended they were doing something noble when their rulers said 'Go!' But I wonder how long a war would last if everybody really and truly ''ad the sense to please 'imself, the same as you and me'!"

THE taxi left the Champs and, after threading a labyrinth of shop-lined streets, began climbing a hill—as steep as the penitential road to Avalon. It seemed to Delavan that here and there he caught sight of a name which he had seen in his reading—rue de Londres—rue St. Lazare—rue Pigalle. Opening the slide by the side of the chauffeur's head, he said, "*Ceci, est-ca le Quartier Montmartre?*"

"*Oui, oui, M'sieur! Montmartre! Montmartre!*"

"A clever place, too, for headquarters," reflected Dell. "Everyone who comes to Paris comes here—and from what I've heard visiting soldiers on a furlough practically live here!"

It was too early in the day for revelry, but glancing through the windows of the cab, he caught sight of more than one group of American soldiers earnestly—almost prayerfully—scouting for likely-looking diversion.

The rue de Barbonne was a short mysterious street. No. 37, the address which Dell had impressed upon his memory, proved to be next to a café corner.

"And that's clever, too," he thought. In his fancy he saw hidden passageways between the café and the house next door. Those wishing to call at No. 37 without being observed simply dropped in at the café. And, in case of a raid on M. Goya, the police would find the nest empty, while a number of additional customers calmly sipped their cordials in the café next door.

Not knowing the location of these imagined passageways, however, Dell rang the bell at No. 37 and a woman in black directed him to the top floor, watching him thoughtfully as he walked up the stairs, while all the time she continued her embroidering. At the top of the last flight of stairs a skylight lit the hall enough to show a card "A. Goya" on one of the doors. Delavan rapped, and a voice inside called "*Entrez!*"

TWO girls and an elderly man were evidently compiling lists of names from directories. Glancing around the room, any visitor could easily see that the business of M. Goya was the furnishing of trade lists and the mailing of circular lists.

"And that's as clever as the rest of it," thought Dell. "He could mail ten thousand letters at once—'and seem a sainted business man, when most he played the devil.'" A paraphrase, as you may guess, from Steel and the Golden Age.

His admiration for the business, however, didn't extend to the proprietor when at last he reached him in his private office at the end of the suite. M. Goya was swarthy, scented, unmistakably a dandy—a professional Castilian, one might say, with his demi-side whiskers and the broad-brimmed hat upon the desk. On the wall between the windows was a painting of a bull-fight, with two crossed swords on a rack beneath.

"You are M. Goya?" asked Delavan.

"Yes," said the other crisply.

"That being so," said Dell, "I have a card which I have been asked to present to you."

M. Goya nodded, but didn't attempt to hide his frown at the book-binder's card.

"They'll send all Germany down here yet," he said. "You are the third this week." He turned the card over with a weary gesture and continued, "Very well, M'sieur. I have already discovered that you speak broken French with an American accent. What other bright accomplishments do you so cleverly conceal?"

In the examination which followed, Delavan guessed that M. Goya was part Spanish and part German, and that on neither count was he fond of this young American who had suddenly appeared from headquarters.

"What do they think I am conducting down here?" he asked once in a scolding voice. "A club? Why were you sent? Did they tell you?"

As you can guess, Dell hadn't been enjoying himself the last few minutes. Searching his mind for something that might exasperate, he said in a kind voice, "The Chief said something about a holiday."

"I knew it!" almost passionately exclaimed the other. "They load me up with a lot of vacation-seekers, and then they wonder why I do not produce results! *Eh bien;* you have given me an answer which ought to satisfy them." He tossed the card in a pigeonhole of his desk and lighting a cigarette blew smoke down his nostrils as a bull blows steam.

"You are not to come here again until I send for you," he said. "You will stay at the Hotel des Egyptiennes. I will give you a letter, so you find them friendly. And every night between seven and eight you are to dine at the Café de la Lanterne next door. Then if I need you, I can find you there. In the meantime, I have already given you more time than I can spare. *C'est tout. Bon jour, M'sieur!*"

Delavan didn't know whether to frown or to smile when he reached the street.

"A sweet one," he thought. "The very button on Bad Temper's cap. It's probably his work—it's beginning to tell on him. If they ever catch him—right here in Paris. . . . It's getting on his nerves!"

It occurred to him that before repairing to the Hotel of the Egyptians he would make a more convincing picture if the canvas included a traveling bag and a few things inside it. The former he found in a pawnshop—a battered old leather sausage—gaunt and collapsible—such as British travelers use to make their porters stagger.

Into this hollow cavern Dell introduced such supplies as he needed; and, the bag banging against his legs, he was glad to find that the Egyptians weren't far away.

"Ah, yes, from M. Goya," said the clerk at the desk, with a significant glance. "I can give you a room on the third floor, m'sieur, where you will not be disturbed." He turned the register around to read the name which his guest had written, "Lieutenant W. J. Sangster, U. S. A."

"Merci, M'sieur," he continued. "We are always proud to have Americans." And in a lower voice, "There is an alien card to be filled, but perhaps you would like to see M. Goya about that."

HIS headquarters thus established, Delavan went out to see the city—the city of wonders of which he had dreamed so often. These very paving-stones had possibly once formed a barricade. This grating led to the sewers of Jean Valjean and Eugene Sue. Perhaps Robespierre once lived along this side street, or Marat, or Athos, or the inextinguishable Mirabeau. . . . And presently he would see where that poor Louis and Marie Antoinette came out for their last fateful ride—where Richelieu strolled—and Mazarin schemed—and Napoleon stood with brooding eyes and dreamed of the conquest of the world.

"And a lot of good it did him," thought Delavan, "—or anybody else!"

But it wasn't the history—it was the beauty of the city which led him farther and farther from the Egyptians. The wide boulevards lined with trees, the two great arches, the Trocadero rising from the river, the colonnaded grandeur of the Louvre, the stone bridges across the Seine, the sunset over Notre Dame.

It was a quarter to seven when he returned to his hotel.

What was it that M. Goya had told him? "Every night between seven and eight you are to dine at the Café de la Lanterne. . . . Then if I need you, I can find you."

Dell changed for dinner as quickly as he could and, ten minutes later, was lucky enough to find a taxi near the door.

The bells of St. Bernard were striking the hour when he disembarked at the Lanterne and paid his fare from a thick wad of tinted lithographs which he had received in exchange for a twenty-dollar bill. As he passed inside the café, two men who had been seated under the awning arose and strolled in after him.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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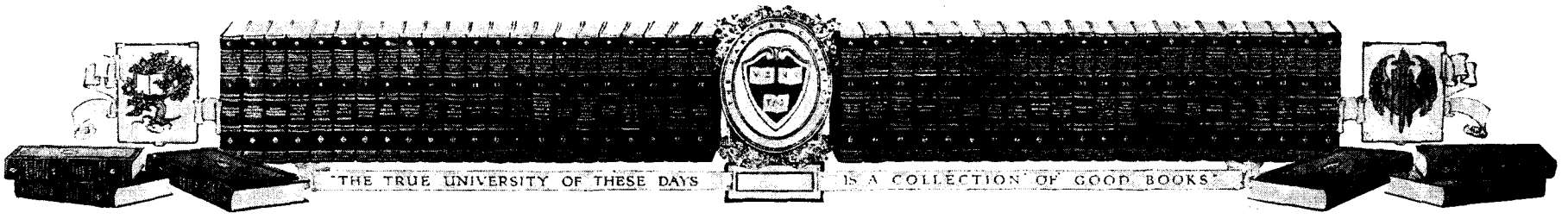
The HARVARD CLASSICS

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

50 HANDSOME VOLUMES—READY REFERENCE INDEX TO 76,000 SUBJECTS—DAILY READING GUIDE



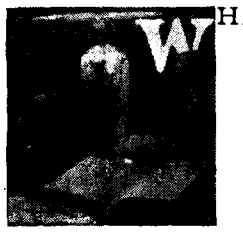
Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 250,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

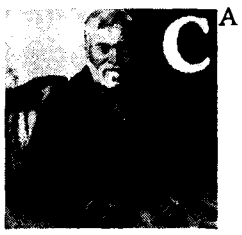
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: "*What have you read?*"

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently*."

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man"



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

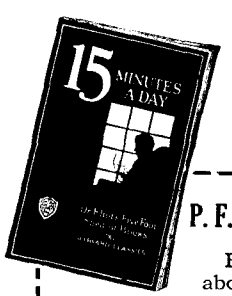
The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."

This famous booklet, FREE



Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

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Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

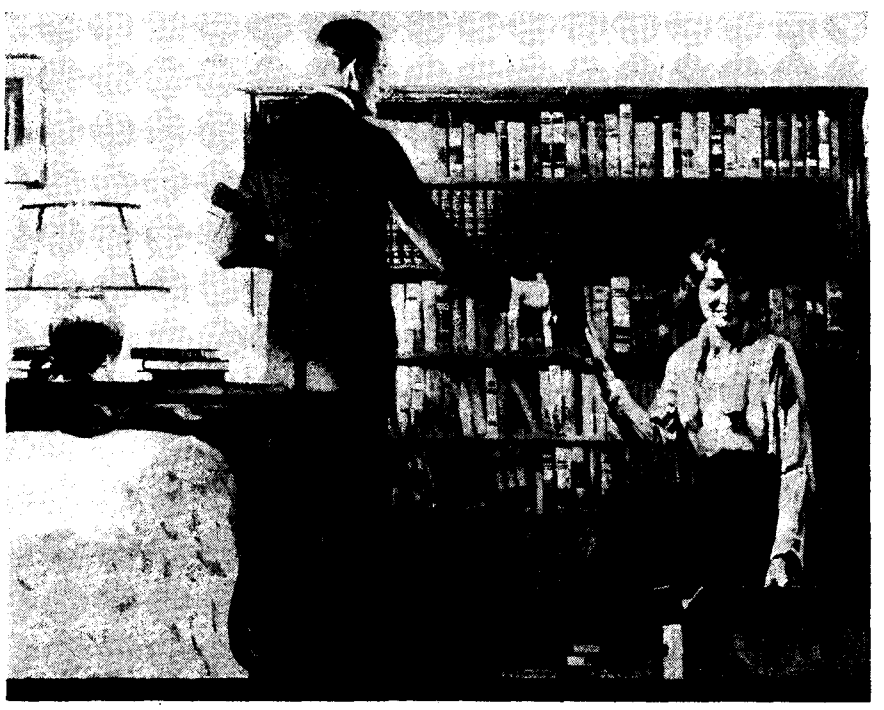
By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the greatest library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss } .....

Address .....

7030-HC-DSA-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children



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Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Edith J. Tilton, R. F. D. 2, Box 34, Ashton, Ill., manages her nine-room house, tends 300 chickens, bakes for a big family. But she finds time to write.

"Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article which I submitted to Hoard's Dairyman. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65 which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper."

L. A. Emerton, Jackson St., Hanover, Pa., describes an experience that is typical among N. I. A. students. He has found the satisfaction of knowing he can write, and has earnings that prove it. He writes:

"My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip. The check that followed was not large but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing—a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office—a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you receive actual assignments—just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instincts, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's—Feb. 23rd.

Mr. / *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address.....

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21B269

(*Continued from page 46*)

"A vacation?" thought Dell, catching sight of two Japs and a turban-covered Hindu as he entered. "It's a trip around the world!"

He found himself in a large, irregularly shaped room—rather, indeed, a collection of rooms which had been joined together by archways and passages. If the chairs and tables had been moved, the place might have passed for an art gallery—say an art gallery of protest in which nearly all the painters had tried to out-go Gauguin and make Matisse look old-fashioned.

There were seascapes, for instance, which might have been burning forests, whole streets in which no two buildings leaned at the same angle, nymphs like cart-horses, portraits like caricatures, flowers like colored enlargements of the pneumococci germ.

Delavan found a seat at a table from which he could watch most of the scene around him.

Evidently before the war the place had been a stamping ground for Bohemians and art students, and although many of the latter were now at the front, camouflaging guns instead of nature, adding a new chromatic touch to what had always been the grimmest profession in the world, there were still enough disciples of the easel left to give atmosphere to the room.

Here and there, he noticed, a group of privates were solemnly, even morosely, engaged in the serious business of dining. But by far the greater number had found Beauty, in more or less recognizable form, to share their meal and remind them that there were other divinities than Mars.

"Making monkeys of them, too, nearly every one," thought Delavan with a touch of contempt as he looked around the room. And thinking of his father's dark history, he added, "You'd wonder, at times, if they had been planned from the beginning. Or whether they were something added—'stars shot madly from an evil sky.'"

FROM his table he could watch the door; and from time to time he glanced up from his dinner to see who was coming in or going out. He wouldn't have been surprised to see M. Goya enter at any moment—that Spanish blade of ill-tempered steel—already primed to quarrel with his waiter.

"He probably dines here," he thought; "at least it's near enough." And glancing up again as the door opened he found himself incredulously staring at Mitzi who had just entered with an English major—Mitzi, who not only presented the illusion of having just escaped for the evening from some well-guarded dove-cote on the Faubourg St. Germain but who also looked as though she were having the time of her keen young life.

"Good Lord!" thought Delavan; and was about to rise when she saw him.

Mitzi almost imperceptibly shook her head, and Dell pretended that he had half risen in order to reach the salt on the other side of the table.

"The proprietor knows her," he told himself, watching a special table being installed at the side of the desk. "And how the English officer eats it up! He has an idea that the fuss is being made for him." He salted his salad—even philosophies of life require salt and other seasoning to make them palatable—and again he looked at the table by the side of the desk.

The English major had recognized a friend near Dell, and he strode over to shake hands with him. He was someone of importance—this major. The other man arose and spoke with the respect which the average Briton reserves only for prize pedigrees, whether of dogs, horses or men.

"Trust Mitzi to pick a big one," thought Dell, turning to see if he could catch her eye again. But the figure of the major intervened and Dell went on with his dinner.

He was finishing his salad when his waiter glided forward as though upon invisible roller skates.

"Another napkin, M'sieur," he said; and bending over to place it on Dell's lap, he added in a significant undertone, "I believe you will like it better—this napkin. The lady near the desk sent it to you."

STIRRING his coffee, the spoon in his right hand, Delavan surreptitiously opened the napkin with his left. Inside he found a sheet of cigarette paper containing a message in Mitzi's writing.

"Hello, dear. Incognito tonight. Beware two men behind you. When you got up, they got up. Love and a kiss."

"There is an answer, M'sieur?" murmured the waiter.

"No," said Dell. "Bring me a package of tobacco. I wish to roll a cigarette."

While he smoked he carelessly turned his chair as though to see if any friends were present. At the table behind were two young men—two young men whose shabby caps and sweaters had almost reached the dignity of a uniform.

"Dopes—from the way the big one jerked when I turned," thought Dell. "That's probably why they aren't in the army. I'm glad Mitzi told me. I'll keep my eye open when I go out."

From seven till eight M. Goya had said. For good measure he waited till a quarter past eight, meanwhile amusing himself by watching Mitzi and the major.

"I'll say they make monkeys of us," he thought once, his lips unconsciously fixed in a faintly bitter line. At a quarter past eight, having paid his bill, he arose to leave. The two men who had been sitting behind him likewise started for the door. Dell, busy noticing this, failed to notice that Mitzi and the major had also risen from their table.

"The hunter is being stalked," thought Dell, looking vainly for a taxi in the darkened street. "The spy is being spied upon and shrinks from observation." In the parallel Boulevard de Clichy he knew he would find a cab quickly enough. "I've too much money for my own good," he added, thinking of the $1,000 which the Chief had given him in exchange for his check. "Let's see how fast I can get to the next street. I'll be safe enough there."

But fast as he was, his two shadows were faster, their strides lengthening with that fantastic ease which only shadows command when passing a street-lamp. Halfway along the block one of them sprang forward and tried to throw his arm around Dell's neck. The latter ducked, but catching the glint of steel in his assailant's hands he contented himself with backing, as quickly as he could, toward the taxis of the boulevard.

Again the two men were about to jump for him, when a car suddenly ran up on the sidewalk with a squeal of its brakes, and Mitzi's major jumped out. The swagger stick which he had been carrying had blossomed into a sword cane, and he was swinging this at one of the bandits when the other kicked it from his hand.

As it fell to the sidewalk, Dell sprang for it, and after that the engagement didn't last long. In Delavan's hand the major's sword kept darting forward like an angry snake, now as though it would strike at the bandits' eyes, now at their ears, now at their throats. Finding themselves upon the defensive, they suddenly broke and ran.

"My dear sir," said the major, "you handle your sword like an old master. What is your name and organization?"

"Lieutenant Sangster," said Dell, feeling for the lie a peculiar hatred which he had never experienced before. "Liaison officer with the Yanks."

"Splendid!" said the other. "I'm Major Kevin J. Morin of the General Staff. Jammed up here pretty well between the lamp-post and the curb-stone, what? Damn these dark streets, say I!"

Mitzi disembarked as though to direct him; and while the major was busy with his steering wheel Delavan managed to murmur to her, "You know—you may have saved my life. . . ."

IN THE same low voice she murmured back, "Then now and then it belongs to me. Where are you staying?"

He was telling her when they were interrupted by the cheerful voice of the major, who had worked his car back into the roadway again.

"There you are!" said he. "Now if you'll both jump in I'll take Lieutenant Sangster to the nearest Metro station, and thus we'll throw the enemy off the track. *Blandae mendacia Metro*, or whatever old Horace says."

The car was a closed coupé, and Mitzi sat between them. As they drove to the station, her lively chatter was all directed at the major; but her left hand, concealed by her wrap, gently patted Delavan's arm. . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

Ring Lardner

scholar and biographer

turns his dazzling and slightly bewildering spotlight on

WILL HAYS

Czar of the Movies

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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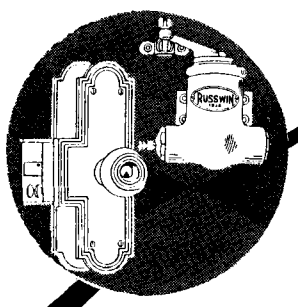
"Attracts More Attention"
"A Short Cut to Executives"

COLLIER'S also produces *quick results* in the building and industrial markets — as proven by the experiences of two more nationally known advertisers.

The Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company — and the Simonds Saw & Steel Company are telling their salesmen and dealers about Collier's — for *ACTION!* — and adding their business evidence to that of many other advertisers who are using Collier's.

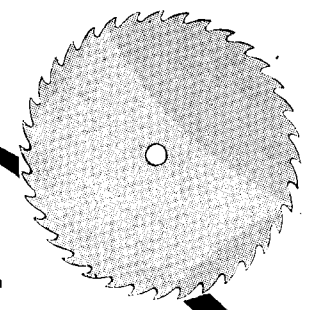


BUILDING MARKET

"While about one-quarter of our advertising appropriation has been spent in Collier's and the rest distributed among other well-known publications, Collier's seems to have attracted more attention than the others.

"*Collier's is a real readable magazine.* The many comments our advertising has called forth from various parts of the country, and the many favorable letters we have received from architects, contractors and dealers whose names we have used in connection with our ads, have convinced us that we have spent our money wisely. We have received more concrete results from Collier's than from any other form of advertising we have attempted."

RUSSELL & ERWIN



INDUSTRIAL MARKET

"The job our advertising has to do is to broadcast testimony of satisfied users of Simonds Saws to the largest possible number of business men who have to do with large enterprises.

"*We believe that the newsy, briefly-put reading matter always found in Collier's* appeals especially to the men associated with big enterprises. Our investigation of Collier's has shown us that it is the fastest growing weekly magazine in America. The kind of magazine that gets the attention of the men of action our advertising must reach. Therefore we rely upon Collier's as a short cut to business executives."

SIMONDS SAW & STEEL COMPANY

COLLIER'S is edited in the spirit of the times—Newsy—Pictorial—Brief. Collier's audience has time to read every issue with alert attention. Without any artificial stimulation, more than 718,000 new readers have been attracted to Collier's in less than 3½ years—practically all on the newsstands.

Collier's for Action!

now more than 1,800,000

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STROP *before you shave*

for Quicker, Cleaner, Smoother Shaves · · ·

A lot of shavers try new blades every few days hoping to get a smooth shave. That's "new blade fallacy." To give the best shave a new blade must be stropped before it is used.

Under the microscope, the edge of every blade shows an uneven row of tiny, sensitive teeth. It is impossible to keep these teeth in perfect alignment for any great length of time.

A few quick, easy turns, and your blade is stropped thoroughly with a Twinplex Stropper. A good blade, Twinplex stropped, whisks off the toughest beard in a jiffy and leaves the face smooth as velvet. Five seconds a day will keep a NEW blade marvelously keen for weeks of the most delightful shaves you've ever known.

Your favorite dealer will be glad to show you how easy it is to strop your blades the Twinplex way. The money you save on blades will soon pay for your Twinplex Stropper. There's a variety to select from—De Luxe at $5.00—the new Aristocrat at $4.00—others as low as $2.75.

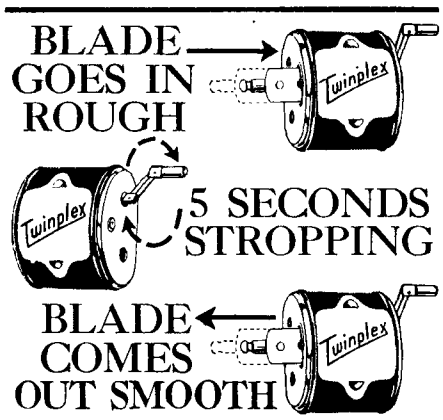
Prove it this Easy Way

The next time you buy blades, ask your dealer to strop one with a Twinplex Stropper. Mark the envelope with an "X" so that you can identify it. Use it for your next shave. Then you'll realize what stropping can do to improve a NEW blade.

Any dealer will be glad to do this for you. It costs you nothing.

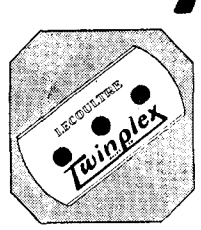
Hand Finished Blades

If you want to experience the utmost in smooth shave comfort, buy a package of Twinplex hand finished blades from your dealer and have him strop one of these for you with a Twinplex Stropper. The edges put on these blades by Swiss craftsmen are super keen. Without stropping they shave far better than ordinary blades. *With* stropping they are superb! They're $1.00 for 10—50¢ for 5—and worth far more. If your dealer can't supply you, use coupon below.



SAVES FIVE MINUTES SHAVING

Twinplex Stropper



TWINPLEX SALES COMPANY
1728 Locust St., St. Louis 1231 St. Catherine St., Montreal

I'll test a Twinplex hand finished blade that has been stropped on a Twinplex Stropper. I enclose 10¢.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 17

not heard them; Helen Wilson was not looking at him now, witnessing the agonizing blush that swept from Adam's apple to eyes.

Then, to assure him that he was not dreaming, but that he was actually suffering in the living flesh this agony, he heard his own voice make grave answer:

"Helen, I love Joyce."

There was a moment of dead stillness. Slowly Helen arose. She faced Larry. She held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

That was all. She didn't look at Joyce. She dropped her eyes from the miserable expression on Larry's face. Then she was gone. Larry sat down. He faced Joyce.

"There may be," he ventured, "an explanation for this. I can't imagine one."

"You found it vulgar?" she gently queried.

"I find it incredible," he said. "I find it so dreadful—God knows," he blazed, "a man would *have* to love you to let you—"

"Get away with a thing like that?" she finished.

"I don't mind your humiliating me—but, in God's name, why humiliate Helen deliberately?"

"Wasn't there deliberate humiliation for me in what she did last night?" Joyce countered.

"An impulse of a moment," he began.

She cut him short.

"It may have been the impulse of a moment, but it wasn't carried out for several weeks. She had time to think over that impulse on her way across the ocean, on her way down here from Paris."

"But revenge—"

"How do you know it was revenge?" she asked.

"What else was it?"

"Suppose," she made reply, "that I let you find out for yourself the answer to that question."

Billy Valdemagara joined them then, and further questioning was impossible. And when, after luncheon, they drove to Resaurie, something flinty, unyielding in her attitude forbade his referring to the scene at the Bar Basque.

THE telephone was ringing as they entered the villa, and the butler was struggling with the message. Larry took the receiver. He handed it to Joyce.

"Someone wants you," he said.

Joyce went to the telephone.

"Mrs. Tracy?"

"Yes."

"This is Frank Burton, Mrs. Tracy. Much obliged."

That was all. The receiver at the other end of the line clicked. Well, Joyce mused, Helen hadn't waited long. She had been convinced that Larry's avowal, forced from him by his wife, was not couched as it had been simply because he wished to protect his former fiancée from unpleasantness. Helen *knew* that Larry loved his wife, and therefore—if Joyce had any ability at all to read a situation correctly—she had gone to Burton and consented to marry him soon. That must be it.

And Larry—she grimaced at his unconscious back as he mounted the broad stairs—Larry thought she had humiliated Helen through mean spite, through petty jealousy. How dare he think that of her? How dare he think that his kisses mattered where they were bestowed? Perhaps, in this very moment he was pluming himself that she, his wife, was jealous of his former sweetheart.

She repressed a desire to scream after him, to tell him that she had forced his avowal to save him from financial ruin, and for no other reason on earth. It would lessen his conceit in himself. . . .

But she was to learn, within a very few minutes, that, so far as she was concerned, he had slight vanity. He knocked on the door of her room, grimacing to himself as he noted that the door was closed, not chummily ajar as had been its custom.

"Come in," she called.

He entered the room and stood very stiffly before her.

"Found a cable from my lawyers in my room," he said.

SHE was extremely conscious of her charming negligee. She knew, too, that the least-provocative woman is at her best when she reclines in a chaise longue. Stuffy, conceited man; she'd make him suffer if she could.

"Why does a lawyer need other lawyers? Aren't you able to look after your own legal affairs?" she asked.

"I hope so," he said. "But—er—doctors don't treat themselves, you know. Besides, these are the lawyers of the estate. I'm not an investment shark. Leave it to Bellows and MacLane. Here's something for you."

He handed her a sheaf of imposing-looking documents.

"They look like papers in a separation suit," she said. And then she regretted the jeer.

"They make you—they're copies—you'll find that the originals have been deposited for you in the Central and Northeastern—owner of half of whatever I have."

He turned as stiffly as he had entered the room, and started away. She looked after him.

"Larry," she called.

He halted.

"When did you do this?" she asked.

"Before we sailed," he answered.

"Why?" she asked.

"You're my wife," he said, as though that covered everything.

"But you—you didn't—care for me—then."

She hated the stumbling way she spoke.

"What did that have to do with it?" he demanded.

She digested this slowly.

"You mean," she finally faltered, "that—from the very start of our—marriage, you planned—"

"If a man," he smiled, and the smile was not pleasant, "deliberately makes a fool of himself, he might as well go the whole way, don't you think?"

The words, the intonation, the smile that was a sneer, struck through the armor of her pride and wounded her. Impulsively she started to rise, to hand him the documents which made her—good God, how rich did they make her?—and then she sank back on the chaise longue. Something remote in her brain cells struggled to be articulate. Some warning dimly comprehended made her change her mind.

"How much is all this?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I'm not certain. It depends, you know, on market conditions. Sometimes it's more than others. On the average, though, there's about three million there. Mostly in American and International Rubber Consolidated. That's where the money was first made, so that's where I let it remain."

"All the eggs in one basket?" she commented. (*Continued on page 52*)

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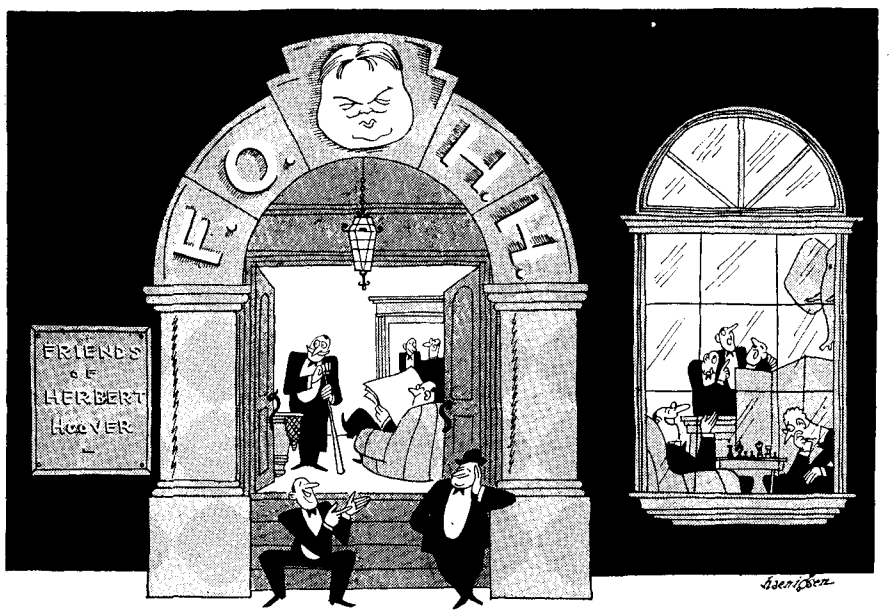


Friends of Mr. Hoover

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

NO PRESIDENT ever brought so many friends to Washington as Herbert Hoover will or, better, was surrounded by so many friends in Washington. The fact is worth noting, for a President's friends arouse great curiosity—and in certain quarters some apprehension. And Mr. Hoover's friends are exceptional not only in their numbers but also for a certain quality which seems to set them apart from the rest of humanity at the Capital.

They seem like members of a sect with a cult all their own. I suspect them of having a secret grip and a pass word. There is a light in their eyes such as never was seen before. They are devotees. Theirs is a sort of religion. I haven't space for all of them. They date from the remote past when Mr. Hoover was a youth in college, for there is a curious quality of permanence about the Hoover friendships which suggests mutuality.

Some of them are of later acquirement; they and Mr. Hoover fed Europe during the great war and after it. Or later still, they date from the perception that he was a likely candidate for President. They are 100 per cent Hooverites. If there is jealousy among them, it is inconspicuous as yet. They seem to like each other for liking Mr. Hoover.

First on the list one should probably put Edward Richard. One knows little of Mr. Richard but one is aware that where Mr. Hoover is there is likely to be Mr. Richard. He was in college with Mr. Hoover. His business took him a great deal to London where Mr. Hoover's headquarters were. He was in relief work with Mr. Hoover. He is said to represent Mr. Hoover in business.

He Spread Mr. Hoover's Fame

He seems rather self-effacing, for one never heard of him until a few months ago. No one thinks of him as a candidate for any office. He may play an important part in the background of this coming Administration or he may not. Most politicians wish they knew.

Another is Julius Barnes, the grain operator who worked with Mr. Hoover in the Food Administration and afterward owned a newspaper in Washington in partnership with Mr. Hoover.

Another is Henry M. Robinson, a banker of Los Angeles, an attractive personality, with a talent for public affairs. He was a member of the Dawes Commission, reputed like several others to have been the real author of the Dawes plan. Later he was chairman of the American delegation to the Economic Conference at Geneva. One may guess that it was Mr. Hoover's influence that put him in the Dawes Commission and sent him to the Economic Conference. He may be in the Cabinet.

Then there is a long list of magazine writers and newspaper men. One may begin with Will Irwin, who, like Mr. Richard, is from the same college as Mr. Hoover and has known him long. He, I suppose, did more to spread Mr. Hoover's fame when he was comparatively unknown as the Belgian relief administrator than anyone has done since.

He was Mr. Hoover's official biographer in this campaign.

Not the Least of Their Worries

And there is George Barr Baker, a former magazine writer, always at Mr. Hoover's elbow during the war, again at his side in the campaign, and with him on the trip to South America.

And there are William Hard and Mark Sullivan and half a dozen other newspaper men. No other President has had so many friends in the writing game.

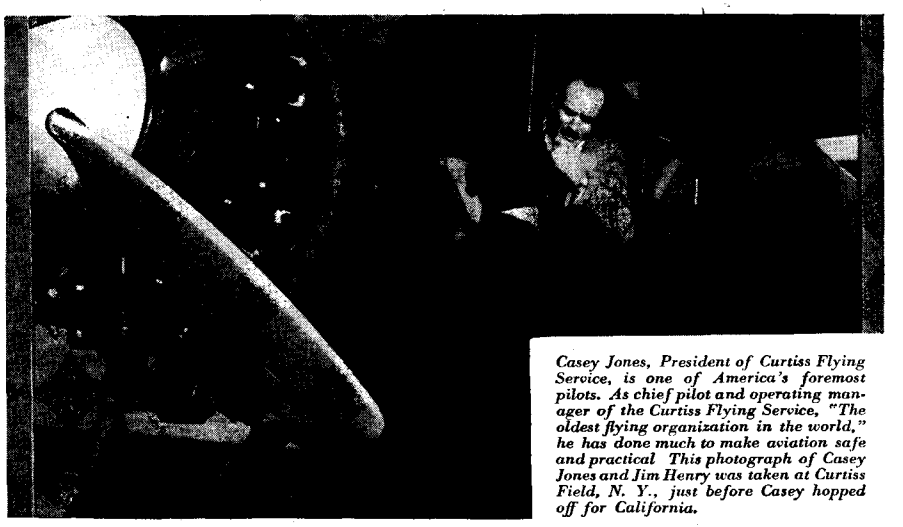
Then there are the politicians. Some of them, like Dr. Work and George Moses, did not quite last the campaign out. But there are Colonel William J. Donovan, and Congressman Franklin Fort of New Jersey, and Congressman Walter Newton of Minnesota, and old Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio, and ex-Governor James Goodrich of Indiana, to mention those whom Mr. Hoover trusts most.

President Coolidge has three friends, old Mr. Frank Stearns, Dwight Morrow, and ex-Senator William M. Butler; and a couple of satellites, Ted Clark and Jim White.

President Wilson, as one looks back on it, had two friends, Colonel House and his private secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty. He chose them to supplement him, Colonel House furnishing his contacts with the outside world, Mr. Tumulty furnishing a knowledge of practical politics.

Mr. Hoover's friendships are different. It is impossible to see now that he is supplementing himself with any one of them. There is an emotional give and take about his relations with men. He demands and gives an extraordinary degree of personal loyalty. It is impossible to conceive of him without his cordon of intimates about him. Some of them will powerfully affect his Administration. They are not the least of the politicians' worries.

CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and COOL SHAVES"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen Salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask *that* question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced—

The Young Man's Shave!

Modern—refreshing—unique—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves—men who want to look well-groomed all day!

Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men asking what they think of Menthol-iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can feel the difference through the business day. Refreshing as a cold shower."

A well-known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern teammate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream, the largest selling 50c cream on the market! Both creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard, 2—it lubricates the razor blade, 3—it invigorates the skin . . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. . . . . Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. C-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name _____

Address _____

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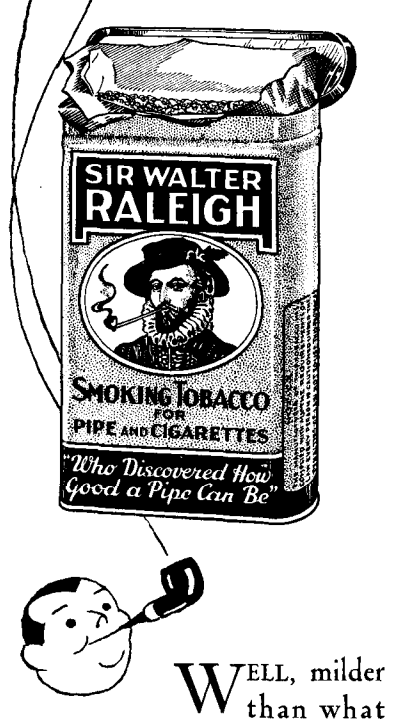
Milder than what?



WELL, milder than what you've been smoking. Milder, and mellower, and for two perfectly good reasons: it's choice leaf and it's aged more carefully in the warehouse. Result, Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture has so much genuine distinction of flavor and fragrance that sophisticated pipe smokers are prompt to recognize it and grow enthusiastic.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 50, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(*Continued from page 50*)

"It's a very strong basket," he said.

"It doesn't seem sensible to me," she said.

Unaccountably his temper was awakened by the remark.

"Perhaps you'd like to change your investment," he said.

"Perhaps I would," she agreed. "Is—I don't know much about these things, but—is the price high now?"

"Higher now than it's ever been," he said.

"A good time to sell then, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Some people do look a gift-horse in the mouth, don't they?" His voice was polite but his words and expression were not.

Nevertheless, she imperturbably went on:

"How could I sell them? What are they? Bonds?"

"There's a million in bonds, and a million and a half, par value, in stock. It's worth two million at the present market—"

"I want to sell the whole business," she interrupted. "Instantly."

He eyed her with a curious mixture of contempt and incredulity. She interpreted it as hostility.

"I may, mayn't I?" she asked.

"There are, to be sure, only matters of good taste involved," he said.

"What matters of good taste?" she inquired.

"Do I need to explain?" he parried.

"Perhaps you feel that if you explained you'd need to tell me that you hadn't really *given* me—what is it? The half of your fortune?"

"I've given it to you," he laconically assured her.

"But with strings tied to it," she charged.

"That isn't fair," he defended himself.

His expression changed to bewilderment.

"What do you want to buy in place of Rubber?" he asked.

"If the Rubber belongs to me, why can't I do what I like without being asked questions?" she demanded.

He shrugged. "You know, sometimes people possess things, but guardians are appointed to correct their mistakes, to prevent them, to anticipate them."

"You mean, if they show themselves mentally incapable?"

"Yes," he said.

"But you could hardly have thought me mentally incompetent, or you'd not—"

"Do what you like," he cried.

NOW he was definitely angered, but still there was more hurt than rage in his emotion.

"I hoped to," she replied coolly, "but—you'll have to help me."

"Help you make a fool of yourself?" he asked.

"That's rude, but—it would be returning what I did for you, wouldn't it? I helped you make a fool of yourself when I married you."

"It's gracious to remind me of it," he snapped.

"Rudeness for rudeness," she retorted. "Now—how do I sell the Rubber and buy government bonds."

"You write—"

She interrupted with a headshake. "Writing takes too long. I want to cable."

"Look here, Joyce," he pleaded, "the stocks are yours. I can't take them back. They're *yours*. Exchanging them for something else won't make the something else any more yours than the Rubber is now. Why not let the stuff remain as it is—"

"Because I don't want to," she cut in. "Can't I wire the bank?"

He considered this. "Y-e-s," he reluctantly answered. "I'd have to wire old Bellows, too—"

"What for?"

"To confirm your order. Until you've met them, arranged a code with the Central, I'd need to confirm—"

She rose, provocative in her negligee but more provocative in her willfulness, and walked to a desk. She wrote out a cable and handed it to him. He read it.

"Will that do?"

HE SHRUGGED. "With my confirmation in Bellows' hands—yes, I guess so. But, Joyce, in God's name, why?"

"A gift," she told him, "is either that or isn't. Now, my dear husband, unless you are willing to let me do as I will, I'll give you back your gift."

"You may do," he said savagely, "exactly as you wish."

He turned and was at the door when she stopped him.

"What was your cable from your lawyers?" she asked.

"Simply to notify me that the last of the transfer to you has been effected."

"Came opportunely. Imagine how I'd have felt if I'd had to wait before selling," she said.

"I wouldn't have told you. I didn't tell you until all legal formalities had been complied with," he said. "Is that all?"

"I think so," she said. "Oh, Larry." He wheeled once again at the door.

"Well?"

"I want to thank you," she said.

"Thank me? When you immediately sell what I've given you!"

He turned abruptly on his heel and went through the door. He did not slam it upon his exit, but he closed it with a firmness that spoke volumes. Her eyes were suspiciously bright as she looked after him.

No man had ever shown contempt for her before. Men had pleaded with her, had threatened her, had become enraged. But none had ever shown contempt, because that was an attitude of mind which Joyce Carroll had never aroused in any man.

It had remained for marriage to bring to her a man who could feel that way toward her. Well, perhaps he would not continue to feel that way forever. Wasn't it only last night that he had kissed Helen Wilson? And wasn't it five minutes later—no more surely—that he had found himself really enamored of the woman who bore his name?

Her eyes and mouth showed no resentment. After all, he supposed that she was acting upon a whim. He had every right to suppose this. She might have disabused him by a sentence, but—and her face now hardened a trifle—why explain anything? Perfect love required no explanations whatsoever.

Or was this really so? Wasn't it, perhaps, a poet's dream? Love could hardly be perfection, because people weren't perfect and nothing rose much higher than its source, save smoke, and smoke had no permanence.

No, love needed reassurance, so it must need explanations, need them all the time. . . . Oh, well, she wasn't going to worry over his attitude. Let him worry over hers. She smiled mischievously, with full recognition of her own cruelty.

But restlessness possessed her. The after-luncheon nap she'd planned, so necessary in the Biarritz sun, was no enticing prospect. She'd rather go to the Casino, do anything. . . . She knocked on Larry's door. She knocked again, then gently pushed it open. But he wasn't there.

THE maid, summoned, had seen him go out. No, Monsieur had not said where he was going. So Joyce, piqued, though not realizing the fact, dressed. On the street before the villa she found a cab, and five minutes later she entered the gambling rooms.

She bought some chips and approached the so-called big game. A man, looking up, caught her eyes. It was Billy Valdemagara, and he had been, until that minute, in rapid, though whispered conversation with Miss Novel, the American woman who had been supporting Paul Weedon.

"There, —— her, there she is," cried the Novel woman stridently.

Joyce whitened. Her heart seemed physically to turn over in her bosom.

(*To be continued next week*)

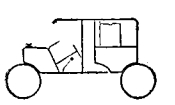
Nameographs

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York. For $1.35 you can get from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, a fascinating book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs and suggestions for Nameograph parties.

"Concertina," by Mrs. H. E. Johnson, 218 N. Norah St., Fort William, Ontario, Canada

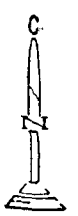
"Oasis," by Ricardo J. Ramirez, 6722 Forrest St., Manila, P. I.

"Indian," by Edwin S. Schaller, 1735 Juneway Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

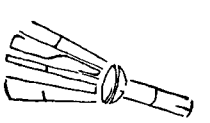


"Motor Taxi," by Edward Ingram, 1015 Brown Ave., Fresno, Calif.

"Fire Plug," by Randall Walker, 1021 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio

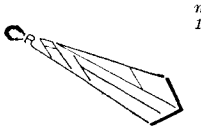


"Candle," by Elizabeth Carmody, 1235 East 113th St., Cleveland, Ohio



"Flashlight," by Morton Werner, 604 S. 14th Ave., Yakima, Wash.

"Smokestand," by Joseph J. Smith, Submarine Base Dispensary, Pearl Harbor, T. H.



"Cravat," by Marguerite Peterson, 21 East 17th St. South, Salt Lake City, Utah

"Balloon," by J. H. Merridith, 367 S. Zunis St., Tulsa, Okla.

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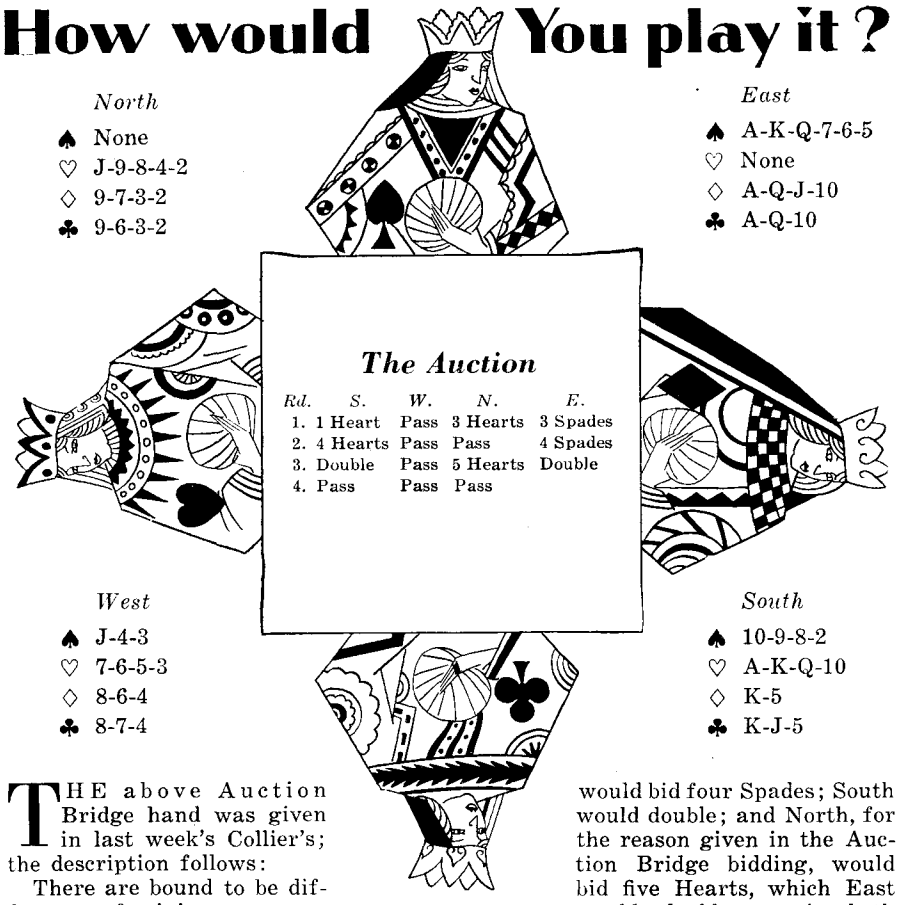
How would You play it?



North
- ♠ None
- ♡ J-9-8-4-2
- ◇ 9-7-3-2
- ♣ 9-6-3-2

East
- ♠ A-K-Q-7-6-5
- ♡ None
- ◇ A-Q-J-10
- ♣ A-Q-10

The Auction

Rd.	S.	W.	N.	E.
1.	1 Heart	Pass	3 Hearts	3 Spades
2.	4 Hearts	Pass	Pass	4 Spades
3.	Double	Pass	5 Hearts	Double
4.	Pass	Pass	Pass	

West
- ♠ J-4-3
- ♡ 7-6-5-3
- ◇ 8-6-4
- ♣ 8-7-4

South
- ♠ 10-9-8-2
- ♡ A-K-Q-10
- ◇ K-5
- ♣ K-J-5

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

There are bound to be differences of opinion among experts regarding the bidding of a hand as freaky as this.

There should be no doubt about the soundness of South's initial Heart, but there might be a legitimate difference of opinion as to whether North should jump to three or four. A timid North would pass; a thoughtless one would bid two Hearts, forgetting that a bid of two rarely preëmpts; a bold one who believes in preëmpting to the limit would bid four. A player who bid four would not expect to fulfill his declaration, but would hope that the loss would be slight.

With the first-round bidding as given above, the second round is quite obvious; as is also South's free double of East's four Spades. North's third-round bid of five Hearts is necessary in view of the previous bidding. His first-round jump, while a warning to South that he wanted Hearts and nothing else, nevertheless implied some strength; and South's double may be based upon the expectation that North will produce at least one high card.

North knows that he is not only trickless in a Spade contract but that the extreme length of his Hearts makes it almost sure that South has been reckoning without his host when counting upon Heart tricks to help him win his double.

East hated to give up the contract, the double had been highly satisfactory to him; but when deciding whether to bid five Spades or double five Hearts, he naturally chose the double. From his viewpoint it was probable that South had a Spade trick and the two Minor Kings. If so, five Spades would be beyond him; but it hardly seemed possible that North and South could make five Hearts against the whale of a hand that East held.

At Contract whether North should jump South's one Heart would be a close question. He would be quite willing to play with the contract two or three Hearts, but a jump urging his partner to bid four might work badly. He could not expect to preëmpt with a bid of less than three or four, and either would make South overestimate his holding. However, whatever North's bid, East would bid four Spades; South would double; and North, for the reason given in the Auction Bridge bidding, would bid five Hearts, which East would double; so in both games the contract would be five Hearts doubled.

The Play

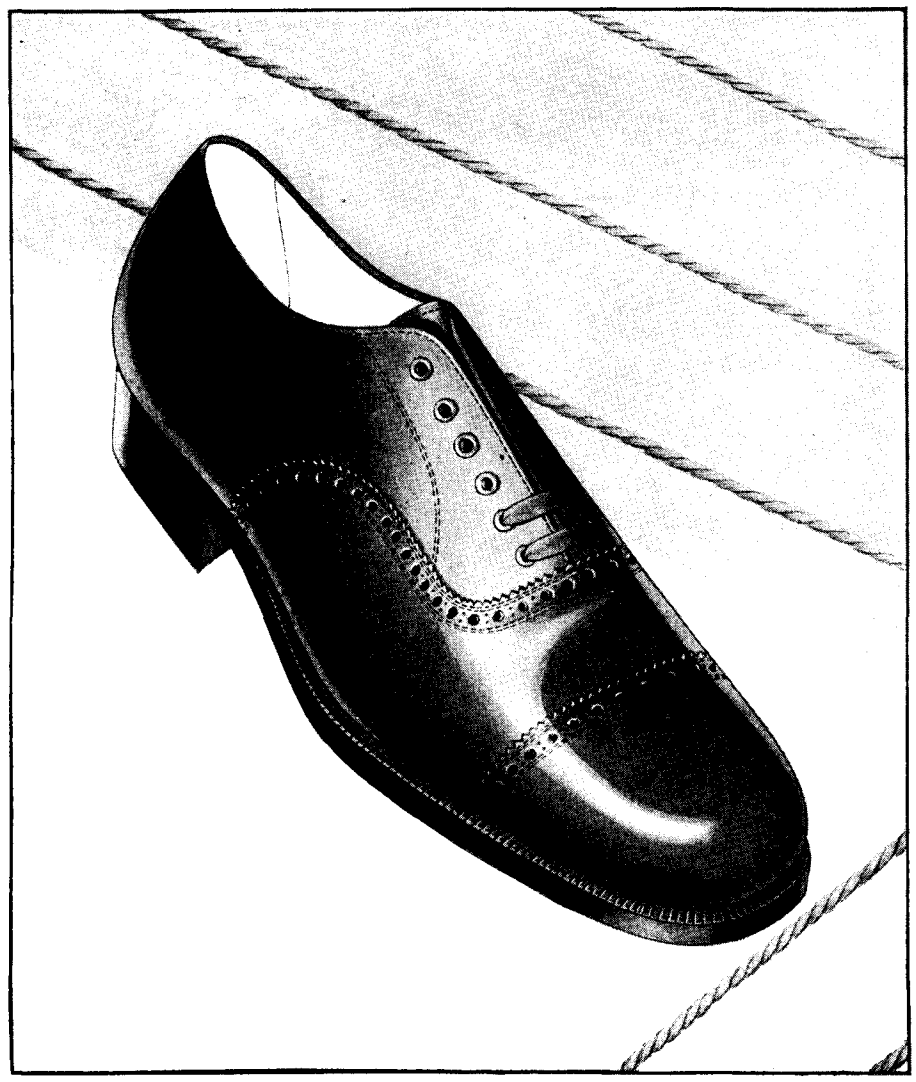
West led the Jack of Spades, which North ruffed. Declarer, to make five, must find the two Minor Aces and the Queen of Clubs in the East hand. Trumps could be led equally well from either hand, but Dummy's entries must be utilized for leading Honors toward the Closed Hand; consequently North led a Club to trick 2, and East won with the Ace. If East had played the Ten, South would have finessed the Jack. East feared the possibility of a lone King in the South hand, and so took the first Club trick. When leading to trick 3, East cashed his Ace of Diamonds, which he followed with the Queen of Diamonds to trick 4. South won with the King and led another Spade to trick 5 to give North a second ruff.

To trick 6, North led a Club, East played the Ten and South finessed the Jack. Although anxious to ruff again, the Declarer feared that West had but two Spades; and if a Spade were led by South to trick 7, West would discard the remaining Club with which he is marked (so as to trump South's King). So, on trick 7, South cashed his King of Clubs, led a Spade to trick 8, North trumped and led a trump, which was won by South, who then led his fourth Spade, which North trumped with his last Heart. This left South with the Ace, King and Queen of trumps, so he fulfilled his contract.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 10-6	S. Q-5-4-3
H. 6-5-2	H. Q-10-7-4-3
D. 9-5-3-2	D. K-J-7
C. A-K-9-7	C. Q
West	*South*
S. J-9-8-2	S. A-K-7
H. K-8	H. A-J-9
D. 8-6-4	D. A-Q-10
C. 5-4-3-2	C. J-10-8-6

WALK-OVER SHOES



17,000 rabid fight fans saw this battle at Madison Square Garden. In this mighty well-dressed crowd, many pairs of Walk-Overs were seen, and admired.

Fit for a fight or the "Follies"—just right for the office too—the "Warwick" is that way because of its lines—conservative, yet deftly lightened by smart stitching and perforations. And Walk-Over quality is built right into it. Comes in black or tan. Its price is $10.

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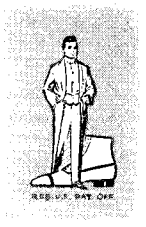

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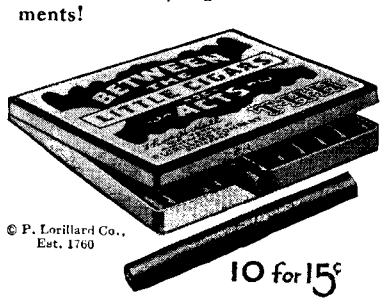

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The Loan of a Gun

Continued from page 13

kind in evidence, but he found coffee, and fresh water in a two-quart canteen. He scoured out the pan with grass, and in the same pan that had fried the meat set coffee on the fire.

"Come on in, Greaves; supper's done."

No reply.

Something of the uneasy feel of a man who talks at emptiness was upon Kerrigan as he called out again: "Come on, you, Greaves, do I eat by myself?"

Silence again; until Kerrigan began to feel that he had made some sort of mistake. He listened now for the sound of a distant running horse; but the silence remained intact. Then suddenly, almost immediately behind him:

"Put up your hands. If you turn your head, I'll plug you."

Kerrigan's hair rose with the nearness of the hard cool voice. This was as he had hoped and planned; yet the muscles of his back crept. He had not expected, for one thing, that the command would come from so extremely close. It flashed through his mind that Greaves must have executed his disappearance by simply slipping into the arms of the nearest spruce, and stepping two branches off the ground.

"Hi, Greaves," said Kerrigan.

"Are you going to put 'em up?" said the voice from behind, with more menace this time.

Kerrigan began to slice through the steak with his opened knife.

"Don't be so dumb, Joey," he said. "You see I ain't armed."

"I do, like hell," said Greaves, unexpectedly argumentative.

Kerrigan raised his hands over his head, stood up, and slowly pivoted on his heels. "You see now."

"Chuck that knife away."

KERRIGAN flung the knife twirling, and it stuck upright in the ground on the other side of the fire.

"Where'd you leave your gun?" came Greaves' voice.

"Didn't bring any."

The silence seemed to think that over.

"How many's with you?" demanded the voice from the spruce at last.

"Not a one, Greaves."

"You're lying, Kerry."

"All right. Figure it that way."

"Where's your horse?"

"I hid him," said Kerrigan.

"Where?"

"Go to hell, Greaves. Think I want to be set afoot in the middle of everything?"

"I guess you'd rather be set afoot than planted."

"Don't know as I would. Make up your mind, Joey. You know damned well, to begin with, you ain't goin' to leave here without anything to eat. I come up here unarmed and alone, because I want to talk to you. And I can tell you for your own good you got to do some thinkin' as well as eatin' before you drag your freight. I could have brought a gang up and surrounded you. I could have had the drop on you tonight. You better come out here and do some listening."

"How do I know I won't be plugged when I step into the light?"

"If that's the way I've got it fixed, why did I chase you out of the light in the first place?"

Another interval of silence. Then a grumble: "Think you're all-fired smart, don't you?" Then a swishing of evergreen boughs, and Joey Greaves skirted the circle of firelight, and appeared on the side opposite Kerrigan.

Greaves was slender and young. In his skin was the suggestion of a swarthiness that intimated to any Southwesterner that there might be in this man some part of mestiza blood; but his eyes were blue. They were small and almost ominously wide-set—and the directness of their gaze was curiously expressionless, as if they were opaque, so that the gaze of another could not strike through them to make them flinch.

"All right," he said; "what's the game?"

Kerrigan could see that this man was puzzled, angered, and worried. "Let's have something to eat," the deputy suggested.

Without taking his eyes from Kerrigan, Greaves leaned his rifle across his saddle, and stepped into the open of the firelight. His .44 was in his right hand. For a few moments he stood motionless, as if waiting; not tense, but ready; and though his eyes remained on Kerrigan, the deputy could see that the killer was listening.

"Just as I told you," said Kerrigan presently. "You see? Nothing happens."

GREAVES' rather stiff-skinned face cracked into an unexpected grin, then returned to immobility. "Maybe you're a bigger fool than I thought," he conceded. "Set down back there. Plenty far from the fire."

The coffee was bubbling in the frying pan, and with his left hand Greaves pulled it off. He picked up the meat that Kerrigan had cut, and flung the deputy a piece. They ate with their hands, tearing the meat apart with their teeth. Whatever he did, Greaves kept hold of the gun in his right hand; and mostly his wide-set eyes were on Kerrigan, stolid, expressionless, like the eyes of a turtle on a rock.

Now, Kerrigan was thinking, was the time for him to make his play. He was thinking of Old Bob MacPherson, the sheriff without a gun; the man who had become a legend in the Southwest before he had been killed, at last, under circumstances in which a gun would have done him no good.

Kerrigan had talked with that man once. MacPherson had grown old by then, dried up by the desert air so that his height was minimized, and he looked wiry and small. A man with thin hair, a gray mustache, and a slow, mild eye. "You can do it if you think you can. . . . I haven't carried a gun for years."

That was all you could get out of him about how he was able to bring in hard-boiled desperadoes time and again, with apparently nothing in his favor but the power of human debate.

Kerrigan was trying to imagine, now, how MacPherson had turned the trick. He had always wanted to try something like that; his chance was ready now.

The deputy spoke casually with his mouth full:

"You certainly made some bad mistakes, Joey," he suggested. Unconsciously his voice imitated the slow rhythms of Bob MacPherson as an old man. "I never see such bum reasonin'."

"Yeah?" said Greaves.

"Looks like you ought to have headed over the Sangre de Cristo range first off. East, that would've been the ticket. Of course, that wouldn't have been no good unless you done it quick. Pop Waterman had a pile of friends over that way. They shot a feller over that way the other day because they thought he was you. He'll live, I heard. They're camped in the passes though, now. . . ."

Greaves snorted.

"Failin' that," Kerrigan went on, "you might have made it by bustin' off through the Conejos country. Too late now. They know you're in the Cimarron Range now. Nothin's comin' out of it, except by horse race, any more. Some of the Lazy M shagged a feller fifteen mile the other day, thinkin'—"

"Lazy M?" Greaves cut in; for a moment he stopped chewing.

"Yeah, I know you worked for that outfit once. But when it comes right down to it, most fellers get mad, nowadays, when somethin' like this happens. Well, failin' to cut north about did it, I guess. South and west, they had a heap of fast horses runnin', durin' the past week. Pretty hard to get clear, any place so open. Of course, the Black Range might've turned the trick, but even so—"

Greaves, he could see, was puzzled behind that small-eyed, wide-set stare. What Greaves wanted to know was what Kerrigan was about. The deputy's report of conditions was not making much impression, he could see.

"How come you," Kerrigan went on, "to take an old snake like Creaky Magruder into your confidence? That old reprobate—"

Greaves said, "If that old scoundrel has—"

"As for Lute," said Kerrigan, "that hoople's understandin' is obstructed. Still, I expect runners is hard to find. This thing of shootin' a man from behind—"

"I never done so," said Greaves.

"No?"

"I walked into his office. Pop Waterman set with his back to me. As I come in, somebody shot through the window. Pop jerked like he was hit. But he turned around, shootin' as he turned. He shot twice, at me, see? Well—" Greaves' voice was slow, and he pronounced the words distinctly, as if he were trying to explain something to a half-wit—"I pulled and plugged him. Only thing come to my mind to do, see? He fell over. My shot was in front, after he'd fired on me twice."

Kerrigan thought that over. "Pop was hit once," he said. "From behind. There wasn't any shot from in front—except one in the wall."

Greaves stared at him, not chewing, for some time. "Then I never hit him," he said. "Say—how many shots was fired, accordin' to the fellers around there?"

"I could prove anywheres from three to six," said Kerrigan. "But—most of 'em said four, an' that's a fact."

"See?" said Greaves, "I fired one shot, Pop shot twice. The shot that done it come in the window, like I said."

THERE was a long silence, while they finished the meat.

"Look, Joey," said Kerrigan, unconsciously imitating old MacPherson again; "there ain't a human way to bust out of this range alive. That's what I come to tell you. Go back with me. You say you never done it. All right. I'd just as soon believe you. You come back with me, and I'll see you get a fair trial."

It was the climax of his play. Upon Greaves' reaction depended his success or his failure. There were too many unexplained factors in Greaves' story to render it credible. He didn't want to ask Greaves, at this time, how it had happened, for example, that he had walked into Pop Waterman's office with a drawn gun. Some things like that. The thing now was to get the killer of Pop Waterman down there to the Wolf Springs jail.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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Coal-Fed Prosperity

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

PROSPERITY is based upon the employment of power derived from fossil fuel, and there is no other adequate source in sight. We pride ourselves on our constantly increasing consumption of coal and oil without considering that this means that we are continually cutting short the period of civilization which we are enjoying.

This period of coal-fed prosperity can be pretty closely calculated. The best figuring on the problem has been done in Pennsylvania, where every vein has been measured.

There the total original deposits amounted to 75,259,055,000 tons. Of this 5,519,665,000 tons have been mined out. Of what remains 43,830,860,000 tons are recoverable.

How long will this last? That depends upon how fast it is used up. If the present rate of mining is continued it will last about 250 years. If mining continues to increase at its present rate it will be exhausted in 118 years.

Only four other states are credited with as much coal as Pennsylvania now has: Colorado, Illinois, Kentucky and West Virginia. The coal reserves of the United States as a whole are supposed to amount to about 14 times as much as Pennsylvania. It is believed that North America contains some 70 per cent of all the coal in the world.

There is an old joke that is now being employed in the schools as an intelligence test. If the child laughs at it at the proper age his intelligence quotient is considered correct. If he does not see the point he is too young for his age. If it seems to him not funny at all but a sad situation, he is grown up. The test is a picture of a man sitting on a limb and sawing it off on the side next to the trunk.

The Chemist and the Farmer

Because the synthetic chemical industries are more directly under man's control than the natural chemical industries—such as agriculture—their output can be regulated to conform to the present and probable demand and so the price can be kept more steady.

The difference is strikingly demonstrated when we compare for a series of years the price fluctuation of two commodities, one natural and the other artificial, say cotton with rayon, or corn with celluloid. Cotton ranged from 35.6 cents a pound on December 1, 1919, to 10.9 cents on the the same date in 1926, a variation in market value of more than three times. The fluctuations from month to month are just as great. In the Norfolk market, 1920, the price of cotton was 37 cents a pound in August and ten months later it was down to 10.7 cents.

Corn shows the same disconcerting variation. On December 1, 1919, the producer got $1.36 a bushel. On the same date in 1922 he got only 42 cents a bushel, less than a third as much, although the corn was just as good, the size of the bushel just the same, and he had worked just as hard. In June, 1925, the price of corn was $1.11. Ten months later it was down to 65 cents, not much more than half.

A chart of the variation in prices of almost any agricultural product looks like the profile map of the Rocky Mountains, while a chart of a synthetic product looks as level as the Great Plains eastward of them. The wholesale price of rayon, for instance, has fallen almost steadily from $4.77 a pound in 1919 to $1.49 in 1927. The price of pyralin exported has dropped gradually from $1.22 a pound in 1922, to 85 cents in 1927. Yet the manufacturers of artificial silk and celluloid are not complaining of low prices. They are putting up new factories, while farms are being abandoned.

Manufacturers have their failures as well as farmers, and the demand for their products falls off or jumps up in the most disconcerting fashion, but they have the advantage of the farmers in being able to adapt their output quicker in kind and quantity. The farmer has to place his order for his crop a year in advance and even then he has no way of telling how much he will have to sell or what he can sell it for. However carefully he may calculate, his plans may be upset by insect pests or unseasonable weather either where he is or anywhere else in the world.

The difference between natural and artificial chemical processes is the same as that between natural and artificial motive power in navigation: the sailboat is dependent on the wind and tacks with difficulty while the motor boat darts about in every direction with almost equal ease.

157
shaves in the big tube

Men told us that they would pay almost any price if only they could get a cream which really made shaving pleasant instead of painful. Now we offer such a lather-maker, compounded of costly ingredients. Luxurious and amazingly different, it is the perfected result of 26 months of research and study.

Yet the savings of great production permit a price approved by even the most thrifty shavers. The big white tube contains 118 inches of rich cream, more than enough for 157 shaves. That makes it a five-months' supply for 50c; or the utmost in shaving comfort for only 10c a month.

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YOUR contented face after shaving will prove how much this brilliant new idea in shaving creams means to men with tough beards and tender skins.

That tiny film of cosmetic lubricant, at the cutting line of each hair, protects the skin and relieves the friction. With the grain or against it, up or down, there is no rawness or burning, no tightness or drawn feeling. And the healing, germicidal ingredients of Listerine defeat the chance of infection.

It is the cream that men have long awaited. It settles your shaving problem for life. A pinch of it, three-quarters of an inch or less, brushes up into a cooling cloud of soothing, moisture-laden lather. Just try it once, and you will thank Listerine chemists for having taken the torture out of shaving in such a scientific way. *LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.*

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giving away $1.00 holder and a fine 50 cent tooth brush with a 50 cent tube of RE-AX Tooth Paste. Greatest Advertising Plan in Years

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We want 380 more men and women at once, to give away $1.00 De Luxe Sanitary Dental Cabinet and 50c toothbrush with every large 50c size tube of nationally known Re-Ax Tooth-paste.
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Get $50 to $100 next Saturday night and every Saturday thereafter—mail your application and 50c for complete sales outfit at once. Your 50c refunded immediately if not satisfied.
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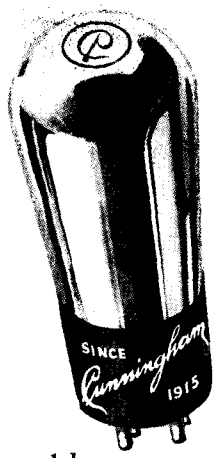

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The brand of radio tube is just as important as the "make" of the set.

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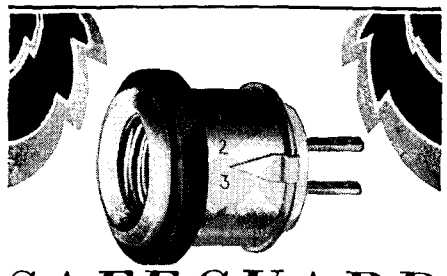

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Your A. C. tubes and set are built to do best on 110 volts. But the voltage is often greater—sometimes as high as 125 volts, due to current "surges." This excess is likely to burn out your tubes and endanger your set.

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Your dealer can supply the Wirt Regulator or write us, we'll ship by return mail.

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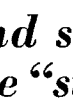
The Wirt Company sole maker of Dim-a-ment with five bulb. Dim-a-lite is a dimming lights in nursery, etc. It enroom and materially adds to eye comfort. A real luxury—but very inexpensive. We'd like to tell you more about Dim-a-lite. Send for *free* booklet "Many Lights from One Bulb." Address the Wirt Company —4221 Greene St., Philadelphia, Pa. Do it today!



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(*Continued from page 54*)

The wide-set eyes were upon him, steady and expressionless. "This was easy," said Kerrigan to himself.

Then Greaves' stiff-hided face cracked in the same mirthless grin that Kerrigan had seen before.

"You poor fool!" he chuckled. "You poor sap-headed fool! This is rich. Some Bob MacPherson stuff, huh? Well, get this through your weak head. You nor no other man is going to take me into Wolf Springs, not you, nor the Lazy M, nor all the punchers in this country. Not tonight, nor tomorrow, nor next week, nor no time, not living and not dead!"

"Have it your own way," said Kerrigan. He shifted on his heels as if he were about to get up.

"Siddown!" Greases told him. "You ain't goin' no place. When I get ready, you're goin' to show me where your horse is. I need another. I'm hopin' that somewhere in the meantime you'll make an off-color move, because a dead sheriff is twice as pretty as one of 'em afoot. Maybe I'll take a pop at you anyway. I ain't quite decided yet."

SLOWLY he drank the coffee, staring over the pan's edge.

"All right, all right," said Kerrigan. He yawned and stretched and took off his hat as though to cool his head. The hunted man seemed to take this for a hostile move.

"If you got a gun in that hat—"

"You see I ain't. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Why, I thought some o' hittin' you with it."

"With what?"

"My hat."

Greaves spat.

"Remember one thing," said Kerrigan, "I ain't lied to you yet." Slowly, sadly he sang under his breath:

"One to the man with the hard-boiled shirt,
Two to the herder all caked with dirt,
The Mex night wrangler is standing pat—
And the gambler has seen enough of that.
The cowboy he was topped again,
And they all went seven hands round."

He was squatting on his heels, his hat in one hand, the other dangling empty over his knees. Greaves was slowly oscillating the frying pan, working the grounds into the angle of the bottom, like a miner panning sand. Kerrigan's eyes stared vaguely into the ebbing coals of the fire.

"Three to the man with the broken nose,
Four to the man in expensive clothes,
Three to the lad that slept in the ditch—
One to the gambler—"

The eyes that seemed to watch the fire saw Greaves raise the coffee pan. For an instant the pan was in front of the killer's face as he flipped the last of the dregs into his mouth; for a second, the split part of a second, the expressionless eyes were obscured.

Kerrigan's hat shot across the interval and slammed against the bottom of the pan. Greaves' gun crashed, its flame an instant yellow spike against the dark in back. Simultaneously the dirt jumped just in front of the spot where Kerrigan had squatted, and the voice of the gun was prolonged an instant by the whine of the ricochet.

Headlong across the fire Kerrigan cannoned upon his man. The hammer of the gun, falling again, bit into the thumb muscles of his left hand. Greaves' teeth closed into the side of his neck, and a hook-like thumb was gouging for his eyes. Too tightly gripped together to knee or slug, the two men rolled over and over, and their shirts smoked from the fire's crushed coals. . . .

Creaky Magruder was belly to the Blue Line Bar at Wolf Springs. The bartender had tried to work him into conversation, for trade was slack, and bartenders are sociable men. Magruder, however, was taciturn. "I don't know what this country is coming to," he said at last. "So bustin' full of damn young fools."

"What's the matter now?" said the full-bosomed apron behind the bar.

"I seen Kerrigan the other day," said Magruder, as if that statement alone were sufficiently to the point.

"There's been some sour talk about him," the bartender offered, leaning forward confidentially. "It ain't took well that he turned up missin' just when the posses was startin'. Startin' after Joey Greaves," he amplified, "that shot Pop Waterman."

"Well," said Magruder testily, "I guess I know who shot who around here."

"Some fellers come in that ain't heard of it," said the bartender equably. "Some fellers don't seem to hear about things."

"I ain't one of 'em."

"Well, anyway," the bartender repeated lamely, "it wasn't well took."

"You said that before," grouched Magruder. "What I say is, this Kerrigan oughtn't to be let run around loose."

"Wheredja see him?"

"He ought to be shet up," Magruder murmured. "I seen him up by the Cimarron Range. He'd fell in a crick and lost his gun. Or so he said. I could anyways see he had fell in a crick. Deputy fell in a crick! Gees! And lost his gun. . . ."

"It's turrible," agreed the bartender, "the way things goes, sometimes."

A queer light came into Magruder's eyes. He was cocking an ear to the door. From the street came the bars of a mournful song:

"Three to the man with the broken nose,
Four to the man in expensive clothes,
Three to the lad that slept in the ditch,
One to the gambler, the son of a gun.
The cowboy he was topped again—"

A man recognizable by general shape and voice as Kerrigan came a little stiffly through the door. His left hand was bandaged with strips of a shirt not his own; so was his head, as if one ear might have been held in place thereby.

"By golly," said the bulging apron, "looks like somebody's been beatin' you about the head and chist."

"The first thing I need," Kerrigan said, "is a drink."

The bartender supplied it.

"AIN'T that," wavered Creaky Magruder, "the gun that—"

"That's one I borried off of Greaves," said Kerrigan. "He ain't goin' to need it till after the trial."

"Greaves—" Creaky began weakly.

"He's over in the jail," Kerrigan supplied. "MacPherson was right; peaceful ways is best."

"Peaceful!" the bartender exploded. "You look like—"

"At the crucial minute, somethin' occurred to me," said Kerrigan. "Thinkin' back, it seemed like to me MacPherson had a powerful sprinkling of scars for a peaceful man."

The bartender was avid: "Whatja do?"

"Creaky," said Kerrigan, "did I ever lie to you yet?"

"Not this trip," Magruder admitted.

"Coffee," Kerrigan told them, "was the undoin' of Joey Greaves."

"You flang coffee in his eyes?" the bartender suggested.

"I wouldn't lie to you," Kerrigan assured him. "He flang it in his own eyes."

"Gees!" moaned Creaky Magruder. He went reeling for the door.

Webster's Dictionary having been barred from Arkansas because it intimates that man is descended from a monkey, about the only thing they can do is to give it the gland treatment.

Mussolini is telling the people of Italy how to pronounce words. If he can spare the time he might run over here and give us a lift.

"A woman is always herself," says Dr. Cadman, "whether she works in a store or takes care of the home." That is, she is as great a mystery as ever.

This is the time of year when the neat housewife gathers up the last fragments of the "indestructible" Christmas toys.

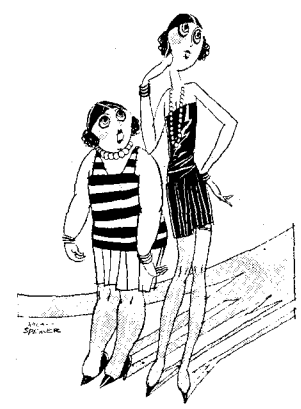
To make love to a girl successfully, get her alone. See her in her own home.

It's all very well to talk about the freedom of the seas and the city, but we road hogs want the freedom of the country.

Pretty soon we'll have to make Monday a day of rest to recover from Sunday.

If it is the woman who pays and pays, it isn't because she is at home when the collector calls.

Nowadays there is a skeleton in every family—she wears a short skirt.



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Trick Stuff

Continued from page 7

brought in tea at this point. She apologized for the chipped teapot. But Barbara apologized for nothing. Indeed the girl was so inspiriting that when he was leaving he asked her to lunch with him the following day at the Ritz. He was stopping there.

She giggled over that. "I shall feel like a swell."

The story of George Wilbur was spread over three columns of the Planet that next morning. He read it at breakfast, with mixed feelings. At one he went down to the lounge to meet the girl. And there found himself face to face with Mildred.

They would have met, of course. One way or another. It was more than seven months since he'd left her, outside here, by her roadster. He'd been considering, since reading over Barbara Betts' story, calling her up. She knew now. She'd have to know.

THE cobalt eyes were bent upon him. She was pretty, every bit as pretty as ever. But not smiling. You could see that she was disturbed. An odd thing was that they hadn't shaken hands. Not yet. A feeling that she might not approve of professional wrestlers kept his hands at his side. The Pierces were extremely correct people—her brothers and all. Always did and said the correct thing.

His tongue had seemed to freeze. Just the surprise of the meeting, of course. He'd better say something. Why not the truth?

"I didn't answer your notes, Mildred, because I've given every ounce of my energy and my thought to this one thing." She didn't reply to that. Looked pretty mad, he thought. And he couldn't see why. "I had to work it out. Show you. I'm still at it."

"I don't know why I listen to you." . . . She was downright angry. Bitter, even. Her always musical voice was unsteady. "Surely, you wouldn't say you'd shown a decent consideration for your friends." That was no good. She stopped abruptly, coloring. With a muttered, "Oh, it's grotesque!" she simply turned then and hurried away. He watched her go. A man met her, over by the newsstand. Someone he seemed to remember. They went into the restaurant.

It was curiously moving. He felt all torn up. And a little guilty about having Barbara Betts for luncheon. That was absurd, of course. Why shouldn't he? What earthly difference could that make with anything else?

Shortly after she came. Quietly observing her across the table, he thought of the poor little suite and the querulous mother. There was something more than bubbles in that birdlike brain. There was courage. He liked that. And he liked her. . . . He'd been lonelier than anybody knew. She seemed like an old friend. . . .

He could see Mildred and that other fellow having lunch. Now he remembered—Jim Wills. She was vivacious. She didn't once look around. And he felt a twinge of jealousy. That was rather funny, too.

On Mr. Sweeney Todt the Cahoon-Wilbur bout burst as a flash of something like what paradise should be. The papers had come around at last. They swallowed the ballyhoo whole. Did most of the work themselves. Little Betts went to some of Wilbur's gymnasium work-outs and wrote enthusiastic columns. Mr. Todt's only regret was that Wilbur made him drop the "Terrible Tim" line. But it didn't seem to matter. Wilbur went bigger than Burke ever had.

Squire Bassett was happy because Wilbur'd insisted on having the title bout in Boston. They'd have drawn two or three times the gate in New York. Cahoon didn't care where it was as long as he got his fifteen thousand. The Squire cheerfully signed Wilbur at seventy-five hundred. For the whole city was stirred as it had never been stirred before.

The ring was set up in the bigger of the two ball parks. When Mildred, guided rather anxiously by Jim Wills (who was conservative), made her way down out of the grandstand and through the rows and rows and rows of ringside seats to a place near the front, a preliminary bout was on. She'd quite insisted on coming. Said it would be so amusing. Come to think of it, she'd known Wilbur. (So ran Jim's thoughts.) They'd gone around together quite a bit a year back.

It was a warm evening. Thirty thousand men puffed smoke into the still air, and it hung over them like a fog. In the ring two giants were struggling in and out of holds.

Somebody was waving. Mildred caught her breath. It was her brother Thorny. He hadn't said he was coming. And she'd pledged the reluctant Jim to secrecy. Then she saw the older brother, Rex. There they were, large as life! She could only laugh it off. But she was flushing.

There was a thrill. One of those wrestlers lifted the other bodily and slammed him down with a crash. She closed her eyes. It was a little sickening, the savagery of it. But the men were beautiful. Huge, heavily-muscled bodies, in breechclouts and sneakers, shining in the light. They moved like panthers—stealthily, lightning fast, terribly strong.

She opened her eyes and watched the bout to the end.

IT WAS after ten. There was a long pause. Then she saw him. Coming down an aisle. A blond handsome head and a blue robe. And how the crowd yelled!

Another roar. A mountainous man approached, guarded by police, and deliberately mounted. The champion. Rough Red Cahoon. A lowering red gorilla of a man. Red hair on his chest when they opened his robe to examine him. More ballyhoo. Bawled introductions and more bows. The final instructions from the referee, at mid-ring, whatever they might mean. Robes off! Mildred mustn't close her eyes.

George was beautiful, a lithe young giant. But the champion was a monster. She shivered with excitement. Jim was trying to be heard—"outweighs George by fully fifty pounds." She caught that. The gong. They were at it, coolly groping. No acrobatics. Not now. Not yet. Just that cautious slow pawing. A tension. Mildred found herself on the edge of her chair. Her breath was short, her knees shaking.

A sudden roar. Something . . . she couldn't quite see . . . slowly, in a terrific matching of strength against strength, George seemed to be twisting that red, round head. Twisting and twisting. They dropped. Jim, beside her, was yelling . . . you couldn't stay conservative here . . . "Just with his hands! His two hands!" Now he had that head firmly within his arm, and was lying on it.

A rough voice yelled, "Look out for

(*Continued on page 58*)

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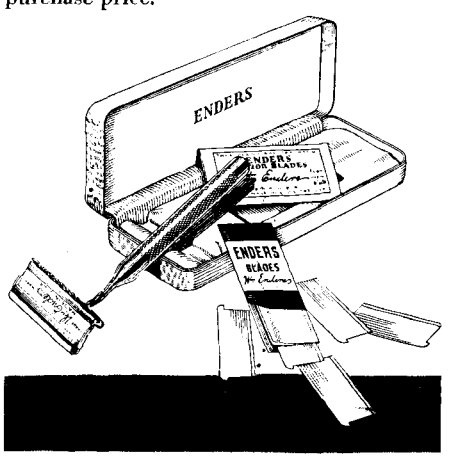

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(*Continued from page 57*)

his legs, Tim!" There was a sudden twist. The big hairy legs were clamped like a vise about the white body, feet locked, squeezing.

"He cracks ribs, that Cahoon!" This was Jim, "Break it, George! Break it! Get his toe!"

Another quick movement, Cahoon, straining those massive legs, caught an arm and twisted it. George lay still. Mildred was fighting to keep her eyes up. She saw George's twisted hand slowly turning white.

Now he was moving. Slowly. Moving. He got a knee under him. Cahoon strained and strained. But George was straining too. Now he had both knees under him. He seemed to be rising. Inch by inch. Lifting the clamped legs and the huge body with him. His arm was free. The roar of the crowd was a din. A great wave of sound. She was getting used to it. It swept you up. . . . George, erect, was whirling the gorilla round and round. The legs let go. The giant slid under the ropes and stayed out there until the referee hauled him back. Mildred found herself on her feet. Everybody was up. Jim was shouting hoarsely.

Suddenly, like a streak of light, George dove; caught the red body squarely amidships and drove it back against the ropes. They were all up again. Jim was losing his voice. She thought, resentfully, "He needn't go crazy!" She looked over toward her two brothers and saw Thorny's arms waving like a Dutch windmill.

Cahoon crouched, covering his stomach with his arms. Kept by the ropes, sidling along. He didn't want that catapult to hit him again. His face was contorted.

George, crouching too, drew closer. Cahoon sidled and backed. George crouched lower. Was he going to dive again? Cahoon was almost bent double. Jim yelled with glee: "See him covering up! See the champ covering up!"

THE white body, with that same amazing quickness, shot into the air. Fairly sailed. The white legs clamped about the red head. Down they went. But George had that head. His feet were locked. Cahoon writhed. Twisted. Threw himself this way and that. Clear across the ring they floundered. But the white legs hung on.

The referee shouted something. "Fifteen minutes!" Jim repeated. . . . Fifteen minutes? It didn't seem three.

Mildred gave out. Sank back in her chair and weakly covered her face. Nobody noticed her. Not even this maniac beside her who'd thought she oughtn't to come.

This yelling rose in waves. She pulled her hands slowly down and looked again just as George broke a hold, spun round and dove. This time Cahoon went down with a crash. But he had enough wit left to wriggle under the ropes. George was hot after him, but the referee hauled him off.

Cahoon reeled and caught at the ropes as he rose outside. The referee waved him in. But he took his time. A roar of jeers and catcalls went up. Catcalls for the champion!

He had to come in. Still reeling. Crouching and covering up. George was on him like a ball from a gun. Caught his head, gave it a wrenching twist and threw it high in the air. Cahoon staggered and fell. When he finally rose George snapped that big head again. Again Cahoon went down. Slowly up again. But he was out on his feet. George gave the drunken head a last toss, and then, as he sank, pinned the massive shoulders to the canvas.

That was for the first fall. Twenty-two minutes and fourteen seconds. They were yelling out the time. Mildred saw Thorny and Rex fairly lifting George from the ring. Slapping his back. Hugging him.

It was pretty bewildering. Now she saw other women. All appeared to be in an ecstasy of excitement. That little Miss Betts was down by the ring with the newspaper folk. She looked very gay and bright. . . . Here came Rex, followed by Thorny. "What do you know!" he was shouting. . . . "Within half an hour that boy'll be champion! George Wilbur! What do you know!"

Perversity stirred in Mildred's disturbed mind. She said, rather tartly, "What of it?"

"What of it? My gosh, Mil, he'll be a millionaire!"

A millionaire. Funny! That bolshevik outbreak of George's, a long time ago. "Trick stuff! Sell your personality!" Something about chewing gum that she hadn't understood at all. But this—"I know what's important. I'll show you!"

THEY were at it again. Reaching and pawing and mauling. Strength against strength. Cahoon wasn't through. Not yet. "He's tough, that bird!" this from the conservative Jim. What a world! And what queer creatures were men!

They tumbled and crashed. Headlocks, armlocks, quarter Nelsons (twice Cahoon threw George by the head), body scissors and head scissors. Toe holds that looked agonizing. Punishing. Punishing. Cahoon it was, toward the end, who clapped on the head scissors and held it a long time. When George got out of that he looked groggy. Felt for the ropes and dropped to one knee. Cahoon stood over him, hands clasped, beating sharply on the back of the neck. "The occipital blow," rasped Jim. "It's fierce!" George, covering with his hands, glanced weakly around at the referee, as if in protest.

What happened then, the end of it, was too quick for Mildred. Jim whispered it out hoarsely in the limousine, riding home. She wished he'd keep still. "You'd 'a' said he was in. Simply in. Kneeling there with his back to the ropes. . . . Just as Cahoon raised his hands to hit him again, George comes up into his stomach. . . . Wow! Listen, Mil, when Cahoon's head hit the floor he was clean across the ring—and out! . . . And little old George Wilbur's champion of the world! He's made, I tell you! Made! He's champion!"

Mr. Pierce, the father of Mildred, Thorny and Rex, felt that he could do no less than call in person for the boy. The papers were full of him. It took address to extricate him from the pestering crowd at the hotel. Mr. Pierce thought he seemed grateful. But he was very quiet. Had almost a somber way with him. As if he were thinking a lot of things. Mr. Pierce was thinking, too. With that frenzied following, how the boy would sell bonds! . . .

It was something of a luncheon party. Smiling, prosperous, correct people, all playing up to George Wilbur, who'd put it over with a bang. They'd joked when he declined the cocktail. But their admiration shone out. Most of them were soft and ran to fat. . . . If they'd known a little more about the wrestling business—grimy facts—maybe they'd be able to curb their enthusiasm. Though people weren't given to asking questions, once you'd got to the top. Look at business. Mr. Pierce (urbanity itself) remarked: "Well, George, you've got everything in your hands now. It must be a wonderful sensation. A strain, too, I imagine. Quite a strain."

"Not for long," said George quietly. Mildred was watching him. She hadn't said a word.

"You don't mean you're going to give it up, George?" asked Mr. Pierce.

"In one year. If I can hold it that long."

"You are? And what then?"

"I was working at writing." He felt shy, like a child. "I shall go back to that. Fight it out."

"Writing? How interesting!" Mr. Pierce. "Well, George, I'd hate to bet that you wouldn't win out. In pretty nearly everything."

"This wrestling, of course, is rather grotesque." He said that without thinking. Then he caught the flash in Mildred's eyes. "I only went into it because I felt I could do it. It seemed worth the try."

"Worth the try? My word!" This from Rex, who'd been following him round like a dog.

The moment with Mildred seemed almost arranged. The men all had to dash back to their offices. He was about to go too when Mrs. Pierce left them together. And neither of them seemed to have anything to say. He'd dreamed of such a moment. A triumph. Making even Mr. Pierce accept him on his own terms. "I told you it was a phony country!" Childish exuberance. . . . Now he felt nothing of the sort. All at once it didn't matter.

When she did speak, he didn't know how to take it. She couldn't hide her emotion and she didn't try. A softness about her mouth. Something uncomfortable in the cobalt eyes. She looked up at him. "Well, George . . . haven't I been punished enough?"

He could have gathered her right up in his arms. She'd surrendered. The remotely desirable Mildred! But the whole thing had gone unreal. The Pierces were unreal. He could have thrust a hand through and all of it would collapse. Too easy. Just because he'd tossed Rough Cahoon! . . . She said one thing more (he couldn't believe his ears): "Aren't you being just a little cruel, George?"

He? Cruel? To her? . . . Good heavens! Topsy-turvydom! But a flash came. He saw his way. It was all out of his own control. He'd been driven. He'd never felt so forlorn. But that was how it was. You dove into things. And they changed and changed you.

He took her hand. "It's been awfully nice seeing you. Good luck!" He had to get away fast after that.

This hurry was unaccountable. Driving him. Get away from people. Except one. One who, too, had dived into crazy reality. Courage. . . .

He called up from a drug store. Tears came into his eyes as he climbed the four flights of musty dim stairs. Barbara opened the door and chuckled as she pressed back against the wall to let him into the crowded little living-room. "Well, and how's the great champion? . . . I'm bursting with pride! And oh, I was hoping you'd call up! Wondered if you would. . . ."

HE STOOD on the worn rug, bending his head aside to avoid the chandelier. He looked almost angry. What was it?

"You and I have played around some, Barbara." It sounded like a charge. "Do you like me?"

What a question! She was all aflutter. Couldn't answer.

"Will you marry me?"

She sank down on the sofa. She'd gone white. His abrupt question opened a bright vista that the eyes of her mind, trained to a sort of darkness, couldn't face. She began to cry.

He came over and sat beside her. Touched her frail shoulder with a shy, uncertain hand. Added, as if he thought, in some unbelievably apologetic way, that he was explaining something—"We do like the same things, you know. . . ."

So she cried on him.

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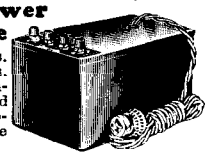

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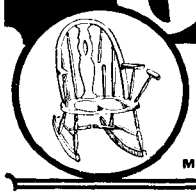

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Love on a Liner

Continued from page 15

paper slippers provided without revealing your shame.

Entering the restaurant, we observed the geisha girls and they disappointed me sadly, for I have my own notion of what a geisha girl should be, and these were merely calm-eyed waitresses, accustomed to a life on the floor. It was a nice meal. They cooked it on charcoal, which was the only thing I recognized. We returned to the ship and found everyone excited over bargains picked up in Japan, and after we sailed for China there was a parade of ladies and gentlemen wearing silk garments they had purchased from the Japs.

In Shanghai I had opportunity to see how Americans behave abroad. The day the ship leaves home the American looks over the drinking situation with a bright eye and contemplates the various joy spots ahead. Many Americans do not indulge at all in alcoholic liquors, at home or abroad, or if they do they behave with restraint. I happened to be associated with an unrestrained ship load.

The moment an American steamer touches at its first foreign port, the eager male, who can have all he wants on the ship at any time, leaps over the side with a glad cry and rushes down the street in search of a gin-mill, hotel, restaurant or go-down wherein he may line himself up at a bar and libate.

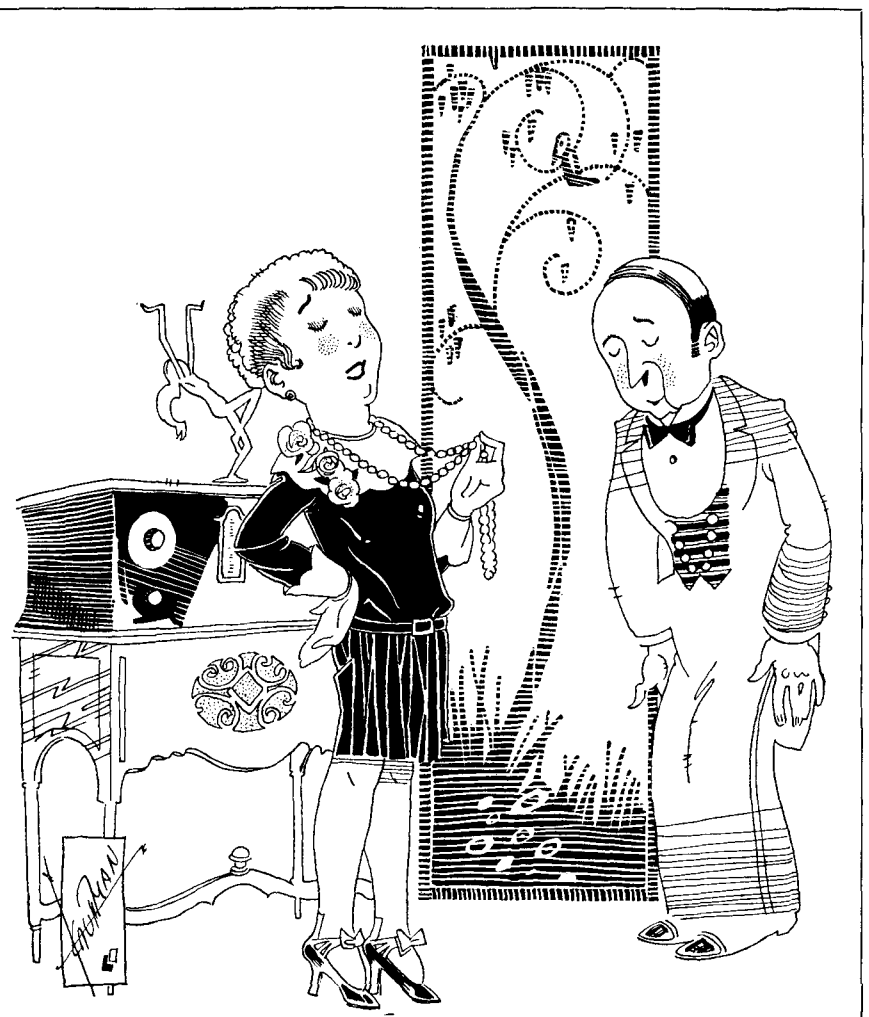
He continues to wet his whistle, forgetting that his party is waiting in an automobile, and fifteen minutes after the steamer should have sailed he is dragged down the pier by twelve coolies and the local chief of police and comes up the gangplank on his hands and knees with his straw hat between his teeth, while a ship load of passengers stands at the rail and cheers him for not falling off between the boat and the dock. I suppose there are millions of American gentlemen travelers who uphold the dignity of the Stars and Stripes while in foreign lands and I make no sweeping indictment. I merely repeat that our male drinking classes are very boyish and hoyden once they escape from the dry act.

Hitting It Up a Bit

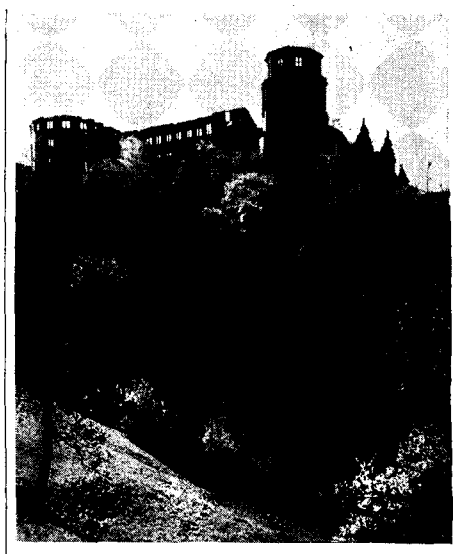
Down at Batavia, in the sweet-scented island of Java, we gathered up a gloomy-looking man named Grange, Orville Grange, who had been traveling with a group of Americans, and when he came aboard Mr. Grange wore a disappointed air and was shepherded by calm constabulary of the Dutch Government. It transpired that Mr. Grange was the well-known manufacturer of a useful product in Illinois and when at home conducted himself with decorum. He had been hitting it up a bit, and while the Dutch Government has no objection to mild carousing it frowns upon certain phases of loose conduct and Mr. Grange had been undeniably loose.

He was over forty, stoutly built and, so they said, a wild man when warmed by drink. He had been in Java ten days and that was enough for Java. His party had consisted of three unattached males and a young married couple and the five of them had a jolly time. The young wife was pretty and trouble began the moment she went ashore. In a public restaurant full of round-eyed Dutchmen drinking coffee Mr. Grange noticed one of the natives staring at

(*Continued on page 60*)



"The static in this radio is terrible. Summon the statistician immediately, Marvin"



Heidelberg Castle

Heidelberg and Sauerkraut

THE Germans have long known the great food value of Sauerkraut even if their claim that it originated in the Fatherland is disputed by France, England, Holland and other countries. And no place is it more popular than in the old University town of Heidelberg.

Almost under the walls of the great castle, destroyed years ago, are asparagus beds in which asparagus alone has been grown for three centuries; and cabbage fields, where for many decades, the vegetable from which luscious Sauerkraut is prepared, have been cultivated. The seat of one of the most famous of all universities, its savants enthusiastically praise the famous dish.

"Sauerkraut," wrote a Heidelberg Doctor recently, "is one of the causes of German efficiency. The Germans, as is well known, seldom suffer from stomach troubles. One of the reasons is undoubtedly their addiction to Sauerkraut. Sauerkraut has all the vitamins—those guardians of health; it has lactic ferments which tend to keep the intestinal tract free from disease-producing germs; it has the mineral salts so necessary for the blood, teeth and bones. The ruddy cheeks of German girls are largely due—not to cosmetics—but to Sauerkraut."

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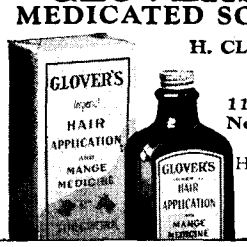

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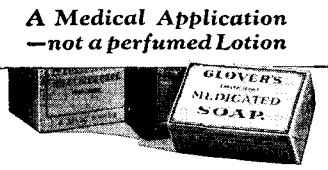

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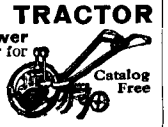

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(*Continued from page 59*)

young Mrs. Jones with frank admiration. Dutchmen in the tropics are accustomed to stare at pretty women and see nothing wrong in it, but Mr. Grange did. Being one up on par with his regular drinking for the day, he climbed down from his stool and approached the admiring islander.

"You," he said harshly, poking his finger under the stranger's nose. "You look at Mrs. Jones again, and I'll knock you oval."

The sloe-eyed Dutchman said nothing. What the American meant he did not know and the ways of Americans are past finding out. Mr. Grange returned to his seat beside Mr. and Mrs. Jones and when he looked again, sure enough, the fellow was staring hard, ogling you might call it, or at least Grange called it ogling. He immediately arose, strode back and hit the Dutchman a rescunding whack and was arrested at once. In the ensuing weeks he cracked four other Dutchmen for staring at Mrs. Jones and I wondered what Mr. Jones did with his time.

The Grange party was constantly held up by having to get him out of jail and none of the authorities could discover why the visitor continued to assault peaceful natives, beyond the admission that he was naturally peevish when full of wine. The coffee growers didn't understand it, for when a Java Dutchman is annoyed enough to fight he does not slap with his fists. He uses a gun or an ax, and when he finishes, there is no use talking to the victim.

"We don't understand you, Mr. Grange," the Dutch Government said in the end. "This eccentricity of yours of bashing our people on the jaw puzzles us, and while we are good friends of the United States, still and all we now ask you to get off our island and stay off."

Life in China is Safe

"Americans in Asia," said Doctor Foote, himself an American, "are giving our country a bad name."

"In what way?" someone inquired.

"By raising the devil. They wouldn't dare do it at home."

"What about the English?" I inquired, as it seemed to be a general conversation. A dozen travelers were loafing in the smoking-room of the ship, and outside the sun was beating down upon the hot decks.

"There must have been a good many shells in the late war," I continued, "for I have seen plenty of shell-shocked Britons over here."

At each new port Englishmen came aboard, and they always seemed to be shell-shocked, or at least their conduct was so explained. At Shanghai two of the most completely shell-shocked Britishers I have ever seen appeared at sailing time, knocked about the corridors, fell down stairways and bumped into strolling passengers for two hours, after which they were ejected from the ship by orders from the bridge. It transpired that they were on the wrong steamer, and their later efforts to climb down the pilot's ladder and fall into a small launch in a choppy sea provided twenty minutes of marine vaudeville for men, women and children.

China is merely a name to the people who go abroad on ships like the Hillary Castle. They are usually interested, first, in what they think they can purchase for a song and, second, in Chinese germs.

China has its faults, of course, the same as Indiana and Boston, Mass., but you do not get anything odd in China. You do not pick up disorders and die at supper-time. There may be germs in Shanghai, Tien-tsin, Canton, Hongkong and Kow Toon, but they are sensible germs and mind their own business and, unless attacked, they pay not the slightest attention to strangers.

Likewise life in China is quite safe and you are in no danger of being kidnaped, murdered and buried in a swamp by grinning Celestials, yet I was warned repeatedly never to wander down the streets of Shanghai after nine o'clock in the evening and especially never to turn into a side thoroughfare.

Upon discussing these horrible warnings with Captain Oakes, he glared at me.

"Who told you that?" he roared.

"Everybody."

"It's a lot of boloney," said the skipper. "Shanghai is safer than Cincinnati. I ought to know."

Encouraged thus, I switched my plans and decided to go ashore and I learned eventually not to believe anybody.

Early fears were dispelled and as our boat poked her noble nose into the waters of the Whang Poo River and started for Hongkong, Captain Oakes sent a boy to say he would have speech with me in his cabin. I went up. The skipper had a smiling air.

"Are you the kind that can keep a secret?" he inquired.

"I wouldn't even tell Esther," I said.

"The reason I'm going to tell you, and nobody else, is that we have talked this thing over. Floncy and I are married."

I stared at the rugged countenance to see if he was jesting.

"Honest?"

"Married today in Shanghai, by a regular minister, attended by friends, ceremony recorded in the undying archives of Shanghai."

"This," I said, "will be a sad blow to Mrs. Harris. She as good as had you relieved." I shook hands with the skipper. It is still my firm belief that he intended to marry a wealthy woman and that Fate and Floncy Saltus changed his plan.

Mrs. Harris continued to whisper bad news about her companions day by day, and Mr. Herbert Mortimer staged a little scene that must have given her great happiness. It was Mrs. Harris' custom

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, *President* — George J. Kennedy, *Vice President* — William P. Larkin, *Vice President* — Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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to overhear conversations not meant to be overheard and in the pursuit of her life's work she displayed a canny ingenuity worthy of a better business. There are two ways for a diligent gossip to gather raw material aboard ship. The first is to sit in somebody's deck chair and pick up fragments coming from the cabin within. The second method is to hide in one's own cabin and listen to conversation of strangers seated in the deck chairs.

On the occasion of Mr. Mortimer's happy thought, he was idly chatting with young Archie Pease of New Rochelle, and observed Mrs. Harris standing near by on the deck, trying with great earnestness to overhear. She had long suspected both Mr. Mortimer and Archie. Presently she moved away with considerable speed and Mortimer knew she was heading for her cabin, the porthole of which opened above his head.

Waiting a suitable time, and coaching Archie briefly, he inquired:

"How long have you been out?"

"Three months," Archie replied. "How about you?"

"Just got out before we sailed," murmured Herbie. "And what a raw deal I got from the judge. They claim I shot the cashier while we were robbing the bank, so I got three years at hard labor."

"Didn't you shoot him?"

"In all the time that I've been robbing banks," said Herbie, "and that's ten years this summer, I have only killed six men, and two of them were policemen."

"At that," said Archie, "robbing banks is a better graft than picking pockets. I've been arrested four times in the last two years."

They continued in this friendly strain and when they finally arose and walked away the porthole closed behind them and Mrs. Harris, slightly flushed with excitement, bathed her brow and prepared to broadcast. We had the news at dinner that night. The original passengers at her table had asked to be shifted, which request was granted. Newcomers, walking aboard the Hillary Castle, were assigned to the pariah table and bore it as long as they could and there is no telling what would have happened to the lady had she remained aboard the ship.

Not a Dry Eye on Board

At Hongkong she was arrested, and when you are arrested in Hongkong you are in trouble. The charge was disorderly conduct, or whatever charge is used to cover the case of a tourist who refuses to pay his automobile bill. The Chinese driver demanded twenty dollars, American money, and Mrs. Harris scoffed, paid him five, called him names, and walked away, as she had been advised to do in an argument. She was surrounded by coolies and finally arrested, and when the news came, there wasn't a dry eye on the Hillary Castle.

"I always liked her," Mr. Mortimer said, as we sailed. "Too bad she can't talk Chinese."

I was having plenty of trouble, what with no razor blades to be had anywhere and no way of having my laundry done, and Captain Oakes now came through with a new idea, which merely added to my turmoil.

"Roger," he began, as we sat comfortably in his cabin, smoking good American cigars, "I am now a married man and can talk freely."

"You could always talk freely," I returned.

"I am going to give you some good advice. You and your wife are headed for Italy. You are taking her back to Naples, where you courted her sixteen years ago. Do you realize you are doing the one thing in the world that will cause her the greatest unhappiness?"

"How and why?"

"This visit will be a flat disappointment. Any sentimental feeling she may now hold will be shattered. She will then have nothing to look back to, because you will have destroyed the one romantic spot. You don't think you are going to find things romantic, do you?"

"No, but what can I do about it now?"

"Keep her away from Italy. Take her anywhere else. Don't let her see Naples and Rome, because if you do, you will never cease to regret it."

"What a cheerful sailor you are," I remarked, but the accuracy of his view was apparent.

You Never Get Anywhere

Upon talking over a change in our itinerary with Esther, I made no particular headway.

"Why should we go to Constantinople?" she asked, with every evidence of surprise.

"The others are going there."

"Yes, but we are going to Naples, and from there to Rome."

"Wouldn't it be better to change everything, cut out Italy and go direct to Paris?" I asked.

"Roger," she said, "what is the matter with you?"

I thought feebly of two or three little schemes but discarded them as being too involved. Whatever notions that remained to me were being rapidly shattered by the perpetual presence of young Archie Pease and Mabel Carew, whose grandmother was one of the most atrocious of backsliders. Mabel was repeatedly assigned to Esther, and wherever Mabel went Archie was sure to wander. He had fallen so desperately in love that he began to look pale and those at his table stated that he no longer faced his meals with any sign of gusto.

Consequently, whenever we attacked a fresh side-trip, whether in Saigon, Manila, Bombay, Singapore or Penang, we were accompanied by Archie and Mabel. Whenever we stared at a strange, foreign spectacle, we perforce stared over or through or around Mabel and Archie. They sat in the motor car, holding hands and looking slightly stunned from the velocity of their affection. They stood before pagodas and seven-headed gods, leaning against each other in wordless ecstasy, and if the seven-headed gods had come to life and started a brisk game of quoits, it would have caused Mabel and Archie only mild surprise.

"I am always a person to admire young people in love," I said to Esther, "but I will trade you those two for the wet end of a cork."

"Archie is a nice boy," Esther said.

"Mabel is a nice girl, too, and I wish they would go away and be nice in some other automobile. I would like to look at a pyramid or a punjab or anything without having love's young dream plastered all over the landscape."

"Do not be cynical," said the spouse. "You used to hold my hand by the hour."

Well, you never get anywhere arguing with a woman about love, so I gave over and continued to have Archie and Mabel with my scenery.

Whether or not you've ever attended a ship's concert you'll find delight in the account of one in Mr. Waxman's further travels, as related in next week's Collier's

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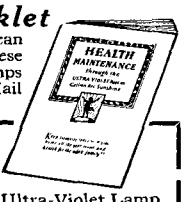

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Cures, Charms and Curses

WHAT a page from the Dark Ages was opened by the witch trials in Pennsylvania!

Stupid boys now face life imprisonment for killing a man they thought had bewitched one of them.

Straight down from the immemorial past come these superstitions. What German peasants believed two hundred years ago thousands of their prosperous descendants still remember. In many places the "pow-wow" artists continue to vie with physicians as healers of human ills and as advisers to the troubled.

Most of us have thrown off these ancient superstitions and yet many are remembered, half humorously and half credulously.

Search your mind to see what of this barbarous baggage you may be lugging on.

Do you think thirteen unlucky? So many who would not admit superstition fear that number that many tall hotels give another number to the thirteenth floor. One of the most famous banking houses in Wall Street has no thirteenth floor in its skyscraper.

Many others fear to walk under a ladder or to cross the path of a black cat. Others will begin no new undertaking on Friday or Saturday.

You would be surprised to read the names of those who try to ascertain their luck through astrology. Famous financiers, great industrial leaders, artists, even kings, take counsel of these survivors of the old magical art.

They believe and they don't believe. Part of their minds operates in modern scientific ways and part clings to the fears and hopes and faiths which originated thousands of years ago when the physical world was mysterious and full of unknown and unknowable dangers.

Magic was the primitive man's effort to cope with the great forces of nature.

It was logical but misleading, because the premises were false.

Until recently farmers believed that planting potatoes in certain phases of the moon was essential to insure good crops. Agricultural colleges showed that a proper selection of seeds, right cultivation and fertilization determined the crop and men forgot the moon.

IT would be interesting to apply the same scientific method to some of the currently popular superstitions. Count the number of times you cross a black cat's path safely. List the number of times a bird has flown to your window without presaging a death in the family. Think of the number of times you have sat thirteen at a table and recollect, if possible, the percentage of disaster which has followed.

Quickly you will reduce superstition to the absurd.

Astrology was man's effort to understand the stars before the telescope was invented. Out of astrology came the science of astronomy. We learned facts concerning our universe.

Astronomy, dealing with visible facts, enabled us to get a new and ever-widening picture of the universe we live in and all of us, superstitious and otherwise, profited. But astrology lingered on to remind us of the past when man's eyes could not pierce the mysterious veil of the night.

In olden times the rules which the Pennsylvania witch doctors followed were all but universal. The possibility of having a "spell" cast over you by some enemy was ever present. If a witch got possession of a lock of your hair, you were doomed. He could injure you by sticking pins in your wax image.

When William Jennings Bryan died, The American Standard, August 1, 1925, said: "It is plain to the thinker that the Commoner's spiritual armor was not sufficiently strong to antidote the deadly animus of assassination, distilled as a poison in the minds of those who were directing at him thoughts of hatred, revenge and destruction."

So this editor thought that Bryan had died from the spell wrought by his enemies.

Superstition arose before facts were available. The witch doctor, the necromancer, pretended to have the skill to control nature and to make events conform to their own desires. Lacking science their claims could not be refuted.

Now through the scientific method we have a rational way of dealing with life. Science observes, classifies, interprets and moves forward.

Regard your superstition as you would the skeleton of some monster of forgotten ages. It is a museum object, a survival of the prehistoric ages when all life was struggling to find better forms. Magic was the tool that failed.

Our superstitions are thus useful reminders of our irrational past. To the extent that we retain them we deny ourselves the benefits of life in a modern world.

Modern superstitions are relics of other ages

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